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Yours truly
Pete Monahan

OLD REMINISCENCES
OF
GLASGOW
AND THE
WEST OF SCOTLAND.


CONTAINING

THE TRIAL OF THOMAS MUIR—THE BUTE ELECTION—THE TRIAL OF WILSON, HARDIE AND BAIRD—THE OLD GUARDS OF GLASGOW—ROBERT CARRICK AND THE OLD SHIP BANK OF GLASGOW—THE LAST EXECUTION FOR FORGERY—EXTRAORDINARY BANK ROBBERY IN GLASGOW—TRIAL OF THE REV. NEIL DOUGLAS, OF GLASGOW, FOR SEDITION—THE TWA FUDDLED PRECENTORS—FRAUD ON THE GLASGOW UNDERWRITERS—AFFECTING STORY OF COL. HAMILTON OF THE SCOTS GREYS, KILLED AT WATERLOO—THE CALDER FARMER AND HIS HECKLING WIFE—ROBBERY OF THE EDINBURGH EXCISE OFFICE—FIRST GAS ILLUMINATION IN GLASGOW—A STRANGE ELECTION ON THE TOP OF BENLOMOND—THE REFORM BILL OF 1830—HENRY BELL AND FIRST STEAMER—BLOODY RIOT IN GLASGOW—THE HANGMAN'S WHIP—THE SPY SYSTEM—GLASGOW SENDING ITS FIRST TWO MEMBERS TO PARLIAMENT—BURKE AND HARE—THE FATAL DOOM OF THE GLASGOW BUTCHER, &c., &c.

BY
PETER MACKENZIE.

VOL. I.

GLASGOW:
JAMES P. FORRESTER, 102 ARGYLE STREET.
1890.



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PREFACE.

A PREFACE should be a formal and friendly introduction of the Author to his reader. Why, then, since I and my readers are already old friends, should my Publisher insist on a Preface, merely to appear at the beginning of the first volume of the "REMINISCENCES?" It may be that he is entitled to this formality; but he cannot go further—and so, while this is called a "Preface," it shall in truth be an Epilogue.

And first, let it be a hearty and warm acknowledgment of the favour with which these garrulous and discursive Reminiscences has been received. In this I have realised somewhat of that which should accompany old age, and how can I be less than happy with my "troops of friends?" My once fearless "*Weekly*"—my well-beloved "*Old Loyal Reformers' Gazette*"—was compelled like the brave Southern Confederacy, to yield to numbers. It was literally smothered by the "*Penny Dailies*," and in the sere and yellow leaf, I was cut off from my regular weekly communings with my friends. But now I fight some of my battles o'er again; and, while the past fleets like a diorama before my mind's eye, and I seize the salient points, and try to photograph them in print, the generous and ample

support of my friends—and many of the noblest and best in the land, I am proud to say, are among them—sheds a silvery halo of peace and contentment round my declining years, and soothes the pain of many an aching wound. Thanks to you all!

Especially the Author's acknowledgments are here most justly due to the kind and courteous criticisms of the *Press*, with which he was so long associated; and even from the hands of strangers, to himself personally. He fain hopes, that the succeeding numbers of these Reminiscences, which will appear now in rapid succession, will not be received less graciously than the portion now published.

The Author once more subscribes himself, with a lively sense of gratitude and unfaltering duty,

PETER MACKENZIE.

GLASGOW, *October*, 1865

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POLITICAL AND SOCIAL REMINISCENCES OF GLASGOW.

VERILY we have lived, and blessed be God, we are spared, and continue to live, in most marvellous times. It is not necessary, and indeed it is of very little consequence, that we should give any account of our own personal history in this place. That may or may not be done by others, in a small paragraph or two, after we doff this mortal coil, and are quietly laid under the green sod. Suffice it here to say, by way of introduction to what follows, that the Trials in particular of the early SCOTTISH REFORMERS of the year 1793, when GEORGE the THIRD was KING, made originally a very deep impression on our youthful minds, never effaced, and brought besides under our notice, and led to many subsequent remarkable circumstances, the narration of some of which may be deemed worthy of being published and recorded in a plain, concise, and authentic form, in these and other REMINISCENCES.

We begin now, with the TRIAL of THOMAS MUIR, Esq., Advocate, the younger of Huntershill, near Glasgow, which Trial took place before the Lords of the High Court of Justiciary, at Edinburgh, on Friday, the 30th day of August, 1793,—that is more than 70 years ago. The Judges on the Bench were the Right Honourable the Lord Justice-Clerk M'Queen, better known by the name of BRAXFIELD, with Lords Henderland, Dunsinan, Swinton, and Abercromby,—long since dead. That trial,

with the subsequent separate trials of Muir's friends, or companions, or compatriots, as they may now here properly enough be called, viz., William Skirving, Maurice Margarot, Joseph Gerald, and the Rev. Fisher Palmer, all of which trials followed the first in rapid succession before the same Court, created uncommon interest throughout Scotland at the time. They also attracted the special attention, and aroused the indignation of some of the greatest Statesmen of the age, then in both Houses of Parliament, besides creating no small sensation in quarters abroad,—the effects of which we are humbly persuaded, are not yet obliterated; nor can we doubt that they had some considerable effect on the political regime or STATUS, and future destinies of this great empire, now happy at home, and yielding to none other upon the earth. We shall at least endeavour, in a few of these pages, strikingly to shew, how dread, how positively shocking and awful, was the Administration of JUSTICE in those days, in many important particulars, in this kingdom, compared with what it is providentially now (1865), under the mild and peaceful sway of our good Queen VICTORIA. Yet we will not occupy the attention of our readers, to any unreasonable degree, with dry legal disquisitions or dissertations of any kind in connection with those trials, but proceed at once to the real nature or remarkable substance of them, in so far chiefly as our departed friend, Mr. Thomas Muir, was more immediately concerned; and in so far also, as the people of these kingdoms may be concerned about it still; for it concerns their interests, if it does not touch their hearts—yea, even after the lapse of so many long eventful years.

We have, therefore, most respectfully to state, in a few words, that at a very early period of his life—perhaps

too early, not for his fame, but for his future happiness—he became an enthusiastic REFORMER “in the worst of times”—at the darkest, or blackest, and most arbitrary period perhaps, of Scottish history—varied through many generations as that history has been.

And we may amuse, if we do not surprise, some of our younger readers of the present day, when we inform them, that when Thomas Muir first entered on his active political career, in the year 1792, there were then only a very few hundreds, at most—only some 5000 Parliamentary Electors altogether in, or for this entire kingdom of Scotland; whereas, they now amount to upwards of 100,000, with the prospect not certainly of diminution, but rather increase, from the obvious and growing state of the population itself. At the period above referred to, these small handful of Parliamentary Electors were called paper voters, or “*Freeholders*,” and it is the undoubted, and was then the most glaring fact, that many of these “*Freeholders*,” or the pendicles, or stripes of land, or things which gave them the right to vote, were freely and unblushingly bought by, or sold to, the highest bidder, sometimes by public roup, under the hammer of an Auctioneer, for sums varying from £500 (scarcely any below that figure), to other sums varying from £1000, £2000, and sometimes as much as £5000 each, according to the political state of the market, or the agitating events of the particular county at the time. If this was truly the condition or exceptionable state of the counties of Scotland at the period referred to (some thought it was a very good and excellent condition; and so it was for many pockets and domineering parties), yet it was somewhat more glaring and reprehensible in regard to all the *Burghs* and cities of Scotland. For example, in this great city of

Glasgow, in the year 1793, and down to the passing of the Reform Bill, many years afterwards, namely, in 1832, there were only some *thirty* or *forty* privileged Parliamentary Electors in it altogether! whereas, we count them now as approaching to 15,000 or 20,000 *bona fide* registered Electors: and we may here observe, that in 1793 the population of Glasgow amounted to about 70,000 or 80,000 souls; whereas, it is now (embracing the suburbs)—according to the interesting and valuable statistical table published the other day by our new City Chamberlain, Wm. West Watson, Esq., whom we hail as the accomplished successor of our old departed friend, John Strang, Esq., LL.D.,—approaching the extraordinary number of 480,000 human beings, and still most rapidly on the increase, as well as every thing connected with Glasgow, whether as regards the arts and sciences, or the busy hum of men with its countless occupations.

From small events such great beginnings rise!

And it is further somewhat amusing, and we almost smile now to mention the fact, that, in 1793, and long before and afterwards, this city wherein we dwell, was absolutely annexed to, or joined, or linked with, the then rural and small or insignificant Burghs, comparatively speaking, of Rutherglen, Renfrew, and Dumbarton, in regard to the choice of its then Parliamentary representation, or rather in the choice of *one* single solitary representative amongst the said four conjoined Burghs to Parliament. In point of fact, Renfrew, with the two other small Burghs above-named, had as much right, nay, it sometimes had greater sway, or more absolute power, in the election of that one representative to Parliament, than Glasgow had, with its vast population exceeding them all,

ly at least fifty times over ! This absurd and glaring state of matters led often to the quaint observation, amongst the old quidnuncs of the city, that it was sometimes very difficult, if not impossible, to tell whether Glasgow was really represented at all ; and they almost defied the Professor of Logic to define, whether any, and what part either of the head, the eyes, the legs, or the arms, or any other precise part of his mortal body, the citizens could really claim, as their legitimate share of the said member. In sober truth, and, strikingly illustrative of this, we may mention this other fact connected with it, namely, that each of the Burghs above-named, viz., Glasgow, Rutherglen, Renfrew and Dumbarton, through their own particular self, elected Magistrates and Councillors, but nobody else had the absolute and undoubted power of choosing from amongst themselves one supreme functionary or “ independent *Delegate* ”—as he was called—to decide the matter. In other words, *four* special Delegates, chosen or nominated by themselves, were to lay their heads together in the name and behalf of the four Burghs, and to declare who was or who was *not* their member to Parliament, when that eventful period in the history of the Burghs arrived for declaring the same accordingly. He was truly, if we may so call him, a great man, that self-enthroned “ Delegate ”—a little king, exercising the most arbitrary and despotic sway in the matter, and ruling the roast pretty often in other places exactly as he pleased. In further illustration of this, let us suppose the fact, that the Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland was *Dissolved*, say, in the year 1792, then the election of this Wonderful one representative to Parliament behoved to take place within the Tolbooth, or Council Chambers of the allotted favourite Burgh, at 12 o’clock noon of the day, embraced

in His Majesty's Writ, sent hither for the particular purpose; and into that Tolbooth, or snug Council Chambers, or *sanctum sanctorum*, of such Burgh,—important,—vastly important to all classes either in a local or national point of view, as was the business about to be performed, yet no human being was permitted to enter therein, save the four Right Worshipful Delegates, with their select or favourite friends, displaying their cocked hats and seals, or other insignia of office,—followed or preceded by the anxious expectant member “*to be*,” in his court dress of velvet or silken attire, and “girt” with a sword—a real sword—on his thigh, as the King's writ positively commanded all such members to be; and to this exceedingly small, but very distinguished group, were perhaps added some half dozen or so of wigged and powdered counsel and agents, learned in the law, going up to the skirts, or sitting as near as possible, at the elbows of the cogitating Town Clerk, with his faithful juvenile scribe, and ancient books of sederunt placed on the green table before them. On him—the worshipful Town Clerk—whose legal sway (*ad vitam aut culpam*) has rarely been doubted in this land—devolved the high and exclusive duty of recording on the back of the King's writ, inscribed on a small roll of thin lean parchment, the name and designation of the fortunate and happy member then and there chosen. This, in fact, was all the Town Clerk had to do with the business; and for this finishing stroke of duty, rarely occupying more than a few minutes altogether, he received seldom less, from the sitting member, than an *honorarium*, or fee of twenty, and sometimes as much as one hundred golden guineas, wrapped carefully in a linen napkin; while on the outside, watching and guarding the entrance to these great proceedings, were arrayed the Town-officers

of the Burgh, clad at this particular time in their braw new scarlet coats, blue breeches, and white stockings, with solid silver buckles on their shoes, and displaying, moreover, some gaudy ribbons attached to their button-holes or cocked bonnets, and holding in their sturdy hands some ancient warlike implements—halberts, or battle-axes, that had seen service probably at the time of the Rebellion in 1715 or 1745 : and then after the great business in the "*Chaumer*" was over, and the Election Writ stamped and sealed, and dispatched carefully to the Post-office, directed for St. Stephens, in London, the Town-officers, and all their friends, and as many of the Burgesses, with their wives, kith or kin, that could assemble, had rolling over to them on the streets, and as near to the cross as possible, as many hogsheads of porter and ale, sometimes casks of old Jamaica rum, and genuine old port, as they could well manage to consume, after the "glorious Marriage Election" was thus consummated in the Royal Burgh. It would be vain and needless, and out of place for us now, to attempt to describe some of the rich and racy and ludicrous scenes that frequently happened on these occasions. Pert upon them, we may only notice, that when the King's health was given first with flowing glasses and loud huzzahs, by the high functionaries engaged on these occasions, the glasses so employed to the brim with generous wine (plenty of it,) were speedily thrown over the windows, to the canaille on the streets, our patriotic Magistrates vowing and protesting that such pure and immaculate glasses should never be touched again by any ignoble lips! We may go on to observe, that there were no public "Hustings" whatever erected, except the Gallows, for other purposes in those days : and

assuredly there was little, if anything, in the shape of "Heckling" to members of Parliament, now so common in many places in latter times—not the sound of a hiss, or the echo of a groan, was even so much as heard of in those days at the election of members, from one end of the kingdom to the other. Such things, indeed, were never dreamt of, and never entered into the heads of the sturdiest politicians of former times. Every thing in the matter of these elections, in so far as *lungs*—the vital part of man—is concerned, was conducted in the most quiet and perfect good order, up to the date of the drinking of the liquids in the afternoon at the cross, but after that we are not responsible, and shall, of course, say nothing *hoc statu*. And so Glasgow came quietly, as events evolved, to be the good, gentle "*returning Burgh*," as others of the smaller fry, in like manner were, in their rotation. And thus, again, our douce canny neighbour, Burgh Rutherglen, had its happy turn "*the neist*" time, so its Burghers spoke; and then followed Renfrew and Dumbarton, in their due and circumspect order. Now, since as we have already remarked, there were just four Burghs in all, immediately connected in this political parliamentary programme; and as it is plain, from the most common rules of arithmetic, that two and two exactly make four, so it naturally, and not unfrequently happened, that a *division* occurred in the Select Burgh Camp, at or about the time these important Delegates came to be chosen, and much guzzling, probably accompanied with something better or worse, frequently took place, to gain over and secure the vote of the grand Delegate—say Mr. Black or Mr. White, as we may here call him or fancy him to be. Generally speaking, the largest purse secured him, the Delegate, and bound him neck and

heel to the Whig or the Tory side, as the case might happen, and thereby decide the Election, as money and bribery still does, we fear, in many places, on a larger scale. But then, when any three out of these four most potent Delegates, sometimes pretending to hold very liberal principles indeed, united firmly on their man—the man of *their* choice, he became perfectly sure of his election, and the *fourth* remaining Delegate, whatever he might have wished on the opposite side, might just retire and wring his hands in vexation and go to bed, or whistle on his thumb, for aught the other worthies cared. They were perfectly omnipotent without him. And on the other hand, when it came to pass, as it often did, that the four Burghs were *equally* divided,—two on the one side, say, for Governor Houston of Dumbarton, and two on the opposite for Campbell of Blythswood : or when the Delegate for Glasgow happened to agree with the Delegate for Rutherglen, in bringing forward for example, Lord Archibald Hamilton, or old Sir Islay Campbell, or Finlay of Castle Toward, as their favourite; in short, when two and two were pitted against each other, and the strife for the member's seat became keen and warm, and sometimes pretty fierce, the great and decisive struggle came to be, to secure by all manner of means, foul or fair, the vote of that particular and all-important Delegate; and sometimes a very coqueting Delegate he was, like a coy maiden with her many lovers; yet he could ultimately dispose of the seat with one single word out of his mouth, pronouncing the name—Campbell—or Finlay—as this precious Delegate had the absolute right conceded to him of giving the *casting vote*, and thus deciding the Election in favour of the one candidate or the other. In that way, it has

often been in days of yore, the prerogative of Renfrew and Rutherglen united, to overpower the position, or overwhelm the influence, or doom the fate of Glasgow with its younger Burgh of Dumbarton, and all therein contained. And was not this, we may well ask, *en passant*, a very singular and very pretty, or rather a most disjointed state of matters indeed, for this great and powerful city of Glasgow, as regarded her political influence in those days in Parliament. This is not exaggeration by any means. Such events of the "olden time" very frequently happened almost exactly as we have stated—leading doubtless to many scandalous JOBS, some of them of a very flagrant nature, but into which we could not very well enter within the limits of the present work, even although we had evidence at hand ready for doing so. One result of this extraordinary state of matters in the city of Glasgow was—and here we give it on the best of all authority—namely, the authority embraced in the Appendix to the Government Statistics of Scotland, published in Glasgow in the year 1823, by Mr. James Lumsden, afterwards Lord Provost, and whose son, Mr. James Lumsden is, we are glad to know, at the present moment the honourable Treasurer of the city. It conveys the extraordinary statement, as some of our readers will now surely regard it to be, namely, that up to the year 1812, "*one hundred years*, had elapsed since the citizens of Glasgow were represented in Parliament by one of their own merchants, viz., Mr. Kirkman Finlay, Lord Provost of the city"—of which gentleman, by the bye, we must afterwards speak in a more particular way, as we go on with these Reminiscences.

Before, however, we get into more exciting matter, referable to our present work, the Prospectus of which, to

some short extent, may have been already seen by most of our readers, we may as well give the following rather amusing account of one of our *County* Elections in Scotland:—It was the County of Bute, joined then with the remote counties of Ross and Cromarty, in sending *one* member to Parliament. The unit *one* was all-powerful in Scotland in those days—two members for any one place on this side of the border was never heard of—never dreamt of.

And by the bye, the keen struggle at Bute, the other day, between the Honourable George Boyle and James Lamont, Esq., of Knockdow, almost rekindles our astonishment and makes us to hold our sides, as we contrast it with the following unique story which we heard originally from Mr. James Gibson Craig, Writer to the Signet, afterwards Sir James Gibson Craig, of Riccarton, Baronet, whose son, Sir William Gibson Craig, is now the Right Honourable the Lord Clerk Register of Scotland. Sir James, had the story at first, we think, from Mr. William M'Leod Bannatyne, Advocate, afterwards Lord Bannatyne, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, and a native, we believe, of Rothesay, in whose romantic churchyard he was buried long ago. The story itself, at a more recent period of history, formed the text of an excellent Reform speech of FRANCIS JEFFREY, and it almost split the sides of some of the members of St. Stephen's, when that eminent man was Lord Advocate of Scotland under the Government of EARL GREY: and as the trite observation is, that a good story is not the worse, but sometimes the better of being twice told, we give it in this wise.—It happened to fall to the turn of the County of *Bute*, at one of the olden elections, to return the *one* redoubtable member for the three united

counties of Bute, Ross, and Cromarty. There were, we believe, not more than three-score—or say 50 electors or “Freeholders” amongst the batch of the three venerable shires altogether. But from rough or stormy weather at sea, with the utter want of conveyance by land, strange to say, not more than ONE out of the whole roll of Freeholders could reach the Island of Bute in safety, or in due time for the election. That Freeholder happened, fortunately for himself, to be the expectant member for the three counties, and, panting like a bridegroom for his bride on his marriage day, he, by the most energetic exertions, contrived to reach, on the evening of the day prior to the election, Mountstuart House, the pretty seat, in that Island, of the Earl of Bute, who was once Preceptor and favourite minister of King George the Third, and at one of the ends of the long avenue of beautiful trees still surviving at Mounstuart, there was a small cozy wooden hut in which it was said the Earl studied and wrote some of his devoted letters to the King, reaching London with all expedition, not sooner than eight or ten days after date. On the fine frosty morning of the day of Election, the expectant candidate safely reached the old Court-house, in the ancient Burgh of Rothesay, from which place, we need scarcely remark, our own illustrious Prince of Wales takes one of his first Scotch titles, and here the expectant member found the Sheriff of the Shire, who had safely received the Writ of Election from London, and held it reverentially in his hands. The duty of the Sheriff simply was to read the writ to the assembled meeting of Freeholders whoever they were, and to return it to London in due course, indorsed, with the name and designation of the elected member for the united shires of Ross and Cromarty, &c. The thing

next to be done according to law, after the reading of the writ at this "great meeting" in Rothesay, was to appoint a duly qualified "Freeholder" as chairman, to preside at the meeting, and subscribe the rolls. Now, this was a poser. But this accomplished member *in esse* or *in posse*, leaped over all difficulties at once. He gravely proposed that he himself should be the chairman of the meeting. He seconded his own motion. He then voted for himself as chairman; and he took the chair accordingly, and returned thanks for the honour. The next third thing to be done, was to read and take the oaths of allegiance to the King, with the oath of abjuration against the Pope and the Pretender, to be followed by the oath against bribery and corruption, (alas, often violated). But all of these oaths he calmly administered unto himself, holding up his own right hand, and he subscribed each and all of them in their proper order. This done, the great remaining, but essential, business of the day came to be performed. This was for some Freeholder or other to come forward to nominate and propose to the assembled meeting a fit and proper Knight of the Shire, girt with a sword, as the writ required, to represent the said shires in the ensuing Parliament of Great Britain, &c. Up again arose our one notable "Freeholder," and looking about him, gravely proposed himself, in the most modest terms, for the dignified office. He thereupon seconded his own nomination. He complacently sat down in the chairman's seat allotted for him, congratulating himself on the result. Up he again arose, almost in a twinkling, and declared himself to be "*duly elected*;" and he thereupon administered to himself the oath "*de fidei*," as member. It is impossible to depict the gravity necessary for the next "usual routine, but

final motion," which was a motion for a vote of *thanks* unto the chairman for presiding at the said meeting—moved and seconded by himself unto himself,—there was really no other Freeholder present to do so, and this of course likewise passed *nem. con.*, because, as just remarked, there was absolutely no contradictor in the business of any kind. This may be taken as one good specimen of our old Scotch Elections. And so it was pleasingly enough ended in Rothesay in days of yore, without the semblance of *blood* or *battery* of any kind; although latterly, to the reproach of the place, we are somewhat reluctantly but imperatively called upon to remark that blood and battery to some disgraceful extent were lately perpetrated in Rothesay—we mean at the late Parliamentary election of the Hon. Mr. Boyle, presumptive heir to the Earl of Glasgow, in the beginning of the present year (1865)—still ringing in our ears; but such violence, we hope, never will be perpetrated again.

By the above and similar elections of the olden time rapidly glanced at in these few previous pages, the whole political power of Scotland was almost monopolized, or absolutely centred, in the hands of a very few particular personages, at the head whereof, especially in the memorable years 1792 and 1793, stood beyond all doubt, the powerful Dundas, or Melville family. They could even persecute, or promote onwards and downwards through the long reign of the Pitt Administration, any person or cause they pleased: and gift away almost any and every place or pension opening up in this kingdom. Remonstrance on any subject to a servile House of Commons was perfectly useless, utterly in vain in those days, because the vast majority of the members of that

House were virtually elected by themselves, or their dependents: and the Peers of Parliament then also exercised no small sway in electioneering matters, which by the Constitution they had no right to do. We remember the story of a very rough member for one of the small English Burghs, or "rotten Burghs," as they were by others called, which story the late celebrated Sir Francis Burdett, once the great English Reformer of the age, afterwards seized hold of, and threw up in their faces by the force of his satire and his eloquence; to the then assembled members of that House in the course of some great debate. It was to this effect—that as some half-dozen of discontented "freeholders," or as Cobbett called them, "pot-wallopers," went to their member to complain to him of some vote or other that did not happen exactly to please them—he broke out into a violent rage against them, swore like a fury, and told them, "that as he had *bought* them, so he would *sell* them by —, just as he pleased, at the very first opportunity." And it was Lord Camelford, we think, proprietor of the old rotten Burgh of *Sarum*, famous in its day for sending two members to Parliament, though there was scarcely half a dozen of dwelling houses in all the place; but the *dominum utile* of these lay exclusively in the hands of the noble Lord, who when jeered or taunted for sending the celebrated but captious Horne Tooke, as one of its redoubtable two members to Parliament, broke out into an another exclamation, that he could send his own black menial servant-man to Parliament if he pleased, and whose vote for the *ayes* or the *noes*, would be received by Mr. Speaker, and counted as much as the greatest Squire in all that House. Hence arose the name of the "*Boroughmongers*," or sometimes as it was

called, "the Old Lady" of self election: and on the other hand, those disliking such a system, and consequently opposed to it, and advocating for a wise and judicious Reform in the representation, and at one period these indeed were few and far between, were vilified by the stern upholders of this most flagrant and reprehensible system as *Black-nebs*—discontented, seditious fellows, republicans, and levellers, or other foul and odious names—worthy of the gibbet or the stake! And the Press,—and especially the *local* Press of this kingdom had, we are sorry to say, very little to say on *Political* topics, important though many of these topics undoubtedly were to the peace and well-being of the State, including, of course, the interest of the great bulk of the community. In fact, "the gentlemen of the Press," especially in this quarter of the kingdom, saw very well that it would be impolitic, if not absolutely dangerous for them to speak out against the "Old Lady of self-election," protected as she was, by all the powers of office; far less was it prudent for them to speak out boldly and manfully in favour of any reasonable measure of Reform whatever. In proof partly of this, we may mention the fact now coming vividly to our remembrance, that within the last thirty or forty years, Mr. David Prentice, who first started the *Glasgow Chronicle*, on liberal principles in this city, and became its Editor, was taken over the coals, and summarily called to the Bar of the Supreme Court in Edinburgh, simply because in some mild language he had presumed to animadvert on some very questionable proceedings of that Court itself. All the Whig talent at the bar surrounded Mr. Prentice, at the time; but he ever felt the stunning blow. And sure enough, about the same period, one of the most upright and public

spirited gentlemen in Scotland, and of good landed estate in Forfarshire, we name him now with pleasure, viz., George Kinloch, Esq., of Kinloch, was obliged—acting on the advice of his Counsel—Francis Jeffrey, Henry Cockburn, and James Moncrieff—to fly the country (year 1820,) for presuming to denounce with the true eloquence of a Scotchman, the horrid massacre at Manchester, which had then recently taken place. All the powers of the Government were keenly and positively directed against Mr. Kinloch. He was pronounced to be an *outlaw*, by the High Court of Justiciary. But happily he lived to return home in better times; and in 1832, he was enthusiastically hailed by the Electors of Dundee, as their patriotic representative in the first Reformed Parliament. He died in harness, from the excess of duty in Parliament. We are proud to say, that we enjoyed his friendship from one of our first dedications made to him in the Reform cause in early life. But let that pass. Still the persecution that he and others endured in those latter times, which we might enlarge upon if necessary, led to the applauding toast which then came into vogue, at many social meetings, where politics previously durst not very well be even mooted—

“The man who dares be honest in the worst of times.”

Some other striking instances bearing on the above from proofs in our possession, may be given by and bye.

But it is time we should now introduce our readers more directly to our heroic advocate, Mr. Thomas Muir, and to his most tragical history—none hitherto, we are sorry to remark, venturing to do so, and none probably now alive that could do it with so much cherished feeling as we have all along avowed towards him and his memory. “Though dead, he yet speaketh.” Few, indeed, if any, at

this moment in the land of the living, can personally know the fact, but such it is, that he was born in the High Street of Glasgow, in one of those lofty tenements on the western side, nearly fronting our ancient Glasgow College, which, by the bye, we learn is now about to be removed to a more congenial situation. It is not for us to presume to make any prognostications on that subject in this place, save those of hopeful and increasing renown. The parents of Thomas Muir were quiet, decent, and most respectable people, natives of the city, and that is all we need say about them, except this, that the father was rather a successful and lucrative manufacturer, enjoyed considerable property within the city, and was, besides, proprietor of the pretty little estate and mansion-house of Huntershill, near Cadder, on the northern outskirts of the city. It was a place of rural eminence in those days. It has gone since into other hands, but it may be easily approached now from the Royal Exchange *via* the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, in the space of a very few minutes. We thus refer to it for an affecting episode, which in the course of this publication may appear.

Being their only son, with an only daughter, Muir's doating parents gave him, as they could well afford, the very best education in the city; first in the Grammar School, under the tuition of Mr. Daniel Macarthur, whose name is still held in grateful remembrance by the descendants of Muir and his ancient pupils. From the Grammar School, Thomas Muir went upwards and onwards into our venerable College—through its Divinity Hall, intending to become a Probationer of the Church of Scotland, and he was at a very early stage of his life, (22,) one of the elders thereof in the Parish of Cadder, in which Parish, we may remark, Huntershill was and is

situated ; but from his ready tact and powers of debate, evinced in many juridical discussions in College and out of it, he was advised, and finally resolved to direct his energies to the profession of the LAW, as an advocate before the Courts in Edinburgh—a profession then holding, as it still does, and we hope, ever will, one of the highest pedestals for honourable fame. Accordingly, with earnest zeal and meritorious exertions, Thomas Muir went and studied for a few years longer in the University of Edinburgh, and having thus prepared himself, he was taken on trial by the learned Dean and Faculty of Advocates, acquitted himself to their satisfaction, and was admitted without a murmur as one of the members of the Honourable Faculty of Advocates, in the year 1787—he being then a most accomplished young gentleman, in the twenty-second or twenty-third year of his age, with the most polished, winning, and agreeable manners. The fellow-students, or companions, we observe, who passed the Bar with Muir in the same year, were Sir James Montgomerie, Sir A. M. Mackenzie, and Adam Gillies. The latter rose to distinction, as the Honourable LORD GILLIES, one of the Senators of the College of Justice ; and beyond all question, he was one of the most able Judges that ever adorned the judicial bench in Scotland. Yet he had his few foibles—desperately fond of WHIST—and when he came out to Glasgow to preside in the Court of Justiciary, nothing pleased him so much on some occasions, after the Court broke up towards the evening, than to send old John Morrison, or some other powdered attending Macer of the Court, for his old cronies—Robert Davidson, Professor of Civil Law in the University of Glasgow, the kinsman of Mr. Davidson, now represented by Messrs. Hill, Davidson, Clark, & Hoggan,

in Frederick Street—Æneas Morrison, Writer, grandfather of Mr. Archibald Robertson, now of the Royal Bank in Glasgow, and Dr. Richard Miller, Professor of Materia Medica, in Glasgow—a true and genuine Whig : and the friends in reserve for Lord Gillies at the Whist table, in the George Hotel, in George Square, or in the Jumble Club, in Buchanan Street, consisted chiefly of old Mr. James Dennistoun, the founder and projector of the Glasgow Bank, Alex. M'Grigor of Kernock, James Crum of Thornliebank, John Lang, Dean of the Faculty of Procurators, and Samuel Hunter, of the *Herald Office*—all very excellent citizens, and good players at Whist in moderation—sixpence on the trick, sixpence on the points, and a crown on the rubber. The *Jumble Club*, in Buchanan Street, in those days, we may remark, was situated near to the bottom of that street, where the now splendid warehouses of Messrs. Stewart & M'Donald are being erected, contiguous with those of Mr. Kemp, Messrs. Wylie & Lochhead, Murray & Sons, &c.; and we almost doubt our own existence, when we call to remembrance the fact that, once upon a time, we could count not more than seven or eight separate and solitary dwelling-houses in that street altogether. These were the dwelling-houses of M'Inroy of Lude, Maxwell of Dargavel, Gordon of Aikenhead, Monteith of Carstairs, &c. And behind their gardens, or in the open fields then running into Gordon Street, the late Mr. Gilbert Kennedy, Collector of Cess, used often to amuse us and others, by telling this fact, among other things, namely, that as regularly as the shooting season came round, and his game license was taken out, he hunted in Gordon Street, including the head of Buchanan Street, and shot between the 1st and 30th of September, yearly, a covey or two of partridges, in that

identical street. Fancy the partridges now *whirring* in Buchanan Street! Nor is this perhaps more surprising than this other fact, that we have seen the *hay stacks* standing up on the western side of Glassford Street, with the plum trees waving over the long brick wall near Robin Carrick's celebrated Bank—viz., the old "Ship Bank of Glasgow," now merged with others, in the Union Bank of Scotland. But see now the busy hives of human beings in the said Buchanan Street!—the gorgeous shops—the displays of gold and silver plate—the pretty silken attires, fit for *Venus* herself, but shaming the worsted and home-spun linen of former times—with the delicious viands, of our Thynes, Forresters, and Fergusons, all redolent now of that street, with everything, in short, which wealth seeking for luxury, can produce. There is, in fact, no other street like Buchanan Street, at this moment in Glasgow, save the Trongate and Argyle Street, to which, we protest, our old associations must ever cling. But from this digression, it will not, we think, be disputed, that when the Jumble Club in Buchanan Street was demolished, it only paved the way for the erection of the far more spacious WESTERN CLUB, farther up at St. Vincent Street, wherein the most excellent accommodation, not merely for Lords of Session, if they enjoy now, as Gillies did, rubbers at all, but Dukes, Marquises, Earls, and Squires—need we exclude our own jolly merchant princes, who are, in truth, the very life and soul of it. They handsomely offered to place it at the disposal of our gracious Sovereign, when the Queen with her illustrious husband, and the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, first visited Glasgow—what changes even since then!—but as to that Royal visit it may become us to have a glowing chapter by and bye, containing some incidents

that have never yet been seen in print. We must here pause for a moment, and lament that Sir James Anderson, our then Lord Provost, who received the honour of knighthood, directly from the gracious hand of her Majesty on the occasion, is now no more amongst us. He was truly a good and amiable man.

But we are wandering away, as some may think, from our special attachment to Thomas Muir. We therefore return to his now peaceful shrine; and let us humbly endeavour to speak reverentially and concisely about him. He was, when he first passed the Bar, glad to travel from Edinburgh to Glasgow in the slow but sure Royal George—or other coaches then going, four-in-hand, at the rate of seven miles per hour—especially at the customary opening of the Glasgow Assizes, to plead the cause of some poor friendless miscreant. He sought no fees for so doing—he never expected any. But he was fast rising into a sure and lucrative practice in other civic cases of great importance. He was in truth becoming the pride and ornament of the Bar, vieing at the time with Sir John Connell, afterwards Procurator of the Church of Scotland, Robert Hamilton, Sheriff-Depute of Lanarkshire, and John M'Farlane, of Kirkton, Campsie. It is not out of joint here, to remark, that in five years afterwards, viz., in 1792, Sir Walter Scott passed his examination as Advocate, at that Bar,—George Cranston (Lord Corehouse), and David Boyle (Lord Justice-Clerk), in 1793—Francis Jeffrey, in 1794; and in 1800, John Archibald Murray, with Henry Brougham—(ever illustrious be the name of Lord Brougham!)—Francis Horner, and Henry Cockburn,—they all passed the same Bar, and remembered well the antecedents of Thomas Muir; while some of them, but not the whole, adored his principles almost with their whole hearts.

He burst out now, towards the year 1792, into a blaze of Political fame. He cast aside all his youthful diffidence. He literally became a strong man, clad, as it were, in bright polished political armour. He began to attack, single-handed and alone, and with language never before heard of in Scotland, the gross and flagrant corruptions of the State. He in brilliant tones, or with eloquence almost irresistible, rivetted the attention of his hearers at meetings held with them in regard to the ignoble state of the representation in Scotland—to the utter prostration in which they lay respecting their civil privileges through the representation in Parliament—to their inherent rights—to their utter and absolute exclusion from the just privileges of the British Constitution, as represented by King, Lords, and Commons—to the arrogance of the few against the many; and he scowled in withering terms against the swarms of Placemen and Pensioners, sucking the Taxes of the State through the vitals of the people, without any *bona fide* services, or without the least value in return. In short, he laid, as the admission was at the time, his powerful axe to the very root of the great tree of Corruption in Scotland. This indeed was the head and front of his offending, and for this he was actually denounced as a SEDITIOUS, if not a treasonable person, unfit to live in the kingdom of Scotland. But Thomas Muir held on gloriously. Never did he flinch from any of his well-arranged and stubborn facts—never did he succumb either to the rude and malevolent, sometimes savage attacks, made frequently on him personally by the officials of the day, or their minions in power.

“A Roman with a Roman’s heart can suffer.”

And so Thomas Muir confronted them all. He established, or was the means of establishing, a Reform Asso-

ciation in this city, which met frequently in the Star Hotel, now forming the site of the Bank of Scotland Buildings, in Ingram Street. It was patronised by Lord Daer, afterwards the Earl of Selkirk, so pleasingly noticed by Robert Burns—by the Hon. North Dalrymple, of Fordel, afterwards Earl Stair—by John Pattison, of Kelvingrove, Robert Graham, of Whitehill, David Dale, of the Blantyre and Lanark Works, Walter Brock, father of Henry Brock, founder and first Manager of the Clydesdale Bank, with many other respectable citizens, now no more; but we must not omit to state, that George Crawford, Esq., the father of our present esteemed Clerk of the Peace for Lanarkshire, in Glasgow, acted for some time as its most honourable, upright, and faithful Secretary. These names will be deemed sufficient guarantees by those of the present day, of its genuine worth and respectability.

In Ireland, also, we ought not to omit to state, that somewhat of a similar Association was formed by Henry Grattan, and John P. Curran, two of the most eloquent orators, perhaps, that Ireland ever produced, having at its head as President, the famous Archibald Hamilton Rowan, one of the first Commoners in Ireland, with a landed estate of upwards of £20,000 per annum; but he too had to fly at a subsequent period. And last, though not least, in London, the centre of the whole, was the Hon. Charles Grey, afterwards EARL GREY, who became the glorious Prime Minister of Great Britain, and actually carried the Reform Bill, with the then Vassal Holland, Coke of Norfolk, (Earl Leicester), Byng of Middlesex, (Earl Stafford), the Duke of Richmond, Major Cartwright, and many whose names we cannot give for want of space, but they all redounded to the pride of the nation.

So animating and exciting were the proceedings of these leading associations, and especially the one in Glasgow, that ROBERT BURNS, about the same age as Thomas Muir, became attached to it in Ayrshire. All the tendencies of the glorious Bard, we need scarcely say, were of the most liberal kind for his country, and his countrymen, all the world over; but it must be remembered, although we almost grieve to notice the fact in this place, that the lamented Bard, ever dear to SCOTIA, was then only a poor Excise-officer, under Government, with a salary of £60 or £80 per annum, and liable to be dismissed at pleasure. His situation and personal safety were positively in peril at that period, for he thus writes to the Hon. Mr. Erskine, of Mar, under date 13th April, 1793—"Indeed, indeed, (says he,) but for the exertions of Mr. Graham of Fintry, who has ever been my warm and generous friend, I had, without so much as a hearing, or the slightest previous intimation, been turned adrift with my helpless family, *to all the horrors of want.*" Shocking! And in the same letter he states, "that the Board of Excise had issued orders to him, that his business was to act, *not to think*; and that whatever might be, men or measures, it was for him (the Bard) to be SILENT and obedient." Such a statement thus given, may seem almost incredible to our readers of the present day, but we give it on the undoubted authority of Burns himself.

No wonder, then, that Thomas Muir became aroused. In strains of advancing eloquence he almost outrivalled himself. In Scotland, youthful as he was, he stood forth conspicuously the only leading Advocate that *dared* the Government to meet him on the arena of the great question of Parliamentary Reform. The Government at last became alarmed, and Henry Dundas, their most able and potent

Minister, holding the office of Lord Advocate of Scotland, came down to Edinburgh, in hot haste from London, to try and arrest the current of Muir's conquering eloquence. The hangers-on of the Parliament House now shook their heads, and shied him. They gave him the "cold shoulder." He had gone "*rather far*," they thought. In particular, his early friend and companion, Robert Forsyth, Esq., Advocate, turned tail, and unblushingly deserted him. For so doing, Mr. Forsyth who had been previously hated by the Court, soon obtained a splendid Tory practice at the Bar, and only died full of riches, within the last few years. The Lord Advocate (Dundas), lost no time in preparing a huge and tremendous Bill of Indictment against Muir, garbling many of his speeches, but charging him with SEDITION, and concluding that he should be "punished with the pains of law, in order to deter others from committing the like *crimes* in all time coming." These were its very words; an exact copy of it is now upon our table. It was obviously intended to crush for ever, if it could, every liberal sentiment in favour of Reform in Scotland. James Lapslie, the pliable minister of Campsie, travelled over the country to defame Muir and his principles, for which that worthy minister was placed on the Pension list. In these circumstances, Thomas Muir now resolved to leave Edinburgh for a time, and go to London to consult with his excellent friend, Mr. Macintosh, afterwards Sir James Macintosh—a most accomplished Statesman he became in the House of Commons—with other kindred spirits of the age; and from London, Muir resolved to proceed on a refreshing visit to Paris, there to pay his respects, amongst others, to the Marquis La Fayette, the most eminent friend of rational liberty at the time in Europe, but who afterwards was obliged to fly for his

life to America. La Fayette became very much attached to Muir—"the brave Scottish Advocate," as he often called him—one singular proof of which fell under our observation in Paris many years ago, soon after the overthrow of the *Bourbons*, and when La Fayette returned to his country, and became the most popular man in France, which we may describe by and bye, without being chargeable, we hope, with undue vanity.

No sooner had Thomas Muir left Edinburgh for London and Paris, in pursuance of his lawful intentions, and as every British subject has surely right to do, than the officers of the Crown, by their messenger-at-arms, left for him at his father's house, at Huntershill, which he had just hurriedly visited to bid his parents good-bye ere he started on his journey, that odious bill of indictment, commanding him to appear before the Lords Commissioners of Justiciary, in Edinburgh, on the 2d of January, 1793.

Then at Paris, where he was feted, we may remark, with much respect, by Dubois, Milliard, Le Blauiff, and other eminent French Senators and Advocates, he found it impossible to return to Scotland in time to meet this huge Indictment. Unfortunately for Muir, WAR had then broken out between this country and France; and still more unfortunately for him, it happened that he arrived in Paris on the very evening of the day preceding the execution of Louis XVI. This was turned to woful account against Mr. Muir in this his native country. His enemies contrived, and did not fail to excite every conceivable sort of prejudice against him. He was a Commissioner forsooth, they said, from the "*Black-nebs*" and Republicans of Scotland, to hasten on the execution of Louis; while he had nothing more to do with that event

than the child unborn. He wrote to Scotland, earnestly expressing his desire to get back to Edinburgh to attend trial on the 2d of January. But in consequence of the War, a strict BLOCKADE came to be enforced between the two countries,—never, we sincerely hope, again to take place between them: May Britain and France continue in peace and amity with each other, all the world over! From the above cause it became physically and morally impossible, as we have remarked, for Thomas Muir to return from France in time to meet his accusers on the day fixed by them. Not a few of the letters he wrote were intercepted on this side the channel, but they all breathed nothing but kindness for his family and friends, and his continued earnest desire to return home. The following extract may be given from one of these letters, the original of which we saw in the possession of Allan Fullerton, Esq., Woodside Place, Glasgow, not very long ago. It is dated from Paris, 13th February, 1793:—"Upon the evening of the 8th of this month (says Muir), I received letters from my father and from my agent, Mr. Campbell, informing me that an Indictment was served against me in my absence. War is declared between England and France, and there are requisites to be gone through before I can obtain my Passport. I will return to Scotland without delay. To shrink from dangers would be unbecoming my own character and your confidence. *I dare challenge the most minute investigation of my public and private conduct.* Armed with innocence, I appeal to Justice, and I disdain to supplicate favours.

(Signed) THOMAS MUIR."

Is that, we may here ask, at the beginning, the letter of an innocent or a *guilty* man? Yet in the most per-

fect knowledge of it, and of the facts we have above stated, the Law Officers of the Crown appeared in solemn array against him, before the Court of Justiciary, in January, 1793, and demanded from their Lordships a sentence of OUTLAWRY against him (in his absence, observe) which sentence was, of course, immediately pronounced. The effect of that sentence of outlawry was, to seize Thomas Muir wherever he could be found within the British dominions : and to pistol, or shoot, or cut him down without hesitation and without remorse, if he dared to offer the least resistance ; and another effect of it was, “to escheat and confiscate all his moveables, goods, and gear, for His Majesty’s use.” So we think the legal phraseology of it ran. But no matter.

Now comes the *second* eventful period in Muir’s life. Exposed as he was while in Paris, to all the dangers and horrors of the first French Revolution, then rolling in its dreadful course through its streets, its palaces, prisons, and halls, he had the felicity on the morning of the 29th April, 1793, to receive a Passport from the Council-General of the Commune of Paris, countersigned by the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, to return home *via* Philadelphia. It occurs to us, from the insertion of the word Philadelphia in this Passport—an authentic copy of which is now before us, that Muir latterly entertained some thoughts of going to *America*, rather than meet the frowns and perils of the Justiciary Court in Edinburgh. But at all events the French Passport, though he was then a foreigner and an alien in France, speaks kindly of him indeed. We must dwell upon it for a moment or two. It minutely describes his handsome appearance, corresponding with the small miniature of him originally taken in Glasgow, and now in our hands. It says, “PERMIT Citizen Thomas

Muir to proceed on his voyage to Philadelphia, domiciled at Paris (au citoyen de Coudile, Hotel de Toulon, No. 1 rue des Foses du Temple) municipality of Paris, native of Scotland, a lawyer, 28 years of age, 5 feet 9 inches high, his hair and eye-lashes of a chestnut colour, bright blue eyes, aquiline nose, small mouth, round chin, high forehead, long and full face. *Send him aid and assistance if in want.* Signed by us, Ministers of Foreign Affairs, Paris, 29th April, 1793, second year of Republic,—LE BRUN; MAILLE GARAT; NICOLEAU *Presid.*”

This friendly Passport brought him safely through France; and at one of the French ports he got on board the American ship “Hope,” Capt. George Towers, ostensibly bound for Baltimore, but hailing for Belfast. In July 1793 he reached Belfast, landed, and hired a small vessel to carry him across to Portpatrick, in Scotland, with now the obvious and firm resolution to proceed to Edinburgh to meet his accusers at all hazards. From Portpatrick he posted on to Stranraer, and while reposing himself in one of the inns of that place, after his long fatiguing journey, openly avowing his name, and telling of his pursuits, Mr. Boniface of the inn, took alarm, beat up all the legal functionaries of the place, who, with others, soon assembled and bellowed around him, like a pack of furies or blood-hounds in full cry. Instantly the intelligence of his *arrest* at Stranraer, was sent to the law officers of the Crown in Edinburgh. It was joyful news to them, for they had their victim now, they thought, securely within their grasp; and the Lord Advocate lost not a moment in drawing out and placing his WARRANT in the hands of George Williamson, Messenger-at-Arms, in Edinburgh, who, with one or two trusty concurrents,

were ordered off to Stranraer, to bring from thence with "all expedition the person of the said Thomas Muir to Edinburgh, and to incarcerate him in the Tolbooth thereof, to answer for his crimes." Civilly, gently, and politely, Thomas Muir received this messenger-at-arms and his assistants; but they instantly handcuffed and placed him in irons, and in that condition he was driven in a post-chaise to Edinburgh. Pausing here for a moment, we much question whether such harsh treatment would be shown now to any *murderer* or murderess of the present day, either in the incipient or the condemned stages of trial. But infinitely more painful to him than this,—the Faculty of Advocates in his absence had previously, and while his back was literally at the wall, viz., on the 6th of March, 1793, erased his name, or struck it out from their rolls. They did even worse than this in another direction at a subsequent period. They absolutely took the gown from the honoured shoulders of the Right Hon. Henry Erskine, brother of the illustrious Lord Erskine, who by his eloquence in the case of Hardie and others, in 1793, actually saved (as is now admitted), the liberties of England. Aye, this then most rampant Tory Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh, had, we must say, the unspeakable baseness to take the gown from Henry Erskine, their own most learned and honourable DEAN, because, and for no other earthly reason, he had become imbued with "*liberal principles*." Can any Advocate, be he Whig or Tory of the present day, attempt to deny or justify this proceeding. Imprisoned and shackled now in Edinburgh, in vain did Thomas Muir's most respectable agent in Edinburgh, viz., the venerable Mr. Wm. Moffat, S.S.C., whom we have frequently seen, but he has been dead now for many years—in vain did

Mr. Moffat, backed by other agents of the highest character, apply for the liberation of Muir, at least till his trial came on. Bail, indeed, to any amount was tendered for him to the Crown Officers; and the sorrowing father of Muir, now in his old age, bowed down almost to the dust, journeyed to Edinburgh, perfectly ready and willing to pledge his whole fortune and estate for the due and faithful appearance of his son in the day and hour of trial. It was peremptorily rejected. We pass over some intermediate stages. We come rapidly to the TRIAL itself, if such in the name of Justice, it can be called.

Kindly did the Hon. Henry Erskine, with John Clerk and Adam Gillies, offer to conduct and plead the case for Muir, as his Counsel, but somehow or other he resolved to be his own Counsel, and most manfully and ably did he perform the self-imposed duty. His speech at the close has often thrilled us. It may do so again; but we shall only give one or two short passages of it in a few minutes. It was altogether a great piece of forensic eloquence, and is well worth the reading yet.

At 10 o'clock of the morning of Friday, the 30th of August, 1793, (as we have already noted, black day for Scotland,) he was brought prisoner to the Bar of the High Court in Edinburgh, surrounded by soldiers with drawn bayonets, as if he was some desperado, or that his friends were to attempt to make some desperate bloody rescue, a thing we need scarcely observe, which never once entered into their imaginations. Muir was gentle as a lamb through all this ordeal. When the five Judges in judicial array entered the Bench, he respectfully made his obeisance to them, but they disdained, we learn, to take the least recognition of it. They all *badgered* him, however, very soon afterwards.

Calmly he stood up, not yet dressed in the *Felon's* attire, for that if seen might have created a burst of indignation in the Court, but elegantly dressed, as if he had been going to some State Banquet, and then he heard his long Indictment slowly read by the Justiciary Clerk. The interior of the Court was densely crowded, as much so as the old unique hall could possibly be, with anxious observers. Outside, the whole area of the renowned Parliament Square was also crowded with parties of every degree; such interest did the trial excite within the city of Modern Athens.

Allan Ramsay, in his day, has quaintly described the old Square in the following rhymes:—

“Where Aulas oft makes Law for Justice pass,
And Charles’ statue stands in lasting brass
Amidst that lofty Square which strikes the sight
With spacious fabrics of stupendous height;
Whose sublime roofs in clouds advance so high,
They seem the watch-towers of the nether sky.
Where once, alas!—where once the Three Estates
Of Scotland’s Parliament held free debates.”

Of course there are many modern alterations and improvements in that Square now.

After some other preliminaries, which we need not stop to describe, Mr. Muir laid upon the table of the Court a written defence, emphatically denying that he was guilty of the crime of Sedition charged against him in the Indictment.

We must here shortly enter on another important phase of this remarkable Trial. It has been said by the most eminent Statesmen, embalmed in the annals of history, that “the trial by JURY is the Palladium of all the rights and privileges of British subjects.” Was it really so at this time, in the year 1793? Let us see.

We beg to state this fact without the least fear of contradiction in any quarter, that at the period referred to, and for a long time before and since, it became the duty, and was the absolute law of Scotland, for the Sheriff-Clerk—(an officer appointed by the Crown)—to prepare or select a list of some 45 persons within his district to act as Jurymen for the trial of the arraigned prisoner or prisoners, at the next Court or Assizes. But of that list *fifteen* behoved to be elected, as composing the number of the gentlemen of the Jury sitting on the particular trial; and that number is requisite by the law of Scotland still. But behold now the mighty difference. In 1793 and downwards, the Sheriff-Clerk or his Deputy, handed to the presiding Judge, either on the morning of the day of trial, or at some other convenient time before it commenced, a list of those forty-five names, with their precise designation and places of residence, all written out on the face of a broad sheet of paper. Thus the Judge presiding could most easily learn, and almost at one glance of his paper perceive, who were *his* gentlemen for the Jury. This Judge so situated, could also by the dash of his own pen strike out, or keep in, any of those Jurymen *he* pleased, in the first instance for the trial. No matter what his feelings or inclinations in other respects were: no matter what his Politics were; and Judges sometimes have politics like other people: no matter whether he was swayed by one set of principles or another;—he sat *imperiously* on that Bench; and although it is no doubt true, that objections on special grounds might be made by the luckless prisoner to some of those fifteen; yet these objections were seldom regarded. The Judge himself, we repeat, had the absolute power of disposing of them, and from him there was no

appeal. Now, this being so, and adverting to the state of political matters at that time in Edinburgh, it is surely no overstrained remark on our part, to say now, that with such a document in his hands forming such a list, the Judge came to have a tolerable notion, a pretty good idea almost by head-mark, if not by actual knowledge, of the Jury standing before him. We may add at this point, that Politics became excited almost to a fever-heat in Edinburgh at the period stated. If there was an active "Reform Association" in that city, there was on the other hand an equally active, if not more powerful Association directly opposed to it, meeting in Goldsmith Hall, the members whereof designated themselves as "the Friends of the Constitution in Church and State;" and so keen did their politics run, so inveterate were they against the other Reform Association, that they subscribed a declaration, if they did not take an oath, to extirpate or to put down as far as in them lay, "all tumults and *sedition* persons." When therefore the Roll of his Jurymen began to be read and called over, Thomas Muir at once saw that he was a doomed man, because the *majority* of those Jurymen as they answered to their names, nay, the whole of them, as it afterwards turned out, were actually members of the Goldsmith Hall Association, vehemently opposed to him; while some of them were also officers under the Crown; and others of them were Placemen and Pensioners liable to be removed at the pleasure of the Crown at a moment's notice. In this list stood first and foremost, Gilbert Innes, Esq., of Stow, who actually became the *Foreman* of Thomas Muir's Jury; but another most honourable gentleman, and we are delighted to notice him, viz., Captain John Inglis, of Auchindiny, when his name was called, rose

and stated to their Lordships, "that being in His Majesty's service, he did not wish to be on this Jury, as he thought it *unfair* in a case of this nature to try Mr. Muir by *servants* of the Crown." The Lord Justice-Clerk however informed the Captain that there was *no* impropriety in his being a Jurymen on this trial. And when Muir went on with the most cogent reasons, solemnly protesting and objecting to others of the Jury as palpably prejudiced against him, and in a strain of real eloquence "implored their Lordships, as they valued their own consciences and future peace of mind, to try him with a fair and *impartial* Jury, and not by a Jury of political partizans, avowedly pledged against him," he was abruptly stopped by the Court; and the Justice-Clerk M'Queen, with all the other Judges, got almost into a towering rage against him, for they actually commanded him "to sit down;" they even went the length of telling him, "that it was most *indecent* and *improper* for him to occupy their time with such frivolous and improper objections; it only showed, they said, what a dangerous and *Seditious* man he was, to dare to object to any of his respectable Jury;" and so every one of the *fifteen* were immediately sworn in against him. We need not dwell upon the EVIDENCE brought forward against him by the Crown. It was paltry and contemptible. It absolutely and only amounted to this—let others twist or torture it as they may—that he, Thomas Muir, had "harangued multitudes at Glasgow, Paisley, Kirkintilloch, and other places, in favour of REFORM;" or as some of the Crown witnesses in their simplicity called it, "*Constitutional Liberty*." But what said the Lord Advocate, echoed by the Justice-Clerk, "What had these transient bodies of weavers and manufacturers in these

places anything to do with Reform, or this prisoner's '*philippics*' on the subject? they might bundle and take themselves off in a jiffey. The Constitution was matchless, and could not be improved on the face of time."

If anybody doubts this, we just give the following special part of the charge of the Justice-Clerk to the Jury, in his own words:—"The panel (says the Justice-Clerk), might have known that no attention could be paid to the Petitions of such rabbles. What *right* had they to representation? The panel should have told them that Parliament would never listen to their Petitions. How could they think of it. A Government in every country (continued the Justice-Clerk), should just be like a CORPORATION: and in this country it was made up of the landed interest, who *alone* had a right to be represented. As for the rabble (his Lordship continued), who had nothing but personal property, what hold had the nation of them? What security for the payment of their taxes? They might (added his Lordship), pack up all their property on their backs, and leave the country in the twinkling of an eye, but landed property cannot be removed." The other Judges cordially concurred. These then, were the elements of their decision in 1793. They all unanimously decided and declared against Reform. The simple advocacy of it was by them declared to be SEDITION.

It is now for us humbly but emphatically to declare through these pages, that from first to last, in the course of that Trial, no human being was brought forward on the part of the Crown, to testify that so much even as one single solitary drop of blood had been shed in any quarter in all broad Scotland at that period, or that even so much as one single particle of injury had been done to any human being in any place in this realm, through the

speeches or the actions of Thomas Muir himself, or any of his associates.

We can now hardly refrain from giving a few passages of his brilliant speech to the Jury. The whole of it was indeed admirable; but the following passages may be read :—

“Gentlemen of the Jury,—What, pray, is my offence? I tell you that I actively and sincerely embarked in the cause of Parliamentary Reform, in the vindication and in the restoration of the rights of the People. Nor do I hesitate to unfold to you my motives. They are supported by their own intrinsic strength, and they are sanctioned by the great and venerable names of the living and the dead. Gentlemen, I have boldly contended for an equal representation of the people, in what I shall now call ‘the House of the People;’ because I consider it to be a measure essentially necessary to the salvation of the State, and to the stability of our boasted Constitution. Gentlemen, I ask, in what consists the excellency of that time-honoured fabric cemented by the blood of our fathers, flowing on the field, and from the scaffold? I will tell you. It consists in the just balance of the three great impelling powers of King, Lords, and Commons. If one of these powers lose its vigour, the efficacy of the Constitution is proportionally impaired; if one of these is absolved by another the Constitution is gone—is annihilated. Is it not known to you, gentlemen, and acknowledged by all the world, that the popular branch of the Constitution has suffered the ravages of time and of corruption? The fact is indisputable. The representation of the People is not what it once was, and is not such, as I trust in God, one day it shall be.”

Here some of the Jury actually manifested symptoms

of impatience and disapprobation, whereupon Muir burst out upon them as follows:—

“Gentlemen,—If, whether right or wrong, you have come here *determined* to find me guilty, say so boldly, openly; and let me add, honestly. Resort not to idle pretexts and expedients to justify a stretch of power. The unprejudiced eye will soon penetrate into those pretexts, and the determination will soon receive the contempt and indignation of mankind.”

What prophetic words! But he ended in this strain:—
“Gentlemen of the Jury,—This is perhaps the last time that I shall address my country. I have explored the tenor of my past life. Nothing shall tear me from the record of my former days. The enemies of Reform have scrutinized in a manner hitherto unexampled in Scotland, every action I may have performed, every word I may have uttered; of crimes most foul and horrible, have I been accused; of attempting to rear the standard of civil war; to plunge this land in blood, and to cover it with desolation. At every step as the evidence of the Crown advanced, my innocence has brightened. So far from inflaming the minds of men to sedition and to outrage, all the witnesses have concurred that my only anxiety was to impress upon them the necessity of peace, good order, and good morals. And my only crime is for having dared to be, according to the measure of my feeble abilities, a strenuous and active advocate for an equal representation of the People in the House of the People. It is a good cause. It shall ultimately prevail—it shall finally triumph. Say then openly by your verdict, if you do condemn me, that it is for this cause I suffer.”

The following were the last thrilling words of his appeal to the Jury, but they sulkily disregarded it:—

“Gentlemen,—The time will come when men must stand or fall by their actions ; when all human pageantry shall cease ; when the hearts of all shall be laid open. If you regard your most important interests—if you wish that your conscience should whisper to you words of consolation, or speak to you in the terrible language of remorse—weigh well the verdict you are to pronounce. As for me, I am careless and indifferent to my fate. I can look danger, and I can look death in the face ; for I am shielded by the consciousness of my own rectitude. I may be condemned to languish in the recesses of a dungeon—I may be doomed to ascend the scaffold. Nothing can deprive me of the recollection of the past—nothing can destroy my inward peace of mind, arising from the remembrance of having discharged my duty.”

He then sat down on his seat much exhausted, having spoken for nearly three hours ; commencing his address at ten at night, and finishing about one in the morning—a long sederunt, certainly.

At the close of that address, the enrapt audience gazing on him with anxiety and delight, were impelled by their feelings to clap their hands, and cheer him thrice over.

We were told some years ago, by several eye-witnesses of that scene, but the fact has never yet been published—there was some danger of doing it—that while this was the state of the audience, the Lord Advocate, with the Crown Counsel, and the whole of the Judges, were literally shaking their heads and clenching their fists with perfect *rage*.

JUSTICE-CLERK, (starting from his seat scowlingly)—Macers ; Macers, I say ; take the disturbers of the Court into custody. Seize them instantly.

SENIOR MACER, *sic orig.*—“My Lords, they are *aw* (all)



Thomas Muir

From an original miniature in the possession of the Author.

cheering and stamping with their feet, and clapping their *hauns* (hands); so you see my Lords, it's perfectly impossible for me to *tak* (take) them *aw* into custody."

The Court, however, was speedily cleared. The Jury were directed to be enclosed, to meet next morning, (Saturday at noon,) to deliver their verdict: and Thomas Muir, in closer custody now, was taken from the bar back to the Tolbooth.

When the Court did re-assemble, to receive the verdict and pronounce sentence on Saturday morning, all Edinburgh, if in a state of excitement the day previous, was in a state absolutely of the greatest excitement now. The Parliament Square leading to the inner recesses of the ancient "*Fyfteen*," then composing the number of our Supreme Judges, at their green table, which some yet may remember, was literally besieged with anxious and eager crowds. The very statue of King Charles the Second, still standing in that Square, was bestrid with young lads ready to fly like carrier-pigeons, so soon as the doors of the Justiciary Hall were thrown open, to reveal the verdict, and to carry the news to anxious parties in the Canongate, or the Meadows, or the Netherbow, or the Lawnmarket, or down to "auld Holyrood," or across the earthen *Mound*, intersecting the old with the new town of Edinburgh, then beginning to boast of its Princes Street, and Forth Street, &c. There were no telegraph wires in those days; indeed, such things were scarcely dreamt of in any one's philosophy; and there were no penny newspapers to proclaim the news forthwith to the public. The only papers then in existence in Edinburgh, we think, were *three*, viz., the *Caledonian Mercury*, the *Courant*, and the *Advertiser*, published at intervals, and at not less than sixpence or sevenpence for

each copy. The *Scotsman*, we may remark, potent as it now is, did not start into existence till some twenty years afterwards.

The Jury returned their verdict in *writing*, (as was the custom in those days,) “unanimously finding the panel GUILTY of the crimes as libelled.” And this verdict being speedily recorded in the Books of Sederunt, the Lord Justice-Clerk addressed the Jury, telling them that the Trial “was one of the greatest importance, and that he was happy to inform them that the Court highly approved of the verdict they had given.” The Justice-Clerk then requested their Lordships to state what Punishment should be inflicted. One of them suggested that the prisoner should be “*publicly whipped*.” But they all cordially concurred in this, that he ought not to receive less than sentence of “*Fourteen years’ Transportation beyond seas*.” And pray, listen to what occurred. The Lord Justice-Clerk before pronouncing sentence, emphatically declared from his place on the Bench, “that the *indecent applause* which was given to the prisoner last night, convinced him (the Lord Justice-Clerk,) that a spirit of discontent still lurked in the minds of the people, and that it would be *dangerous* to allow the prisoner to remain any longer in this country.” His Lordship only doubted whether the sentence should be for life, or the term of 14 years.

THOMAS MUIR—the amiable MUIR, standing at the bar, obliged to hear and listen to all this, but still

“Unawed by Power, and Unappalled by Fear”—

addressed their Lordships in the following rare, but memorable words, which should sink deep into the heart of every Reformer of the present age:—

“My Lords,—I have only a few words to say. I shall not animadvert upon the severity or the leniency of my

sentence. But, my Lords, were I to be led this moment from the bar to the *Scaffold*, I should feel the same calmness and serenity which I now do. My mind tells me that I have acted agreeably to my conscience, and that I have engaged in a good, a just, and a glorious cause—a cause which sooner or later must, and will prevail; and by a timely Reform, save this country from destruction.”

These last prophetic words may be now left to speak for themselves, without note or comment in this place.

But before going into some of the thrilling events which followed, mark here the atrocious terms of the SENTENCE itself, as follows:—

“The Lord Justice-Clerk, and Lords Commissioners of Justiciary, in respect of the foregoing verdict, Ordain and Adjudge, that the said Thomas Muir be Transported beyond Seas, to such place as His Majesty with the advice of his Privy Council shall appoint, and that for the space of FOURTEEN YEARS from this date, with certification to him, if after being so transported, he shall return to, and be found at large within any part of Great Britain, during the said fourteen years, without some lawful cause, and be thereby legally convicted, he shall suffer DEATH, as in cases of Felony, and ordain the said Thomas Muir to be carried back to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, therein to be detained, till he is delivered over for being so Transported, for which this shall be to all concerned, a sufficient warrant.

(Signed) ROBERT M‘QUEEN.”

Some of the best families in Edinburgh were grieved and petrified by that sentence. We heard it many years afterwards, earnestly discussed in the chambers of Mr. Archibald Constable, one of the first publishers of the

Edinburgh Review; as also in some of the queer old shops then forming some of the archives of the Parliament Square, but they are now all demolished; such for instance, as those of Kay, the celebrated caricature painter, and James Mackenzie, the old Jacobite goldsmith and jeweller, whose back shop, as we well remember, was engrafted under the very walls of St. Giles; and to it many of the young Whig scribes, or advocates of the day used to resort, to recite their studied orations, and to hear his most amusing *cracks*. He could predict almost the certain result of any case whatever, in the Court of Session, if the young scribes connected with it gave him the papers to read, which they took delight in doing, because they regarded and characterised him as the Lord Chancellor of the Parliament Square: and we have heard many eminent advocates, including John Cunningham, afterwards Solicitor-General of Scotland, and one of the Lords of Session, testify and declare, that they were greatly indebted to that old jeweller, for many good advices he gave them in their early lives. Two of the *youths* whom he much loved and respected, still survive, viz., Henry (Lord) Brougham, and Adam Black, one of the veterans, we may remark, of the present but expiring House of Commons. Mr. Black, we hope, will again be returned, along with the Hon. James Moncrieff, Lord Advocate, as representing truly the capital of Scotland; and here in another small parenthesis, we may be excused for throwing in the remark, that we have heard with our own ears, that old kinsman, Mackenzie the jeweller, tell, from his personal recollections, transmitted to him by his sires, many amusing stories about JINGLING GEORDIE, viz., George Heriot, the famous jeweller of much older times in that city, who adorned it by the magnifi-

cent Hospital bearing his name to this day, and still so creditable and beneficial to the sons of Edina, "Scotia's darling pride;" and further, we have heard that old gentleman describe how he espied PAUL JONES, the famous pirate of old, first entering the Frith of Forth, and the Bailies of Leith loading their SWIVELS, preparing to give him a warm reception, if he hove to, with his daring frigate near unto them, as they expected; and somewhat more remarkable still, we have heard our old grandmother in Edinburgh—who lived in that city for the long, the almost unprecedented period of *one hundred and five years*—for that was her undoubted age, and it was so recorded in the *Scotsman* and other newspapers, at the time of her death—we have heard her describe like a merry maiden, and in the most glowing language imaginable, how she saluted, nay, positively kissed the real colours of PRINCE CHARLIE, in the year '45; and she has taken us to the very spot in the Lawnmarket of Edinburgh, where in the same year she was struck and wounded on the left shoulder by a spent or rebounding cannon-ball from the Castle, while flying across the street with her younger son, the brother of the aforesaid jeweller, in her arms.

But all this is foreign to the case of Thomas Muir, and perhaps we ought to crave the pardon of our readers for mentioning it.

We need scarcely proceed to remark that the venerable parents of Muir in Glasgow, were shocked and deeply grieved at the above most cruel sentence against their darling and affectionate only son. They were scarcely allowed an opportunity to see him in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. Their pockets were sternly searched and rifled, ere they were permitted to enter his cell. With

tottering steps, and almost with bursting hearts, they afterwards followed him down to the Transport, lying in Leith Roads, whither he was to be taken away from his native shores. No pen or pencil of ours can describe that meeting or that parting. We have only to narrate this simple, but touching and undoubted fact, that they were then and there enabled to slip into his hands, a small pocket Bible, with this inscription upon it:—

To

THOMAS MUIR,

From his Afflicted Parents.

Glasgow, Nov. 1793.

Some may scoff at the Bible or not, as they please. It is our privilege, as it is our agreeable duty, to state in this place, that this very Bible, so given to him under such circumstances, was afterwards the means of saving his life, as we shall show, in the most astonishing manner.

But mark the treatment he now received. It is revolting, and almost incredible; but we give it on the authority of the *Scots Magazine* of the year 1793, vol. 55, page 617:—

EDINBURGH, Nov. 15, 1793.—About 11 o'clock forenoon, Mr. Thomas Muir, younger of Huntershill, was taken from Edinburgh Tolbooth, and conveyed to Newhaven in a coach, where he was sent on board the "Royal George," Excise Packet, Capt. Ogilvie, lying in Leith Roads, for London. There were along with him, John Grieve, convicted of forgery, at Inverness; John Stirling, for robbing Nellfield House; Bearhope, for stealing watches; and James M'Kay, lately condemned to death, for street robbery. Mr. Palmer was also sent to London in the same vessel; and on their arrival, they will be put on board the Hulks, at Woolwich.

LONDON, Dec. 1st, 1793.—Mr. Thomas Muir, and the Rev. T. F. Palmer, arrived in the River from Leith, on board a Revenue Cutter.

Orders were sent down for delivering them to Duncan Campbell, the Contractor for the Hulks, at Woolwich, the former in the *Prudentia*, and the latter in the *Stanislaus*. They were *in irons, amongst the convicts*, and were ordered yesterday to assist them in the common labour on the banks of the river. Mr. Muir is associated with about 300 convicts, among whom he and Mr. Palmer slept after their arrival. Mr. Muir is rather depressed in spirits, but Mr. Palmer appears to sustain his misfortune with greater fortitude.—(Vide *Annual Register* for 1793, p. 47.)

Is not that horrible even to think of? Our venerable friend "SENEX," respected by the entire city of Glasgow, and with the extraordinary memory with which he has been blessed for nearly a whole century, was pleased a few years ago, to call our attention to some other memoranda about the treatment of Muir at this stage; but nowhere does "Senex" in his numerous writings, or anybody else that we are aware of, attempt to lift the veil from Muir's Life and Trial, or to tell the marvellous events we will soon do.

Alas! at this stage (9th June, 1865), happening to be our own birthday, we are apprised of the death of SENEX, in the 93d year of his age. We give, therefore, with the greater interest, one of his many notes to us, as follows:—

GLASGOW, 11th February, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,—In looking over the file of the *Glasgow Advertiser* for the year 1794 (page 31), January 13th, I find the following notice regarding Muir and Palmer:—

"On Wednesday, the King in Council, signed an order for the transportation of Messrs. Muir and Palmer to Botany Bay, for the term sentenced by the High Court of Justiciary of Scotland."

13th January (page 47):—"Yesterday, Mr. Muir was brought from Woolwich by two of his Majesty's messengers to Newgate, to remain until his sentence of transportation for Sedition can be carried into effect."

Glasgow Advertiser, 3d February, 1794 (page 76):—"On Wednesday, at half-past 2 o'clock, William Skirving and M. Margarot, both lately convicted of sedition, were taken from Edinburgh Jail and sent off in two coaches for London, attended by two of the King's messengers and two Sheriff-officers of Edinburgh. The Magistrates have given to each of them a good greatcoat and two pair of stockings. It is supposed that the fleet about to sail for the East Indies under Admiral Gardner, will carry out the convicts for Botany Bay."

Glasgow Advertiser, 14th February, 1794 (page 103):—"LONDON.—At four o'clock yesterday morning, Messrs. Muir, Skirving, and Margarot, were taken from their beds without any previous notice, handcuffed, and put into a post-chaise, to be conveyed to Woolwich, where a vessel waits to sail with them immediately for Botany Bay. Mr. Palmer has, we understand, been sent from on board the Hulks in the same manner, to take his passage on board the same vessel."—
Yours, "SENEX."

And thus "Senex" being away,—his mantle resting no longer on the shoulders of any of his age in Glasgow, for he was the first and last of his race for telling with unclouded memory, many things appertaining to Glasgow of the olden time—we shall say of him in no sorrowing mood, for he was ripe of years, and lived beyond the allotted space for man,—we shall simply say, that we will endeavour to cherish his memory with filial respect, remembering that, "Dust to dust," we must all go, sooner or later.

Stop! We must really make another pause here, and crave the pardon of our readers, at the risk, as some may think, of overweening vanity and great presumption, in order to give in this place another one out of the many letters we received from Senex, which has just turned up to our hand, but it is too graphic and valuable in some respects to be altogether lost sight of; and, moreover, while we feel, and are duly sensible, that it is much too flattering to ourselves personally, yet, in a subdued

spirit, we ought to be justly proud of it as coming from such a man, unrivalled as he has been in Glasgow history. We may well afford to allow others to criticise us as they please in the most severe terms, since we hold this autograph from Senex ; and who is there amongst us in all Glasgow that would not feel somewhat proud, if to him it had been addressed ?

STRAHOUN LODGE, MILLPORT, 31st Jan., 1860.

MY DEAR SIR,—I duly received the *Gazette* of Saturday, containing a very flattering eulogy upon the merits of *Senex*, which is truly greatly overcharged. In place of *Senex*, the article should be read Peter Mackenzie, in which case it would have told the truth. No man has contributed so much to the intellectual stores of Glasgow within the last half century, as Mr. Peter Mackenzie. He has every part and pertinent of the ancient city at his finger ends, treasured up in his comprehensive mind, which is still clear as crystal. He is altogether a very charming gentleman. Now, this is God's truth ; and truly in place of *Senex*, the Banquet should have been given to Peter.

There is a subject, regarding which I have often thought of explaining to you, but felt a delicacy in doing so. From the long time that I have been acquainted with you, and from your kind attentions to me on various occasions, you no doubt thought that I should have sent a fair proportion of my scribblings to the *Gazette*, if such scribblings were of any value ; but the truth is, that the *Herald* Office has behaved in so remarkably handsome a manner to me, that I consider myself honourably bound to give it a preference.

I had written the enclosed for the *Herald*, but as I see that you have the subject of "Satisfy the Production," in hand, perhaps it would suit to publish this article in the *Gazette*, with some of your own racy remarks, which you, being once a limb of the law, are excellently qualified to embellish.

I feel very much flattered by the kindness of the Archæological Society, in inviting me to a Banquet ; but I think very few of that Society know me by sight, and that they will be sadly disappointed on the occasion, owing to my being almost quite deaf, and unable to hear a word that may be spoken, unless it is *roared in my lugs*.—I am, my dear Sir, yours truly,—ROBERT REID.

Eight o' Clock.

MY DEAR SIR,—The foregoing letter was closed and ready to be sent to the post-office, when yours of yesterday came to hand. I am really ashamed of the attention thus bestowed upon me, as it far exceeds the merits of any thing that I have done. Please give my acknowledgments to the Old Volunteers for the high honour of meeting them on the 8th proximo, and say that I accept the invitation with great pleasure, and will bring *the entire troop* of the Glasgow Light Horse Volunteers of 1797 along with me.—R. R.

Our readers will please understand that “the entire troop” of the Glasgow Light Horse Volunteers of 1797, so pleasingly referred to by Senex in the above note, was represented in his own venerable person, as he was then the last sole survivor of all its officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates. Think of this ye sprightly Volunteers of the present day! Who is there amongst you all of your thousands strong, that can reckon up to the great age of 93?

TO SENEX.

(TRANSLINED FROM COWPER'S POEMS, BY P. M.)

JUNE, 1865.

Our good old friend is gone, gone to his rest,
Whose social converse was itself a feast.
O ye of younger age, who recollect
How once ye loved, and eyed him with respect,
Both in the firmness of his better day,
While yet he ruled you with a father's sway,
And when, impaired by time and glad to rest,
Yet still with looks in mild complacence drest,
He took his annual seat and mingled here
His sprightly vein with yours—now drop a tear.
In morals blameless as in manners meek,
He knew no wish that he might blush to speak;
But happy in whatever state below,
And richer than the rich in being so.
Light be the turf, good Senex! on thy breast,
And tranquil as thy mind was, be thy REST.

We cannot, however, recur to the ground which we left, respecting Thomas Muir, till we show our readers in a brief way, how his companions, Gerald, Margarot, and Skirving, were all treated on their trials by the Justiciary Judges. We confess we have never seen or read any thing at all equal to it in the whole history of criminal procedure. The Star Chamber of old is nothing to it. But let our readers judge:—

MARGAROT'S TRIAL.

Prisoner (at the Bar, addressing the Court).—Now, my Lords, comes a very delicate matter, indeed. I mean to call upon you, my Lord Justice-Clerk; and I hope that the questions and the answers will be given in the most solemn manner. I have received a piece of information which I shall lay before the Court in the course of my questions;—first, my Lord, are you upon oath?

Justice-Clerk.—State your questions, sir, and I will tell you whether I will answer them or not. If they are proper questions, I will answer them.

Prisoner.—Did you dine, my Lord, at Mr. Rothead's, at Innerleith, last week?

Justice-Clerk.—And what have you to do with that, sir?

Prisoner.—Did any conversation take place with regard to my trial that day?

Justice-Clerk.—Go on, sir.

Prisoner.—Did your Lordship use these words—What would you think of giving him (the prisoner) *an hundred lashes*, together with Botany Bay; or words to that purpose?

Justice-Clerk.—Go on, sir. Put your questions, if you have any more.

Prisoner.—Did any person—did a lady of the company say to you that the people would not allow you to whip him; and, my Lord, did you not say, that “the mob would be the better for losing a little blood?” These are the questions, my Lord, that I wish to put to you at present in the presence of the Court;—deny them, or acknowledge them.

Justice-Clerk (turning to the other Judges with him on the Bench).—

Do you think I shall answer questions of that sort, my Lord Henderland?

Lord Henderland.—No, my Lord; they do not relate to this trial.

The rest of the Judges concurred in that opinion, and so the questions were *not* answered.

Now, we have to disclose this astonishing fact to our readers, namely, that James Rothead of Innerleith, in whose house the then Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland was alleged to have made use of the above horrible language, was one of the Jurymen selected by his Lordship; and one who actually sat as a Jurymen on Muir's trial!

GERALD'S TRIAL.

As soon as the Court met (10th March, 1794), the prisoner Gerald rose, and stated—

My Lords,—I feel myself under the painful necessity of objecting to the Lord Justice-Clerk sitting upon the Bench, upon this plea: that his Lordship has deviated from the strict line of his duty in prejudging this cause, in which my fortune and my fame, which is more precious to me than life is concerned. I beg to put this written statement on record. “In order to show that this objection is not made at random, the prisoner Joseph Gerald *offers to prove* that the Lord Justice-Clerk has prejudged the cause of every person who has been a member of the assembly calling itself the British Convention, inasmuch as he has asserted in the house of James Rothead of Innerleith, that the members of the said British Convention deserved transportation for 14 years, and even public whipping; and that when it was objected by a person present in company, that the people would not patiently endure the inflicting of such punishment on the members of the British Convention, the Lord Justice-Clerk replied, ‘that the mob would be the better for the spilling of a little blood.’ I pray, (said the prisoner) that this may be made a minute of the Court. I desire to have the matters alleged *substantiated by evidence.*”

Lord Eskgrove.—“My Lords, this objection which comes before your Lordships is a novelty in many respects; and I don't think this panel at this bar is well advised in making it. What could be his motive for it I cannot perceive. He has the happiness of being tried

before one of the ablest Judges that ever sat in this Court ; but he is to do as he thinks fit. I am sure he can have no benefit if he gains the end he has in view ; and therefore I cannot perceive his motive, unless it is an inclination as far as he can, to throw an indignity upon this Court. I can ascribe the objection to nothing but *malevolence and desperation.*"

Prisoner.—My Lord, I come here not to be the object of personal abuse, but to meet the justice of my country.

Lord Henderland.—I desire, sir, that you will behave as becomes a man before this High Court. I will not suffer this Court to be insulted.

Prisoner.—My Lord, far be it from me to insult this Court.

Lord Henderland.—Be silent, sir.

Prisoner.—My Lord—

Lord Henderland.—I desire you will be silent, sir.

Lord Swinton (another of the Judges).—An objection of this kind, coming from any other man, I should consider as a very high insult upon the dignity of the Court ; but coming from him standing in the peculiar situation in which he now stands at the bar, charged with a crime of little less than *Treason*, the insolence of his objection is swallowed up in the atrocity of his crime. It appears to me that there is not the smallest relevancy in this objection.

Lord Dunsinan (another of the Judges).—I think your Lordships ought to pay no attention to it, either in one shape or another.

The objection was unanimously disregarded—Gerald found guilty—and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation.

SKIRVING'S TRIAL.

The Lord Justice-Clerk proceeded to nominate the first five of the Jury, and asked the prisoner (who was by all accounts a most amiable man,) whether he had any objections to them ?

Prisoner.—Yes, my Lord ; I object in general to all those who are members of the Goldsmiths' Hall Association ; and in the second place, I would object to all those who hold places under the Government, because this is a prosecution by Government against me, and

therefore I apprehend they cannot with freedom of mind judge in a case where they are materially parties.

Lord Eskgrove.—This gentleman's objection is, that his Jury ought to consist of the Convention of the Friends of the People—that every person wishing to support Government is incapable of passing upon this Assize; and, by making this objection, the panel is avowing that it was their purpose to overturn the Government.

Justice-Clerk.—Does any of your Lordships think otherwise? I dare say not.

Objection repelled. Prisoner sentenced to fourteen years' transportation.

WITNESSES.

But now see how some of the *witnesses* on these trials, were treated by the Court.

Witness, James Calder.—Interrogated by Lord Henderland—What is your trade, sir?

Witness.—I have no trade.

Lord Eskgrove.—If you have no trade, how do you live?

Witness.—I am neither a placeman nor a pensioner.

Justice-Clerk (turning himself to the other Judges).—What do you think of that, my Lords?

Lord Henderland.—What do you call yourself?

Witness.—A friend of the people.

Lord Henderland.—You don't live by that; you must have some occupation.

Witness.—I am maintained by my father, Donald Calder, merchant, in Cromarty.

Justice-Clerk.—O ho! my Lords—He has been sent up to the British Convention.

Witness.—No, my Lords, I am not.

Lord Advocate.—I understand he is a Student at the University.

Witness.—Yes; I am.

Next witness, Alexander Aitchison, sworn.

Justice-Clerk.—Remember, sir, you are not come here to give dissertations either on the one side or the other. You are to answer facts according to the best of your recollection; and according to the great oath you have taken, answer the facts that are asked of you.

Witness.—My Lord, I wish to pay all respect to your Lordship and this Court; but I consider myself as in the presence not only of your Lordships, but also as in the presence of the King of kings, and Lord of lords; and therefore, as bound by my oath, to say every thing that I can consistently with truth, to exculpate this panel, who, I am sure, is an innocent man.

Mr. Solicitor-General.—Some things you have said now, will, in my opinion, tend to do more hurt than good to the panel.

Witness.—Of that the gentlemen of the Jury will judge.

Justice-Clerk.—Mr. Solicitor-General—It is needless to put any more questions to this man.

Solicitor-General.—I shall put no more, my Lord.

Witness was ordered to withdraw.

Justice-Clerk.—Put him out; put him out!

Next witness called, and questioned.

Did you ever observe any thing of a seditious or riotous appearance in the Convention?

Witness.—Not in the least.

Prisoner.—Did you ever hear any thing mentioned or whispered in the Convention that might tend to overturn the Constitution?

Witness.—Never.

Prisoner.—Did you ever hear any thing mentioned there against Placemen and Pensioners?

Witness.—Often.

Prisoner (Margarot).—That I suppose is the sedition that is meant to be charged against me.

No further questions put to this witness.

The next called was John Wardlaw; examined by the Lord Advocate.

What is your profession?

Witness.—A writer.

Lord Advocate.—Did you see the prisoner sign this Minute—(a Minute of Reform Delegates).

Witness.—I don't recollect his signing it. I don't recollect whether he wrote it or not; but Mr. Margarot (the prisoner,) is a man of courage, and a man of honour, and a man of virtue, and a man that would not deny his word, by God.

Justice-Clerk.—What is that you say, sir?

Witness.—I said he would not deny his word.

Justice-Clerk.—But you said something else, sir.

Witness.—I said, by God.

Justice-Clerk.—My Lords ; this man is either drunk, or affecting to be drunk. My own opinion is, that he is affecting to be drunk : supposing he is not affecting drunkenness, he ought not to get drunk, knowing that he was to be called here as a witness.

Lord Henderland.—I move that he be committed to prison for a month. And he was committed !

Are not these some racy specimens of the Justiciary trials of 1793 and 1794? But they are not equal to what absolutely occurred with some of the witnesses on Muir's trial—two rather astonishing specimens of which we shall just give. Thus, Mr. John Russell, who was at the time a highly respectable manufacturer in the city, called by Muir, was asked by the Court “whether any person had instructed him what to say.” He answered, “none : except to tell the truth.” Being asked by the Court *who* instructed him in that way? he replied, that the general instruction to speak the truth was so common, that he really could not remember at the moment the particular person who had given it. Whereupon, the Lord Advocate moved that the witness be committed to prison “for prevarication on oath !” At this astounding proposal, the panel Muir attempted to address some observations or explanations to the Court ; but the Court commanded him to sit down, as he had no business to interfere for the witness. And so this most respectable gentleman, living and respected for many years afterwards in Glasgow, was handcuffed and taken by the neck to prison, where he lay for three weeks. He published in the Edinburgh papers an indignant letter on the subject, dated from Edinburgh Tolbooth, 3d Sept., 1793. But this was all the redress he received.

Yet this treatment of Mr. John Russell—he went by the name of STURDY in Glasgow, and by that name we saluted him many years ago—is as nothing compared with the treatment which the respected *Minister* of the Parish of Cadder, viz., the Rev. William Dunn, received. He was an exceedingly quiet, and most upright man, and of no small talents as a Preacher of the Word. He esteemed Muir; for Muir, we think we have already remarked, was one of his elders, and had officiated at some of his Sacraments in Cadder Parish. We beg to tell the story for the first time, as follows; and it probably deserves a special niche in this place:—Well; this quiet, decent, unoffending country minister, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, happened to be the *Moderator*, for the time being, of the Presbytery of the bounds; and as such, it fell to his lot, or it came to be his sacred duty to preach a *Sermon* before the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, in this city of Glasgow. This sermon when delivered, was relished, and was reckoned to be a very able one; and there were some sprinklings of lofty liberality about it, rare of its kind, which gratified the hearts of some of the lay members of the Synod, who heard it circumspectly, in the Old Tron. They indeed became so prepossessed with the manner and the matter of the sermon, that they desired to have it printed and published, at their own expense. In this laudable fervour of ecclesiastical love towards Mr. Dunn, it happened that the Secretary of the Glasgow Reform Association was also specially directed to write to him a letter, conveying to him the most respectful thanks of that Association for his very excellent sermon, as they were also pleased to call it. This, at the time, naturally afforded some gratification to the worthy minister in his own quiet Manse at Cadder. We have been trying, for

reasons which will presently appear, to procure a copy of that old printed sermon, but have not been able to succeed. We would almost give ten prices for it now, if we could get it. Not very long after the above event, or this true history of the sermon, the Beagles of the law, instructed by the Sheriff of the County in which we dwell (Lanarkshire), and commanded by the then Lord Advocate (Dundas), went out to Cadder to search for "*Seditious papers.*" The minister somehow or other got a hint that they were coming to him at the Manse, and when they rapped at his front door, he scratched his head, and began to think that the only paper he was possessed of smacking in the least degree of "*Sedition,*" was the aforesaid letter of thanks, about his relished sermon : so he ran up stairs to his old mahogany drawers, turned up that original, and till then treasured letter, and threw it into the smouldering peat fire of his own kitchen. He then made his obeisance, and frankly told the officers of the law what he had just done. Will it be credited ? he was soon afterwards actually seized by the cuff of the neck, on a petition and complaint of the Lord Advocate of Scotland, for falsely and fraudulently destroying, or putting away Seditious letters or papers, and on that positive complaint, he was dragged to the bar of the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh ! He repeated to their Lordships the veritable statement as here given. He did more : he threw himself "on the *clemency* of the Court," and respectfully beseeched them to pardon him, if he had done anything wrong. Their Lordships (Star Chamber all over,) after delivering their unanimous opinions "on the *criminality* of the act of which he stood charged," solemnly declared, "that if he (the Rev. Mr. Dunn,) had been served with an INDICTMENT instead of a petition and complaint, they

must have inflicted on him *the highest arbitrary punishment.*" As it was, and seeing he had humbly thrown himself on the clemency of the Court, they just decerned and "ordained him to be imprisoned in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh for the space of THREE MONTHS." If anybody doubts this, let them turn up the files of the Edinburgh papers of 1793.

Happily these extraordinary times are past and gone : and happily, most happily and willingly, do we here record the fact, that, while such was the disposition and temper of the Judges of the High Court of Justiciary in 1793—and down even to a more recent date, the greatest change has taken place in the disposition of their successors now. We have Judges (1865) of whom, and for whom individually and collectively, the whole kingdom is justly proud : in whom the whole kingdom, from one end of it to the other, reposes the most perfect confidence. No improper passion—no swaggering bravado, or lawless stretch—no brow-beating insolence, or undue prejudice of any kind is now seen to sway them, at this calm and enlightened period of our history. Strictures, no doubt, may still be made upon them—criticisms rough and deep, may still appear : but we believe in our consciences, that the judicial character of the Bench of Scotland is at this moment perfectly pure, and altogether unsullied. May it ever continue to be so!

And we rejoice in this other fact, viz., that whereas we have been denouncing in no measured terms, the system of Jury Trial, as exemplified in these shocking trials in the Justiciary Courts of 1793, the law of Scotland in that respect has been most signally, and materially, and beneficially altered or reversed. For after the lapse of about a quarter of a century, and in the year 1821, greatly to

the lasting fame, we will here say, of the Right Hon. Thomas F. Kennedy, of Dunure, (then member for the Ayr District of Burghs, and son-in-law of the eminent Sir Samuel Romilly, the greatest English lawyer of his age, who also we know commiserated the cruel fate of Thomas Muir), a Bill was brought into Parliament to put an end to "the *Elements of the Art of Packing Juries in Scotland*," as our old friend JEREMY BENTHAM (living at the time,) most ironically, but fittingly called it: which Bill enacted, that the Jury, independent of the Judge, should thenceforth be chosen by BALLOT, and that the prosecutor and the prisoner should equally have right to challenge an exact number of the Jury, without stating any reason for such challenge. The Lord Advocate of the day however, (Sir Wm. Rae) we may here remark, was at first perfectly indignant at such a proposal of change in the law of Trial by Jury in Scotland. He resolutely contended that it should continue to be left as it was, in the hands of the presiding Judge, no matter who he was; and Sir William actually sent out circular letters from the Lord Advocate's Chambers in Edinburgh, and with the Lord Advocate's seal of office upon them, of date 6th April, 1821, addressed to all the Lords-Lieutenant, or Conveners of Counties in Scotland, beseeching them to meet and to move resolutions against Mr. Kennedy's Bill; and it is the fact, that most of the counties in Scotland positively did so. Nay, some of them with the more sycophantish leaven amongst them, went the length of declaring that it was "contrary to the Articles of the Treaty of Union, to alter in any shape the criminal law of Scotland;" while others of those counties, the paper "Freeholders" to wit, on whom we have been animadverting, most positively declared that Mr. Kennedy's proposed Bill proceeded "from a

restless spirit of innovation," which ought to be suppressed. To the great, to the everlasting honour, we shall here say, in Scotland, of SIR ROBERT PEEL, who was then (Mr. Peel,) His Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department, he refused to sanction with his countenance the selection of the Jury, as exercised in the case of Thomas Muir and others, which he viewed with some astonishment, if not with perfect indignation; and therefore he gave his assent to the Bill of Mr. Kennedy, which passed into law, and may be regarded at this hour as the *Palladium* of the just rights and liberties of the people of Scotland, whether in our civil or criminal courts.

Glory ! we would here again say, to the memory of Sir Robert Peel, for doing so. He was a keen and a great Tory ; but that does not detract from our estimation of him in this view. He had a clear and noble perception of some of the best feelings and highest interests of his country; and his subsequent crowning glory with respect to the Repeal of the CORN LAWS, promoting, as is now universally admitted, the interests and welfare of the whole EARTH, shall surely secure for him a high place in the annals of enduring FAME. With some pride, we may remark, that some of the letters from him with which we were honoured at that period, may be engrafted on other chapters. We always respect WHIG or TORY, if reasonably satisfied they have uprightly discharged their public duty. Sometimes we *hit* hard; probably we have done so too often in our day and generation; but we defy any one to show that we have done so either from *malice prepense*, or any other the least unworthy motive.

Coming then, to another point of review in the extraordinary case of Thomas Muir and his companions at

the Bar of the High Court of Justiciary, in 1793, we have to observe, that there was no appeal whatever from that Court in criminal cases of any description. In *civil* cases, there lay then, as still, an Appeal to the House of Lords, in almost every case, whether of the most trivial description, or the greatest in land or money. There was, we remember, a *tenpenny* appeal case to the House of Lords at one time, about the extra price of some two or three chalders of victual to the minister of Tweedside, or Chirnside, or Teviotdale; while at a more recent period, there were the Appeals in the great Earl of Fife case, and the still greater case of the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, then united in one title, as to whether the Earl in his spectacles, or the Duke in his slumbers, had properly subscribed their *names* before witnesses, to certain documents of almost incalculable value. In others of those cases, the appellant to the House of Lords, or the respondent thereto, might slumber on like Rip Van Winkle, for three or more long years, without knowing the result. Nothing could disturb him or them during that long period about that appeal, save the dunning letter say, of Mr. Charles Berry, the London solicitor, to make a goodly remittance for fees to Mr. Horn, or Mr. Scarlet, or Sir Charles Wetherell, or Mr. Brougham, or Mr. Abercromby; and so have them “primed and ready,” as the Appeal was now getting “ripe” for hearing. These were the words of some of the old Solicitors. In the days of Lord Chancellor Eldon, whom we have often had the pleasure of seeing, it took whole years at the very soonest, to hear any Scotch Appeal on the Woolsack, in the House of Lords. It sometimes took a period of four or six long years; and in a letter of an old Glasgow scribe, toddling to London on a long jour-

ney of many days and nights to hear his appeal, and after the lapse of many months in London, he writes from Cockspur Street to his then impatient clients in Glasgow,

“Hope deferred maketh the heart sad.”

He had some good hopes after all, that Lord Chancellor Eldon would *reverse* the Judgment of the whole fifteen Judges of the Court of Session. And so the Lord Chancellor did; whereby that agent made his fortune. WESTBURY with all his faults, (who without them?) is, we observe, playing “helter skelter” just now with some of our Scotch existing appeals. He is knocking them off with much power and the greatest expedition. But, *cui bono?* who is to be the next Lord Chancellor? We really cannot tell, any more than we can tell at the moment we now write, who are to be the next *members* for Glasgow. Here let us pay our humble meed of tribute to both of them (Messrs. Walter Buchanan and Robert Dalglish). Probably we shall never look upon their like again.

But if, as we have observed, in *civil* cases of any kind, an appeal was open or competent to the House of Lords, such appeal in *criminal* cases was utterly denied; absolutely forbid, no matter how doubtful soever the *corpus delicti*, or the credibility of the evidence on trial was: no matter how flagrant and exceptionable the charge to the Jury: no matter whether there was *Perjury*, palpable and plain on one side or other of the case: no matter whether in consequence of any miscarriage, let it be what it might, the fortune or the fame, or the very *life* of the prisoner depended upon it: no APPEAL whatever, on any ground, lay from that JUSTICIARY Court; and therefore, the decisions of the Justiciary Court, like the laws of the

Medes and Persians, were unalterable, except only in this respect, that by INFLUENCE of one kind or another, the mercy of the Crown might be interposed ; as it, we are sorry to observe, sometimes has been to those hardly deserving it. And yet there may be many good reasons for denying appeal from the Justiciary Court; for instance, the expeditious machinery of the law, the swift but certain punishment of detected offenders, &c. It is not, however, our province to say any thing more on that theme in this place.

And now we must approach the *dungeon* of Thomas Muir. We would rather startle back from it. Although manacled in the *Hulks*, and compelled to undergo drudgery utterly revolting to his nature, he had some friends in the House of Commons, faulty as that House then was, who were staggered and alarmed on constitutional grounds, with the accounts which had reached them of his trial. Some of the greatest Statesmen of the age, while denouncing his sentence, spoke most feelingly in his favour. We cannot name them all. Our space precludes it ; but beyond all doubt, the greatest Statesmen then in the House, leading their parties, and vehemently pitted against each other, on this and other questions, were, Mr. Pitt for the Tories, and Mr. Fox for the Whigs. They sleep together, side by side, in Westminster Abbey. On the 10th of February, 1794, Mr. Fox rose, and declared in his place in the House of Commons, that he considered the sentence on Thomas Muir and his companions, was utterly illegal, “and perfectly *abhorrent* to the principles of Justice.”

Mr. Sheridan—the bright and brilliant Sheridan—on the same night declared, without being challenged by Mr. Speaker, “that such a sentence in Scotland, if pronounced

in England, "would be enough to rouse the people of England to arms." "I speak (said Sheridan,) with some information. I have *seen* these unfortunate victims. I have visited them in those loathsome Hulks, where they are confined amongst Felons ;" and, said Mr. Sheridan, rising in the might of his eloquence—"If His Majesty's Ministers dared to attempt to make the law of Scotland the law of Sedition in England—but they dared not—or if they did, they would find it to be *a sufficient crime to forfeit their own heads.*" It has been remarked, that this was probably the strongest language ever uttered in the House since the reign of CROMWELL, or the days of HAMPDEN.

In these circumstances, and with this evolving spirit, Mr. William Adam, a native of Scotland, and a member of the House, gave notice, that on the 10th of March, he would move an address to the Crown for papers on Muir's trial, with the view of quashing the proceedings, and restoring Muir to his freedom, through the exercise of his Majesty's gracious prerogative.

Accordingly on the 10th of March, Mr. Adam made a long and able speech on the subject, going over the whole particulars of the case, and criticising the conduct of the Scotch Judges most severely. We are told it occupied upwards of three hours in its delivery. He concluded by saying, as the then meagre reports of Parliament will show, that, "Feeling for the honour of the country, for the purity of criminal jurisprudence, for the safety of the British Constitution, he had thought it his duty to bring before the House a proceeding which had wounded and tortured the feelings of all considerate men." The motion of Mr. Adam was cordially seconded by Mr. Fox. It was resisted by the Lord Advocate, and by Mr. Pitt. It

was supported by the Hon. Charles Grey, (afterwards Earl Grey, Prime Minister,) by Lord William Russell, and others; but on a division at three o'clock of the morning, it found only 32 supporters, against 171. Therefore the motion was rejected by a majority of 139. Colonel M'Leod was the only Scotch member who voted with Mr. Adam for the motion.

In the House of Lords, nearly at the same time, a similar motion in favour of *Muir*, was made by the then Earl Stanhope, seconded by the Earl of Stair. It found only *two* supporters against 49. But Earl Stanhope recorded his Protest on the Journals of the House, where we presume it may still be seen, of date 31st January, 1794.

Of Mr. Adam personally, we may state these few other interesting facts. He was, we have observed, a native of Scotland, of Blair-Adam, in the County of Kinross. He had two sons who rose to great distinction in the army and the navy, viz., Sir Charles Adam, and Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Adam, who fought at Waterloo; and we are mistaken, if Mr. W. P. Adam, who sits in the present but about to be dissolved House of Commons, for Clackmannan and Kinross, and was made the other day one of the Lords of Her Majesty's Treasury, be not the grandson or the great-grandson of that same Right Honourable William Adam, and the friend of Thomas Muir, who made the above celebrated motion in 1794. At any rate, we are confident of this, that old Mr. William Adam was, in early life, a most accomplished English Barrister of great practice. He was Counsel for the then Prince of Wales (George the Fourth), and at last in riper years, he came to and settled down in Scotland; for at the request or under the personal favour of the King, he became, on

the first institution of the Jury Court in Scotland, some fifty years ago (1815), the Right Honourable the Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court, with a permanent salary of £4000 per annum. We have seen him frequently in Glasgow in the discharge of his high and important duties, and, after these were over, inquiring earnestly about Muir's friends, and the remnant of his early Reform friends and faithful witnesses, long since gathered to their fathers.

Alas, for Muir himself! His fate was now irrevocably sealed in this country. For soon after the decision of Parliament, he was ruthlessly shipped away for Botany Bay. We, of course, lose all sight of him on that long voyage. It was reported that an attempt was made to take away his life on the pretext of some mutiny on board; but whether or not, we find, and need only here observe, that he appears to have arrived safely at Sydney, on the 25th of September, 1794—the first *Seditious* passenger, or rather we shall declare, the very first *gentleman* that ever landed under the ban of any sentence in that place.

We have not recovered any of his first intercepted and affectionate letters to his parents; but we will give afterwards a most pathetic one from Skirving, to his sad grieving wife, left behind him with their young family in Edinburgh, the recital of which might melt the heart of the hardest stone at this day.

While we have given the strong and pointed language employed by Fox and Sheridan in the House of Commons, let us give now the following most agreeable and exquisite tribute applicable to Muir and to Scotland, from the lips of CURRAN, as contained in his brilliant

speech for Hamilton Rowand, charged for Sedition, at Dublin, in 1794 :—

Gentlemen of the Jury,—It is to my mind most astonishing that in such a country as Scotland—a nation cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty, and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth ; cool and ardent ; adventurous and persevering ; winging her eagle flight against the blaze of every science, with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires ; crowned as she is with the spoils of every art, and decked with the wreath of every muse, from the deep and scrutinizing researches of her Hume, to the sweet and simple, but not less pathetic and sublime morality of her Burns—how, from the bosom of a country like that, genius, and character, and talents, should be banished to a distant barbarous soil, condemned to pine under the horrid communion of vulgar vice and baseborn profligacy, for twice the period that ordinary calculation gives to the continuance of human life.

Surely every Scotchman, of whatsoever creed he may be, should feel justly proud of such a compliment, rehearsed now, after the dark vista of so many long years. It stands perhaps unrivalled in the English language ; but it reached not the ears, nor did it touch the heart or soothe the bosom of Thomas Muir, whose trial was the means of calling it forth. He was then far away ! He was located amongst the first group of banished *convicts* in that foreign land ; and we have to mention this other singular fact, hardly credible, that besides the other convicts already enumerated, there was one amongst them, sent out in the same ship along with him, a notorious person, of the name of Henderson, who had been tried at the Glasgow Assizes three years before, for the capital crime of *murder*. Strange to say, Thomas Muir had acted as the Counsel for that very man at his trial in the city of Glasgow. There were some extenuating circumstances in the case. Muir ably turned them into good account for the unhappy trembling wretch, and literally saved his neck from the

gallows; for the Jury returned, as Muir entreated them to do, the modified verdict of "culpable homicide;" and the culprit received sentence of 14 years' transportation, the exact period, be it observed, of Muir's own sentence for his "Sedition!"

Conceive for a moment this wretched prisoner and his amiable Counsel voyaging together, and partaking of the same fare, and ultimately landing as fellow-convicts at Botany Bay! Is there a painter who can sketch this?

Yet more singular still: it happened most fortunately for Muir and his companions Skirving, Margarot, Gerald, and Palmer, that the first Governor in the then unexplored colony of New South Wales, was Mr. John Hunter, a Scotchman by birth, who had originally gone thither from the citadel of Leith. We ought really to be somewhat proud of that original Governor, though we never saw him and rarely heard of him, and his reign is long since over. But this good Governor in the year 1795, writes home to his friends at Leith the following rather interesting letter, which shows us what manner of man he was. It was originally published in the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, in the year 1796:—

N. S. WALES, 16th Oct., 1795.

The four gentlemen, whom the activity of the Magistrates of Edinburgh provided for our Colony, I have seen and conversed with separately, since my arrival here. They seem all of them gifted in the powers of conversation. Muir was the first I saw. I thought him a sensible young man, of a very retired turn, which certainly his situation in this country will give him an opportunity of indulging. He said nothing on the severity of his fate, but seemed to bear his circumstances with a proper degree of fortitude and resignation. Skirving was the next I saw; he appeared to me to be a sensible, well-informed man—not young, perhaps fifty. He is fond of farming, and has purchased a piece of ground, and makes a good use of it,

which will, by and by, turn to his advantage. Palmer paid me the next visit; he is said to be a turbulent, restless kind of man. It may be so, but I must do him the justice to say, that I have seen nothing of that disposition in him since my arrival. Margatot seems to be a lively, facetious, talkative man—complained heavily of the injustice of his sentence, in which, however, he found I could not agree with him. I chose to appoint a time for seeing each separately—and on the whole I have to say that their general conduct is quiet, decent, and orderly. If it continues so, they will not find me disposed to be harsh or distressing to them.

It may not here be altogether out of place to observe, that the first shipment of convicts from this country to Sydney, or to Botany Bay, or New South Wales, took place we think in the year 1785: in fact, the now great and rapidly extending Colony of Australia, where heaps of gold have latterly been discovered, might then be said to be a vast barren wilderness; for when Muir with his companions were landed at it in 1794, there were only a mere handful—a few dozens of individuals in the Colony altogether; whereas now (1865) it is teeming with its thousands and tens of thousands of free inhabitants under the British Crown, sending home to this mother country of ours, cargoes of gold to an extent hitherto unknown, and perfectly unparalleled in the history of the world.

Thomas Campbell, the Bard of Hope, thus depicted it fifty years ago:—

“Delightful land, in wildness ev’n benign,
The glorious past is ours, the future thine!
As in a cradled Hercules we trace
The lives of Empire in thine infant face.
What nations in thy wide horizon’s span
Shall teem on tracts untrodden yet by man!
What spacious cities with their spires shall gleam
Where now the panther laps a lonely stream;
And all but brute or reptile life is dumb,
Land of the free!—thy kingdom is to come!”

Mr. Hunter, the original good old Governor, seems evidently from the first interviews he had with them, to have formed a favourable opinion of our Scottish exiles; nor is this to be wondered at. They were utterly unlike any of the vile, depraved, daring prisoners sent out in those early days to Botany Bay. They were men of high education and elegant accomplishments, not rogues or vagabonds, or villanous dregs of society; and accordingly we learn that the Governor humanely took it on him not to oppress them with chains, or to yoke them in horrid gangs with others at hard penal labour, but to afford them some rational indulgences in their unexampled situation. We may also observe, that Muir, Palmer, and Skirving, were possessed of small but sufficient sums of money impressed into their hands for all their supposed temporal wants, by their sorrowing relatives, ere they quitted this country: and at Botany Bay they might have drawn for any further supply on their friends at home, if opportunities arose or occasion required it. After being for some little time reconciled as much as possible to their doomed fate, they each purchased under the approval of the Governor, several small tracts of land (now of great value), and Muir, Skirving, and Palmer actually built for the first time in that country, three neat pretty little cottages almost adjoining each other, in which, doubtless, they frequently talked over the vicissitudes they had experienced at home, mingled by the smiles and tears of those loved relations from whom they had been so ruthlessly separated, and whose virtuous countenances depicted with all the shades and sorrows of life, would probably start up before them "in their mind's eye" with tenfold force in that banished land, the wild scenery of

which, though fresh and fascinating to them as they first beheld it, could not subdue the inward, homeward throbbings of their own vexed hearts, nor obliterate therefrom the sense of other recollections, impossible to be described, and impossible to be reviewed, by any narrative whatever from the pen of any human being on this earth.

'Tis Tannahill, we think, who wrote the following lines:—

“The fate-scourged exile destined still to roam
Through desert wilds, far from his early home,
If some fair prospect met his sorrowing eyes
Like that he owned beneath his native skies;
Sad recollection, murdering relief,
He bursts in all the agonies of grief;
Mem'ry presents the volume of his care
And ‘harrows up his soul’ with ‘such things were.’
’Tis so in life, when youth folds up his page,
And turns the leaf to dark, black, joyless age,
Where sad experience speaks in language plain,
Her thoughts of bliss and highest hopes were vain.
O’er present ills I think I see her mourn,
And ‘weep past joys that never will return.’”

Our readers may here excuse us if we point out to them in a few plain words, and as nearly as possible, the exact relative position of those three gentlemen thus stationed together for the first time in New South Wales. Muir, at that date, was about thirty years of age, unmarried. Skirving was then about forty-five years of age, married, with an accomplished wife, and several young children left behind, sobbing and sighing for him in Scotland; one of these children, still alive, in a good old age, may be recognised now in the person of the venerable Mr. Alexander Skirving, late of Messrs. Barclay and Skirving, the eminent auctioneers of this city.

We may here observe of Skirving, that he was in early life a minister of the Gospel, connected either with the

Baptist or Relief, or other body, no matter which ; and he was once, we find, tutor in the family of Sir Alexander Dick, of Prestonfield, near Edinburgh ; but he came to prefer agricultural pursuits, and at the date of his trial he was becoming, by his steady habits, energy, and enterprise, one of the most successful farmers in the Lothians, near Edinburgh. It was only when going occasionally to the city of Edinburgh, that he became acquainted with its leading Political Reformers, and heartily gave them his honest and active support. Palmer was now about forty years of age, unmarried. He was a highly educated gentleman, having studied in the Universities both of Oxford and Cambridge. He was related to some of the first families in England, and was a licentiate of the Church of England. It was only when coming occasionally to Scotland, and residing at Perth, that he lent his abilities, and broke out into all the strains of fervent English eloquence in favour of Scottish Reform ; but for this, almost as a matter of course, he was held to be guilty of sedition, and banished beyond seas. Margarot was a light-hearted, jolly, good Englishman, with a sprightly wife, who died in grief soon after his banishment, uttering these words from an old Scottish ditty :

“Ye cruel, cruel, that combined
The guiltless to pursue ;
My Margarot was ever kind,
He could not injure you.
A long adieu ! but where shall fly,
Thy widow all forlorn ?
When every mean and cruel eye
Regards my woe with scorn.”

Joseph Gerald, who afterwards joined them in captivity, was in the thirty-ninth year of his age, a widower, leaving behind him a son and daughter of good estate. In early

life he was one of the favourite pupils of the celebrated Dr. Samuel Parr, to whom he was devotedly attached. From one of his eloquent letters, written after sentence of banishment was pronounced, to Mr. Phillips, one of his early and unswerving friends, we extract the following passages, which at once show the classical scholar and accomplished gentleman:—

MY DEAR MR. PHILLIPS,—I know not how to express the rising sentiments of my heart for your unbounded kindness to me. The best return, the only return I can make, is, to convince you, by the virtue and energy of my conduct, that I am not altogether unworthy of your friendship. A parade of professions neither suits you nor me, nor the occasion. You know my feelings, and will, therefore, do justice to them; and with this simple observation I close the subject. To the greater part of my friends I have written—to Dr. Parr I have not written; but to his heart my silence speaks. The painter who could not express the excessive grief, covered with a veil the face of Agamemnon. Tell him, then, my dear Mr. Phillips, that if ever I have spoken peevishly of his supposed neglect of me, he must, nay, I know he will, attribute it to its real cause—a love, vehement and jealous, and which, in a temper like Gerald's, lights its torches at the fire of the furies. And when my tongue uttered any harshness of expression, even at that very period my heart would have bled for him; and the compunction of the next moment inflicted a punishment far more than adequate to the guilt of the preceding one. Tell him to estimate my situation not by the tenderness of his own feelings, but by the firmness of mine. Tell him, that if my destiny is apparently rigorous, the unconquerable firmness of my mind breaks the blow which it cannot avert; and that, enlisted as I am in the cause of truth and virtue, I bear about me a patient integrity which no blandishments can corrupt, and a heart which no dangers can daunt. Tell him, in a word, that as I have hitherto lived, let the hour of dissolution come when it may, I shall die the pupil of Samuel Parr.—Ever yours,

JOSEPH GERALD.

In one of Mr. Palmer's first letters, dated from Sydney, New South Wales, 15th December, 1794, to his friend

Mr. Jeremiah Joyce, then one of the most eminent men in the city of London, he thus gives the following original and very interesting account of the Colony; and we publish it here, because it proves how well some of his predictions about it have come to pass:—

MY DEAR SIR,—I wrote you an imperfect account of myself by the “Resolution,” Captain Locke, about a month ago. I write now to show you that I cannot forget you, but you must not expect a long letter. Mr. Muir, at whose house I write (our three houses are contiguous), and honest Mr. Skirving are both well, and I think as cheerful as myself.

The reports you have had of this country are mostly false. The soil is capital—the climate is delicious. I will take it upon me to say that it will soon be the region of PLENTY. To a philanthropic mind it is a wonder and delight; to him it is a new creation. The beasts, the fish, the birds, the reptiles, the plants, the trees, the flowers are all new—so beautiful and grotesque that no naturalist would believe the most faithful drawing, and it requires uncommon skill to class them.

We have gone into some of these particulars from the desire to show, or rather to prove, that the prisoners were not the low, grovelling, seditious wretches, as some might suppose them to be, and as many at first actually believed them to be in this country, but that they were in truth most amiable and accomplished persons; and from other particulars in our possession we have ascertained the fact, and delight to mention it, namely, that as every Sabbath morning came round, while they were thus in bondage far away, they remembered, as they did at home, the homage due from them to their Creator, and chaunted from their hearts, and with melody from their lips, the following still-abiding and ever-enduring paraphrase:—

“O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble pray'rs implore ;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore."

We pause here—with some propriety, we hope—to question whether, up to that period (1794), such pathetic and sublime strains had ever before been heard by any human being in that vast vacant region—that boundless contiguity of space. The Governor and his quiet family, living at no great distance, accidentally overheard them, and were at first perfectly entranced or delighted with them.

"Hark! how the awakened strains resound,
And break the yielding air :
The ravished sense how pleasingly they wound,
And call the listening soul into the ear."

Thus the old Scottish Psalmody, which Skirving and Muir could give with perfect harmony, went with the thrilling remembrance of its pure old cadence in Scotland, into the Governor's own glowing Scottish heart. He came again and again and listened, and thanked them for the pleasure they had given to him in this exercise; and Sabbath after Sabbath for some space, as regularly as that blessed day of rest came round, was occupied by these seditious-

mongers of Scotland, or as the then Lord Advocate of Scotland called them, "these horrid pests of society."

"To Thee, O God, we thy just praises sing ;
To Thee we Thy great name rehearse :
We are thy vassals, and this humble tribute bring
To Thee, acknowledged only Lord and King,
Acknowledged sole and sovereign monarch of the universe !

All parts of this wide universe adore,
Eternal Father ! Thy almighty power :
The skies and stars, fire, air, and earth and sea,
With all their numerous, nameless progeny,
Confess, and their due homage pay to Thee."

Is it impertinent here to remark, that if in our own times it be the fact, that two *Italian* singers shall receive for their *duets* one night in the Haymarket of London as much as £200 sterling, we wonder what would now be given on this earth for the thrilling music of these four condemned convicts, as originally *performed* by them—no, that is not the word—as originally chaunted by them under the blue vault of Heaven ?

We are satisfied, from all the information we have been able to obtain, that Thomas Muir himself entertained no other idea than this, that they would be kept in bondage during the whole course of that cruel sentence—unless, indeed, Death, the sure Vanquisher of all, should cut it short. He therefore became contented with teaching, agreeable to the request of the Governor, some of the ignorant wretched outcasts around him, who had probably despised or rejected the most salutary lessons at home ; and for which or their other crimes they were now languishing in a foreign land. The small pocket Bible given to Muir by his parents was his chief book ; and from it he made some extracts by the print of his own hand, and gave them, like a good missionary, to those

about him that he thought required them. We shall afterwards show how that Bible, besmeared with *blood*, came actually to save his own life in another and different region thousands of miles farther away.

But there, in that place at Sydney, it is not too much for us to say, that Thomas Muir and his four virtuous companions first dug up the untrodden paths of civilized man, and watered with their tears that barren soil now so rich and luxuriant. And who is there amongst us that could possibly have imagined, at the period we are writing about, that the *Australia* of 1795 would in 1865, by its then hidden but now discovered gold and other products, almost control the destinies of the world? But whatever may be said or thought of these things, we venture to assert that Thomas Muir and his four banished companions from Scotland, first engrafted on it by their example and labours the seeds of real worth and lasting welfare. If diamonds, aided sometimes by the artifices of men, shall sparkle in this nether world, is it extravagant to suppose that the chaste eloquence of Thomas Muir, with the lofty principles which he carried out with him to Sydney, were treasured and acceptable in still loftier regions? Does not Cowper, the best of English poets, inform us that *persecution* sometimes chases "up to heaven?" But we are not to soliloquise on this theme for a moment longer. Striking events of another kind, in another direction, come now upon us.

Though thus far away, and in exile at Sydney, never expecting, as we have said, to return to his native country, a new era burst upon him of the most extraordinary kind and in the most extraordinary manner. Indignant, undoubtedly, as was much of the feeling of Scotland, England, and Ireland, at his cruel and unmerited

sentence, he found no relief in those quarters, but the TRIAL itself, with the discussion about it in both Houses of Parliament, was wafted from Britain across the waves of the Atlantic, and came under the direct notice of GEORGE WASHINGTON, then the first, and the best, and the most illustrious President of the United States of America. Honour everlastingly to his great and spotless name. George Washington immediately formed the bold resolution to rescue, if he could, this young, able, and excellent Scottish advocate from his cruel captivity, and to bring him safely from the iron grasp of his enemies to the States of America, then blooming with the first-fruits of its early liberty, and there in America to have him to adorn its younger bar, or probably to shed lustre with his talents on its rising Bench.

It is the fact, that the stirring eloquence of Thomas Muir, the burning words which he uttered at the bar of the Justiciary Court in Scotland, despised and rejected as these were by those to whom they were addressed, penetrated the heart of Washington in his own virtuous and exalted CABINET. And whatever we may think of America, or any of its States now (year 1865), we have to record this other most singular but gratifying fact, to the honour we will say of that great nation, that in the year 1795, scarcely two years after Muir's trial in Edinburgh was over, there was fitted out at New York, the good ship named the "OTTER," commanded by Captain Dawes, for the purpose of proceeding direct to Sydney, for the relief of Thomas Muir, in particular, and his fellow compatriots, if there they could be found. That ship, with its gallant crew, reached the Cove of Sydney in safety, and there cast anchor on or about the 5th day of February, 1796. Some of its

officers speedily went on shore and espied or reconnoitered, and saw the Governor; and they tarried about the place for several days on the ingenious, but natural pretext, that they needed some little relaxation on shore, and would like to get some fresh water from the murmuring rills in the neighbourhood for the supply of their ship. No suspicion whatever was entertained about them by the Governor, or by any individual of his slender staff, then about him. In fact, there was scarcely more than one or two hundred individuals in the place altogether. Pause, gentle reader, and think how it stands now! Captain Dawes, the American messenger of mercy, as we may call him, sent by Washington on this errand, had soon the exquisite satisfaction of seeing and saluting Thomas Muir, and of grasping him cordially by the hand, and of whispering into his astonished ears, the message borne to him from Washington. Let some painter sketch this also with his pencil if he can. Our pens utterly fail to do it. And, therefore, we simply proceed to notice the fact, that Thomas Muir was speedily and safely taken on board the ship "Otter," whose flags were then most swiftly and gladly unfurled, amidst the huzzas of all on board. Away that ship set sail from Sydney, apparently with glowing and favourable breezes.

We must observe that Muir left behind him, in his cottage, a respectful letter addressed to the Governor, thanking him for all his kindness; and there is not the least doubt that Muir embraced an opportunity of seeing his other companions and shaking hands with them, or bidding them an affectionate farewell, ere he left them in that place.

" Thus Liberty, like day,
Bursts on the soul, and by a flash from heaven
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy."

Of course the news of his escape came speedily to be known in the Colony: but what could the alarmed, petrified, and astonished Governor do? He had neither ships nor fleet, nor forces of any kind, to send in quest of him; and although this singular and romantic escape must, in the nature of things, have gratified in secret the hearts, if it did not at the moment excite the further hopes, of those that remained in exile behind, it was of little consequence and no consolation to them much longer, because we learn the sad fact that poor Gerald was then actually stretched upon the hard couch of his unplenished deathbed, in his hut, in the last stage of consumption—the symptoms of which had been visible upon him ere, with his serene and smiling countenance, he had been sent from England; and poor Skirving—the amiable and virtuous Skirving—breathing incessant prayers for his wife and children at home, was stricken with a mortal disease, and died within three days afterwards. Let some tears flow yet, if they can, for their memory!—while the coldest heart may be moved a little by the perusal of the following original letter—the only one we will give—from Skirving to his wife, written on his voyage outward:—

RIO DE JANEIRO, *5th July, 1794.*

MY DEAR,—I wrote you by the West India fleet when they parted with our convoy, which letter I hope you received. We arrived at this port yesterday in safety. My increasing love for you constrains me already to begin writing to you, but I shall keep my letter open while I may not lose the first opportunity of transmitting it. My unshaken faith in God our Saviour, that he is and will continue to be the husband of my widow and the father of my fatherless children, while the designs of his providence require the continuance of our separation, continues my support in this very unpleasant voyage. I trust your experience of this grace supports your comfort, and invigorates your faith and hope in the same Almighty power and love.

I will not write you the particulars of our voyage till we are arrived at our destined port. Indeed, an intervening disagreeable occurrence renders it imprudent to write particulars. It has caused me much trouble and vexation; but the abounding, the superabounding consolations of Divine truth, and conscious innocence, have been my shield, and will ere long turn the counsel of the froward headlong.

Let our friends everywhere know that we will do nothing to disgrace the cause of truth and righteousness for which we suffer.

Probably the exclamation of the poet should be given here:—

“Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away.
Yet with loud complaints the mother spoke her woes,
And viewed the cot whence all her pleasure rose,
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
While her fond husband strove to lend relief,
In all the silent manliness of grief.”

The first intelligence of Muir's remarkable escape from Sydney, was conveyed home in a letter written by Maurice Margarot to his friend Thomas Hardy, the veteran politician, in London (a native of Falkirk), previously tried for his life on the charge of high treason, in 1793. That letter was published in the *Edinburgh Advertiser* of 1799. It simply says: “Mr. Muir has found means to escape hence on board an American vessel which put in here under pretence of wanting wood and water. She is named the ‘Otter,’ but from what part of America I know not. It is reported she came in here for as many of us as chose to go.”

The above intelligence, of course, electrified many in this country. We had certainly no electric wires at that time, nor for many long years afterwards—and, by-the-bye, people were as sceptical about those wires as they originally were about the first “Comet” steamer, which

we remember we had the pleasure of seeing on the day of its very first voyage upon the Clyde. We retain in our possession one of the first original tickets issued to its cabin passengers by Henry Bell.

Many people, of excellent hearts and liberal principles, inwardly rejoiced at this wonderful escape of Thomas Muir from Sydney; while others yet scarcely *dared* to utter in public what they really thought concerning him and his accusers: such was still the political state of Scotland at the time.

But, alas! for poor Muir. Though he was sailing for some weeks delightfully towards America, the promised land of his freedom and adoption, and was treated with every possible kindness, civility, and respect, by all the officers and crew of that memorable ship; yet, by the inscrutable decrees of the Almighty, they were overtaken by a violent hurricane, and the ship itself was driven on some dangerous rocks near Nootka Sound, on the western coast of America. The fated vessel almost immediately went to pieces. Yea, every soul on board perished, except Thomas Muir himself and two sailors. They alone reached the bleak shore, scarcely in life; and after wandering about for some days, feeding on the herbage or other things they could secure for the pressing wants of nature, Muir found himself unexpectedly separated from those two survivors, and never knew what became of them. Soon after this woful catastrophe, Muir himself was surrounded and captured by a tribe of roaming savages, from whose hands he expected nothing but the most miserable death. Whether from his mild and pleasing countenance, or any of the lessons of Freemasonry he had learned at home, we cannot tell; but this is certain, that he experienced the most unexpected kindness from those savages: they

clothed him, and decorated him with some of their strange habiliments, and shared with him the best of their peculiar food, and he actually lived amongst them for several weeks. At last, with the instincts of liberty still sustaining him, he contrived in some other extraordinary way to escape from them. He had now no human being to direct his course. The stars of heaven, with some knowledge of astronomy he possessed, were his only guides; and in this pitiable and forlorn condition he travelled almost the whole of the western coast of North America, a distance of upwards of 4000 miles, without meeting with much interruption. He has made us acquainted with the information, that when he laid himself down to repose by night or by day, under the scorching sun or in the night breezes, he read some particular passage or other from his Bible, which had been preserved in his breast pocket on his shipwreck; and he never failed to commend his soul to the merciful protection of his Maker. That same Bible will tell a still more extraordinary tale as we proceed.

“ When, chill’d with fear, the trembling pilgrim roves
Through pathless deserts and through tangled groves,
Where mantling darkness spreads her dragon wing,
And birds of death their fatal dirges sing;
While vapours pale a dreadful glimmering cast,
And thrilling horror howls in every blast:
He cheers his gloom with streams of bursting light,
By day a sun, a beaming moon by night,
Darts through the quivering shades her heaving ray,
And spreads with rising flowers his solitary way.”

He at last reached the city of Panama. It was then under the sway of the old Spaniards, who were extremely jealous of the appearance of any stranger in their dominions. Mr. Muir fortunately, as may be supposed from his early education, was a good Latin scholar and

linguist, and could converse easily in the French language; so he found his way into the presence of the Governor of Panama, to whom he candidly disclosed his history and escape from Sydney.

“ Me from my native land
An exile, through the dang’rous ocean driven,
Resistless fortune and relentless fate
Placed where thou seest me.”

Moved by this remarkable tale, so strange and pitiful in every degree, the Governor was pleased to order that with the view of reaching America, he should be safely escorted by a party of Spaniards across the Isthmus of Darien, and landed at Vera Cruz, then the grand seaport of Mexico, where probably he would find some American vessel to take him to New York. No such vessel was there found. Muir was therefore sent on to the Havannah. The old Spanish Governor of the Havannah had, it seems, received some secret special dispatch from the Governor of Vera Cruz respecting Muir, which rather puzzled or perplexed that high functionary. The Havannah Governor, with all his apparent kindness to Muir, now came to the conclusion that instead of permitting him to sail to America, it was his duty rather to despatch him to *Spain*, and there let the Spanish Government decide on his final destination. It singularly enough happened—and this probably guided the decision of the Governor—that there were then lying at the Havannah two Spanish frigates, richly laden with silver specie for Spain; and into one of these frigates, bound directly for Cadiz, Thomas Muir was speedily placed, without, of course, the slightest murmur of complaint on his part. Away these two frigates sailed in company for Cadiz with their colours proudly flying.

Yet another still more marvellous event was soon to happen. These two frigates were scudding home right prosperously, as all on board imagined. They were getting near to, and actually within sight of Cadiz itself. But lo! the British Government was then at War with France and Spain; and some of our British frigates were then cruising about, eagerly watching for prizes in those seas. We are here for a moment, we own, rather perplexed with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow at the narration of this other singular circumstance, namely, that near to that very harbour of Cadiz, which the two rich Spanish frigates were supposed to be now safely entering—absolutely within sight of the glittering towers and battlements of Cadiz, there lay a British squadron under the command of Sir John Jervis, afterwards created, for his valour, the Earl of St. Vincent, in the reign of George the Third. On the morning of the 26th of April, 1797, two of the British frigates belonging to that squadron, viz., the “Emerald” and the “Irresistible,” espied approaching those two Spanish frigates, with their sails and colours flauntingly displayed. The signal for chase, and the signal also for battle, was directly given by the British Commodore. And immediately the most active preparations for the decisive encounter were made on both sides, pretty equally matched. The warlike colours of both nations were soon conspicuously hoisted in defiance of each other. “All on board held their breath for a time.” But what can we think of the state of the feelings of Thomas Muir in these agitating moments—not as they were when first “wrenched and riven” at the bar of the High Court of Justiciary, but as they were now solemnly felt on the deep dark ocean, where flashed the dread artillery. The battle was short, sharp, decisive, and bloody. Thomas Muir fell upon the deck

mortally wounded. The Spanish frigates, shattered with shot and shell, could no longer resist—they struck their flags. The British, ever mistress of the seas, were victorious, and seized their prizes. There is a most remarkable tale emerging out of this, which we are persuaded will further excite the astonishment of our readers; but before giving it, we must beg respectfully to direct their calm attention to the following original authentic letter from one of the British officers engaged in that battle, and written very soon after it was over, to one of his friends in Scotland, and published in the *Edinburgh Advertiser* of June, 1797:—

HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP "IRRESISIBLE,"
AT ANCHOR, OFF CADIZ, 28th April, 1797.

On the 26th instant, lying off here, saw two strange ships standing for the harbour; made sail after them with the "Emerald" frigate in company, and, after a chase of eight hours, they got an anchor in one of their own ports—in Canille Bay. We brought them to action at two in the afternoon. We anchored abreast of them, one mile from the shore, and continued a glorious action till four, when the Spanish colours were struck on board, and on shore, and under their own towns and harbours. Our opponents were two of the finest frigates in the Spanish service, and two of the richest ships taken during this war. A viceroy and his suite, and a number of general officers, were on board one of them. I am sorry to say that, after they struck, the finest frigate ran on shore. We, however, got her off at twelve at night; but from the shot she received she sunk at three in the morning, with all her riches, which was a sore sight to me, especially as I had been on board her. We arrived here with our other prize, and are landing our prisoners. *Among the sufferers on the Spanish side is Mr. Thomas Muir, who made so wonderful an escape from Botany Bay to the Havannah. He was one of five killed on board the Nymph by the last shot fired by us. The officer at whose side he fell is at my hand, and says he behaved with courage to the last.*

But Thomas Muir was *not* killed on this remarkable occasion. The most singular, the most providential of all

occurrences about him again took place. No story can exceed in fiction what we are now about truthfully to relate. It so happened that another British officer, different in rank from the writer of the above letter, was engaged in that same battle, and had boarded the Spanish frigate in which Muir lay, and was in the very act of giving orders to his marines to pitch the killed or the dead overboard, with leaden bullets in their pockets to sink them down to their watery grave. As if by a miracle—by the finger of a higher Power—this British officer was attracted to the spot where lay the bleeding body of Muir, whose once comely face was now woefully disfigured with its own gore. He had been struck by a ball, and the side of his face was nearly shot away; so, turning him gently over on his back, preparatory to his last final pitch into the sea as his almost certain grave, the small pocket Bible which his parents had given to him at Leith, in the way we formerly mentioned, fell out from one of his pockets and lay beside him on the bloody deck. The British officer last alluded to, in a state of momentary curiosity, snatched up the little book, to look at it and see what it really was. Muir's sinking eyes then opened; he heaved a deep and piteous sigh—clasped his feeble hands together, and moved his mangled head, which convinced the British officer that though mortally wounded he was not yet actually dead. He stooped down to view better the wounded man lying thus ghastly at his feet; and refolding some of the pages, and looking particularly at the tattered front page of that small book, this British officer, so employed and so engaged, became convulsed and nearly overwhelmed with emotion, for he discovered from the written inscription upon it that the man in this terrible and deplorable state was none other than Thomas Muir, who had actually been

one of his first and earliest friends and companions in the College of Glasgow, and of whose horrible sentence he on his naval station had previously heard with something like a shudder. In this most unexpected and woful extremity, this brave British officer, reflecting for a moment on his own position—for he might, with others of his officers and men, easily have secured Muir *as his prisoner*, and carried him in that capacity to England, where probably he would have found rapid promotion at head-quarters for so doing—yet he allowed the more generous and lofty feelings of nature at once to guide and direct him: and so, like the faithful friend, ever true under all circumstances, or rather like the good Samaritan immortalised elsewhere, he proceeded to quench the bloody gore and to bind up the gashes of Muir's frightful wounds; and this done, our brave British officer, calling a few of his men together, complacently ordered them to get ready their first pinnace, with a flag of truce, and to carry ashore as gently and expeditiously as possible this bleeding man, with an urgent request to the Spanish authorities to pay immediate and particular attention to him as one of their own wounded.

“Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore: upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed; nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.”

The safe transit of Thomas Muir to the Spanish shore was accomplished. The other results of that battle need not be told. But this we may remark, that had this

generous officer acted differently, and disclosed the name of Muir, and had him transmitted as a prisoner caught in battle, to England, he might have endured a still more terrible death in this country, such was the temper of the law, and the disposition of the times; for it must be remembered, his original sentence expressly bore, that if he was found at large within the period of that sentence, he should suffer DEATH.

He was now, however, once more beyond the reach of his enemies. At Cadiz he could scarcely speak from the terrible state of his wounds; but strange to say, by some means or other, his extraordinary escape and arrival at Cadiz was speedily communicated to the French Directory at Paris, to some of whose members he was personally known; for it will also be remembered, that when he first visited Paris in 1792, the greatest attention and respect was there shown to him. To the honour, we will say, of the French Directory, including its First President, the great NAPOLEON, a French messenger was instantly despatched to Cadiz, to see that every attention was paid to Thomas Muir, and the recovery of his wounds.

At last he revived, and was able to write; for we find, that on the 14th of August, 1797, he addressed the following to M. Paine, one of the distinguished members of the French Directory:—

CADIZ, August 14, 1797.

DEAR FRIEND,—Since the memorable evening on which I took leave of you at St. Cloud, my melancholy and agitated life has been a continued series of extraordinary events. I hope to meet you again in a few months.

Contrary to my expectation, I am at last nearly cured of my numerous wounds. The Directory have shown me great kindness. Their solicitude for an unfortunate being who has been so cruelly oppressed, is a balm of consolation which revives my drooping spirits. The

Spaniards detain me as a prisoner because I am a Scotchman. But I have no doubt that the intervention of the Directory of the Great Republic will obtain my liberty. Remember me most affectionately to all my friends, who are the friends of liberty and mankind.—I remain, dear sir, yours ever,

THOMAS MUIR.

In the month of September immediately following, he had the great gratification to receive another special message from the Government of France, not only offering to confer upon him all the privileges of a free citizen, but generously inviting him to come to Paris, and spend the remainder of his life in the bosom of the French Nation. The Government of France at the same time made a formal application to the Government of Spain to restore Thomas Muir at once to his personal freedom in that kingdom, and, besides, to afford him every facility on his journey to France—which was done.

He arrived at Bourdeaux early in the month of December following. The municipal authorities of the city received him with cordial demonstrations of honour and respect. They invited him to a splendid public banquet, at which the Mayor of Bourdeaux presided (4th December, 1797). It was attended by upwards of 500 enthusiastic citizens, including the American Consul there stationed; and with enthusiastic and most friendly bumpers the health of Thomas Muir was given as “the brave young Scottish Advocate, emancipated from his trials, his perils, and his toils, and now the adopted citizen of France.” We are told that Muir fainted away in the arms of the American Consul, sitting beside him: such was the emotion of his then agitated heart—agitated in a manner impossible to be described; but the plain narrative of some of these events may afford some glimmerings of it.

He, however, reached Paris by slow and easy stages on

the 4th of February, 1798; and on the 6th of that month he thus wrote to the French Directory:—

CITIZEN DIRECTORS,—I arrived two days ago in Paris, in a very weak and sickly state.

To you I owe my liberty. To you I owe my life. But there are other considerations, of infinitely superior importance, which ought to make a forcible impression on my mind. To my last breath I will remain faithful to my adopted country.

I shall esteem, Citizen Directors, the day on which I shall have the honour to be admitted to your presence the most precious of my life; and if I have passed through dangers and misfortunes, that moment will ever efface their remembrance.—I have the honour to be, Citizen Directors, with the most profound respect, your grateful and devoted servant,

THOMAS MUIR.

Several members of the French Government immediately waited on Muir to congratulate him on his arrival in Paris. His company was now courted by the highest circles in Paris. Nothing was wanting on their part to soothe and comfort him, and of this he felt most deeply grateful. But his mortal wounds were beginning to show their certain result. He retired to the beautiful village of Chantilly, near Paris, and there, on the 29th of September, 1798, he calmly breathed his last.

“The time will come,” said Thomas Muir in one of his prophetic letters long ago, “the time will come when my sentence will be REVIEWED BY POSTERITY.”

We have been humbly endeavouring to perform that duty.

Thirty years ago, at the first advent of the great Reform Bill, when our hearts beat warmly at the memory of Thomas Muir and for the unparalleled sufferings he underwent to pave the way, as they helped to do, for the ultimate success of that great measure, we sketched out rapidly a history of his life, and transmitted it with a

short note to EARL GREY—the great and good Earl Grey—reminding his Lordship of what *he* had done for Thomas Muir in his place in the House of Commons in 1793, and congratulating him on the glorious position he now held (1832) as PRIME MINISTER of Great Britain, and as we truly addressed him, the Father of the Reform Bill, which had accomplished a most peaceful, and, we will now add, a most beneficial REVOLUTION in these realms, as the state of the nation from that date to this abundantly proves. We are not ashamed, nay, rather we are proud to state, that we had the honour to receive the following acknowledgement from Earl Grey, written by his secretary and son-in-law, who is now the Right Honourable Sir Charles Wood, one of Her Majesty's present Ministers. We have kept it privately in our own repositories till now, when it appears for the first time in these pages; and we thus publish it because it shows how the prophetic enunciations of Thomas Muir have come to pass, not from anything we could say or do, but from the highest evidence the Nation could give.

DOWNING STREET, *May 21st, 1832.*

SIR,—I am desired by Lord Grey to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to convey to you the expression of the deep sense which he entertains of the very flattering mark of your attention and kindness to him.

It has afforded him the greatest pleasure to receive so flattering a proof of regard from so zealous a labourer in the cause of Reform as yourself.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES WOOD.

To Peter Mackenzie, Esq., Glasgow.

Other letters from most eminent men of the same period we might publish, as well as the tribute from Thomas Campbell, author of the imperishable “Pleasures

of Hope," who knew Muir in early life in this city; but we postpone these now, and probably for ever. And yet we may go on for a moment or two to remark—and why should we here be ashamed of telling it?—indeed, we should rather feel gratified in so doing—that, still impelled by a strong sense of feeling towards his memory, we made a pilgrimage to the grave of Thomas Muir at Chantilly, exactly thirty years ago, having then received letters of introduction from Prince Talleyrand, the then French Ambassador in London; and from Joseph Hume, Esq., M.P., and others, addressed to the Marquis La Fayette, General Pepe, M. Moreau, Dr. Borthwick Gilchrist, and others in Paris. But we must reserve some of the circumstances of that journey, with the singular proceedings that afterwards occurred in Scotland, for another (shorter) Chapter at another time. Meanwhile, we are not altogether without the hope that NAPOLEON THE THIRD, from the regard his GREAT UNCLE in the first French Directory entertained for Thomas Muir, will yet erect some tablet to the memory of the exiled Scottish Advocate and citizen of France, in that beautiful Cemetery of Chantilly, where, as already stated, his ashes repose.

“Far may the boughs of Liberty expand,
For ever cultured by the brave and free;
For ever withered be the impious hand
That lops one branch from this illustrious tree!
Britons! 'tis yours to make the ~~verdure~~ thrive,
And keep the seeds of liberty alive!”

CHAPTER II.

THE EVENTS OF 1812, 1819-20.

IF the statement be true, that the blood of Martyrs is the seed of the Church, then it is equally true, we think, that the persecutions and the oppressions of the Reformers of early times, conduced greatly to the advance and triumph of their principles. The trial in particular, of Thomas Muir, in 1793, on which we have been largely descanting in these previous pages, instead of making him detested by the people at home or abroad, only excited their highest admiration of him, and of the constitutional principles he so nobly but perilously advocated. His cruel sentence, in place of crushing those principles, or, as the words of his Indictment bore, and the punishment following upon it purported to be, "in order to *deter* others from committing *the like* CRIMES *in all time coming*," had the very contrary effect. But what a shocking manifesto that was for the Crown lawyers of Scotland of 1793, to put forth, for "all time coming!" Why, his sufferings, we repeat, instead of deterring, kindled up more earnest flames, if we may so speak, of real heartfelt emotion in his favour, and those increased the more just as they became the more known throughout the kingdom. Within a quarter of a century after Thomas Muir had been infamously banished out of this country with his

companions to Botany Bay, the demand for Reform became animated with loud, vigorous, and unmistakeable accents in this city of Glasgow in particular, as well as in other places throughout the realm, where previously it had only been feebly or scarcely heard. We would appeal now to the residue or remnant, if such really exist, of the violent Tories of 1793—of the Anti-Reformers of that period—to all classes, indeed, of any and of every degree, whether they could now in their consciences propose that any person, whether of the highest or lowest character, should be treated now as a FELON, for holding faithful to his political creed? In fact, we are almost persuaded that those who may have some scruples still about the Politics of parties, and don't very well relish the name of Reform, whether on the part of "advanced Liberals," or others, will have the candour to admit, that some of the revelations we have made, and may yet make, are truly revolting to the feelings of humanity itself in this age, as contradistinguished from 1793; and we almost feel confident that the mellowed hand of Time, with the improving knowledge of the age, will never permit those scenes to be enacted again, in this free and glorious country of ours. Still it is well that history should keep its finger carefully pointed at some of those bygone times.

"They only laugh at wounds, who never felt a scar."

Therefore in no tone of levity, but the very reverse, we proceed to observe, that towards the year 1812, the Government of that period, at the head of which was the Earl of Liverpool, got perfectly indignant and furious at some of the fresh movements then making in the provinces towards Reform. The Government would listen to no reasonable proposition on the subject whatever. They

abhorred its very name. They resolved once more to prohibit and prevent it, if possible : and to stem and keep it back, even with the aid of "horse, foot, and dragoons," if necessary.

There were a few choice spirits at that time in this city who would not exactly succumb to this conduct of the Government. We note down the names of a few of them, all of whom we knew personally in our younger years:—John Russell, the witness on Muir's trial ; John Ogilvie, the china merchant, in Jamaica Street ; John M'Arthur, the ironmonger, in Argyle Street ; Benjamin Gray, the shoemaker, in Nelson Street ; William Watson, the manufacturer, in George's Street ; William Lang, the printer, in Bell Street ; and John M'Leod, cotton-spinner, in Tureen Street—all moving in the respectable middle ranks of life. It required, no doubt, a strong lever afterwards, to raise the higher classes "to the cause." But through the direct agency of the above individuals, and a few others, a great public meeting came to be held in Glasgow, in October 1816, the fame of which spread over the three kingdoms, and put His Majesty's ministers in great alarm. It was the largest meeting certainly, ever held before that date, in the history of Glasgow. The resolutions at that meeting (now upon our table) were mild in the extreme. They were addressed to the Prince Regent, afterwards George the Fourth. But we need not copy the whole of them in this place ; suffice it to say, that they simply sought "for a redress of grievances in the Commons House of Parliament." Surely there was no *Sedition* in these expressions : but, yes there was ; nay, there was "*Treason*" chargeable about them, as we shall presently show.

It is, however, rather amusing, to stop here for a

moment or two, to state the fact that the few original projectors of that meeting—they are all since dead—were much put about, and sorely grieved and perplexed in their minds, about procuring a suitable place in all the city wherein to hold it. The Lord Provost, James Black, positively prohibited, and dared them at their peril, to go to the Green with their meeting, otherwise the Magistrates would soon call out the 42d Regiment, and with their bayonets keep them at bay! They applied for the use of the Trades' Hall, in Glassford Street, wherein to hold it, but here the Magistrates interposed, and absolutely prevented them from getting the use of that hall for a single hour for such a purpose; although it was almost immediately let to some mountebank or other arriving in Glasgow, to gull the citizens with his live Salamander!—a fact we can depone to, from personal knowledge. They next in their despair, went to Mr. Daniel Caldwell, of the Eagle Inn, to try and secure his stable-yard, in Maxwell Street, thinking it would do well enough for their meeting; and Mr. Caldwell himself being, as was supposed, a bit of a black-neb, *alias* a Reformer, rather heartily went in with the proposal; in short, he agreed at once to the request, and the stable-yard was swept out accordingly by his hostlers, to be ready for the meeting. Large placards were immediately posted over the city, announcing the meeting in that place, but no sooner were these placards seen, than away the Provost and Magistrates went to Caldwell of the Eagle, and taxed him as being an abettor of the most wicked "Sedition." The poor man got rather demented, particularly when he saw old Mr. John Pearson, of the Ropework Lane, his Tory factor, coming forward and concurring with the Magistrates, and sternly forbidding him at his highest peril, to

use his premises for such “a d——ble purpose.” They however, made no scruples, none in the least, to allow Maule of Panmure, and Provost Jacob Dixon of Dumbar-ton, to fight a main of *cocks* in it for a thousand guineas, on the next or following week. That Eagle Inn, we may remark, is sadly dejected now; but it was once a great Inn—the best posting one of its day, for the noblemen and gentlemen of the West of Scotland. The above interference of the Magistrates, which would scarcely be tolerated now, disappointed and even exasperated the citizens. Squibs, some of them pointed and severe, were rapidly published about the Magistrates. One of them was entitled, “Gotham in alarm.” It had, as we remember, a most tremendous sale from the hands of Jamie Blue, one of the characters of the city.

The following rather ironical one was from the pen of our old friend, SANDY RODGER:—

“Vile, ‘sooty rabble,’ what d’ye mean
By raising a’ this dreadfu’ din?
Do ye no ken what horrid sin
 Ye are committing
By haudin’ up your chafts sae thin
 For sic a meeting?

“Vile *Black-nebs!* doomed through life to drudge
And howk amang your native sludge,
Wha is’t gives *you* the right to judge
 O’ siccan matters,
That ye maun grumble, grunt, an’ grudge
 At us, your betters?

“Base *Rads!* whose ignorance surpasses
The dull stupidity of asses,
Think ye the privileged classes
 Care aught aboot ye?
If ony mair ye daur to fash us,
 By George! we’ll shoot ye!

“ We’ve walth o’ sodgers in the town
To keep sic ragamuffins down ;
And gin ye dinna settle soon,
By a’ that’s guid !
We’ll gar the common sewers rin
Wi’ your base bluid !
“ Tak’, therefore, this kind admonition :
Recant, repent, be a’ submission :
And, as a proof that your contrition
Is frae the heart,
In Gude’s name burn that vile Petition
Before ye part.”

The newspaper press, however, of the city, did not or durst not, assail the Magistrates on the subject, much less attack them for their unwarrantable and unconstitutional interference to prevent the meeting ; and in this emergency James Turner of Thrushgrove, previously the keeper of a small snuff and tobacco shop in the High Street, came forward and offered to the perplexed, disappointed, and bewildering Committee, the use of one of his fields at Thrushgrove, within the boundaries of the city, whereon they might hold their meeting if they liked. This handsome offer greatly relieved the almost despairing Committee ; and it afterwards was the means of distinguishing Mr. Turner himself through a long course of active life in the city. His shop became the most frequented of any of its kind in Glasgow ; and yet that very circumstance, plain and artless and laudable as it was, became afterwards, as we shall show, the positive cause of his being sent as a prisoner to the Bridewell of Glasgow, wherein he lay for some time under the capital charge of High Treason ! He triumphed, however, most completely at last, and lived to become one of the most active Magistrates of the city : and in that capacity, and in other political capacities, we knew him intimately

and well. It was gratifying to hear him describe, that although he was once a poor tobacco shop boy in Glasgow, and ran his errands sometimes bare-headed and bare-footed, he arose to distinction, and acquired by honesty, regular habits, and persevering industry, a sufficient competency of the good things of this life. He died a few years ago, in rather affluent circumstances, much respected. The very name of *Thrushgrove* charmed the ears of Glasgow Reformers for many a long day; but its fields are now covered over with huge dwelling-houses.

The grand day of holding that meeting at Thrushgrove had now arrived (29th October, 1816), fraught, as many thought, with great danger. It assuredly led to many important results, some of which it may be our province to tell as we proceed. This is the fact, that the whole city became most deeply agitated and concerned about it. Upwards of 40,000 individuals assembled in that field—thrice the number, be it remarked, that the stable-yard of the Eagle Inn could have held. So much, you see, for needless, senseless opposition. The utmost order and propriety governed the whole proceedings—lasting from twelve till four of the afternoon. Not a creature was injured—not a sixpence was stolen from amongst the vast crowd: the greatest in point of numbers, we have said, that ever was seen up to that date in Glasgow, or any where else in this kingdom. But the 42d Regiment, on the requisition of the Magistrates, were drawn up in arms within the Barrack Square, Gallowgate, having twenty rounds of ball-cartridge stored in their cahouches ready for service; while the dragoons in their barracks in Port-Eglington Street, were also ready, saddled and bridled, to gallop over to Glasgow, if the signal was given from the Council Chambers, to the flag-staff on

the top of the Jail, where the Sheriff and all the Magistrates had anxiously assembled.

This meeting, as we have observed, simply asked in most respectful language, for "a redress of grievances," including an alteration of the flagrant *Corn-laws* then existing with great severity; and it had a most animating and wholesome effect not only in the city, but over the three kingdoms, as the news of it fled hither and thither. Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of "*Junius*," wrote from London about it to his friend Mr. Stewart Nicolson, of Carnock, afterwards Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, of Greenock and Blackhall, Baronet, father of the present Sir Michael Robert Stewart, Bart. *Junius* declared, that "he could not leave the earth," these were his words, till he learned something more about the Glasgow Thrushgrove Meeting; and that letter came into our youthful hands to make the inquiries which *Junius* wanted. Within the last two years, we stumbled on the valued original letter, written on gilt paper, in a fine old Roman hand, and we transmitted it to the present Baronet, considering him to be the best and most righteous custodier of it: and he was pleased to send us a kind note acknowledging the receipt, and thanking us for it. In every view, that Glasgow meeting had, we again say, the most powerful effect. It stirred up hundreds of other meetings throughout the land; insomuch, that if the Government were uneasy about the word REFORM before, they became excessively alarmed about it now. SPIES (horrid demons,) then began to be employed to bring them information, even from the private houses or recesses of the most estimable families that were supposed to be in the least degree friendly to that cause; and now we enter on the BLOODIER part of the work we

have undertaken to bring out and publish in these few chapters.

In this city, as elsewhere, the Corn Laws, we repeat, were absolutely bringing into a state of misery and starvation, the humbler or "lower" part of the population. We use these words in no improper vein of reproach. But, undoubtedly, the hand-loom weavers of the city and suburbs were at that time the most numerous class by far, of any other set of artizans in the city. They were then, the whole of them, a most meek, but intelligent race. They could argue on any question of Political Economy, with the most learned Professors in all the land; but, as the old proverb hath it, "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window"—so, many of these poor weavers left their *shuttles* to denounce—we give it in their own memorable words—"the accursed Corn Laws." Starvation, lean, and gaunt, was visibly depicted on the countenances of almost the whole of these suffering Glasgow weavers, in the year 1812. The very Students of the University of Glasgow, consisting of the sons of "bien," or rich, or opulent citizens, who never knew what it was to feel the least pangs of want, began to entertain compassion for them: and it is the fact, that almost every one of the Students in Glasgow College, in the year 1812, sallied forth in a body from the walls of that College, and went and smashed to atoms the windows of their Lord Rector (Mr. K. Finlay), in Queen Street, because he had recently voted for the *continuance* of those laws in the House of Commons. Other outbreaks of a much more serious kind were then dreaded in the city, but effectually repressed by the speedy arrival of two additional troops of Dragoons, from Hamilton Barracks. Why, by the bye, were Hamilton Barracks, twelve miles

from Glasgow, originally erected in that quiet place? They were so erected, as we heard from an old scribe, to please one of the Dukes of Hamilton, who liked to have the company of officers beside him at Hamilton Palace. But whether or not, we have to observe, that some years previously to the above occurrence in Glasgow, in 1812, the RIOT ACT was read, and several poor weavers were slain, actually shot dead in the Calton of Glasgow, for begging rather vehemently for "cheap meal." Several of their kindred on the same occasion were severely and mortally wounded. This clamant distress leading to such deplorable results, was chiefly ascribed to the Corn Laws: and the populace were led to believe, and did believe, for many years, that there was no rational hope of the repeal of those laws by the House of Commons, constituted as that House was seen and known to be: nor till it came, if ever it came, to be "*Radically* Reformed." This, then, was the period when the word "Radical" first started into repute. Almost the whole of the Yeomanry, and very many of the landed proprietors of Scotland became incensed, almost furious, at every human being answering to that name of Radical seeking for redress. Truly we have lived to see the greatest possible change also in this respect, for the Corn Laws, after a long, severe, and anxious struggle, have not only been altered, but annihilated, we hope, for ever.

The poor weavers of the city and suburbs, however, made an unhappy STRIKE in 1812, as all such strikes generally speaking, have proved to be, for a rise of wages, to meet, as they said, the "dear provisions." Meal then about 3s. per peck, wages about 8s. 6d. per week. Some of these weavers were tried for "Combination," in the Justiciary Court, at Edinburgh. One of the most active

amongst them, was ALEXANDER RICHMOND, himself originally a weaver, in the then small village of Pollokshaws, now teeming with its vast population, and otherwise contented and happy, thanks to the late departed and justly esteemed Lord of its Manor, viz., Sir John Maxwell of Polloc, Baronet, whose munificent gifts lately announced, will shower fragrance on his name for generations to come in that quarter. But we must now fasten strongly on that man Richmond, and hold him fast, till we exhibit him as one of the greatest miscreants that ever haunted the people of this part of the world within the present century. He was, we must first observe, a clever young active fellow at the period above referred to, and enjoying "the gift of the gab," to no small degree. The Counsel for the weavers in Edinburgh, were FRANCIS JEFFREY, and HENRY COCKBURN, names that can hardly die in the Parliament House of that city. They were much pleased with the apparent honesty and activity of Alexander Richmond, in the case of those weavers, in 1812; and as the Indicted Weavers then got off with flying colours from the Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh, Messrs. Jeffrey and Cockburn, their Advocates, in a flow of good-hearted kindness and generosity, on the spur of the moment, gave to Alexander Richmond letters of introduction to their friends Messrs. Henry Monteith and Kirkman Finlay, two of the greatest manufacturers of the time in the city, begging them to look upon him and the poor weavers with the most favourable eye. Richmond was so plausible in his views at this time, that Jeffrey and Cockburn very soon afterwards actually offered to get him a Bank credit for £200 or £300—rare thing for any lawyers to do—and to set him up as a *Cork*, or a weaving manufacturer, in this city on his own account. In that

way, or through such patronage, Mr. Alexander Richmond came to possess some considerable influence over the poorer weavers in Glasgow and neighbourhood, including others of the working classes.

Reform—*Radical* Reform was now careering on its way, in spite of the Government, who, with all its vast and powerful body of friends, were scowling at it, and bidding it defiance, with all their might and main. The excitement on the Reform side only grew the deeper and the stronger. England was then almost in an uproar about it. Old Palace Yard, including Westminster, the ancient Guildhall of London, and other distinguished places, now boldly erected their political *Hustings*, and many eminent orators on these hustings, such as Samuel Whitbread, Alderman Waithman, John Cam Hobhouse, (now Lord Broughton,) Sir Francis Burdett, Henry Brougham, Lord Cochran, (late Earl of Dundonald,) Mr. Alderman Wood, the most popular Lord Mayor of London in the present century—he was chosen twice over for the office, and held it with singular *eclat*. He surrendered his house in Audley Street to Queen Caroline, the persecuted wife of George the Fourth, when she had no other place to go to in London; and we are proud to say, that this Lord Mayor, afterwards created Sir Matthew Wood, Bart., felt deep interest in the fate of Muir, and frequently shook hands and conversed with us about it in the house of Joseph Hume, in Bryanston Square. His eldest son is the present Right Honourable Master of the Rolls in England. Besides the above, there were many, *many* other distinguished persons and eloquent orators, whose names we cannot give in this stinted place, for they would fill volumes. But they all in one voice shouted for Reform—"the RADICAL REFORM, as they now boldly

called it, of the House of Commons. Ministers again became almost frantic with anger and rage, if anger and rage, should at any time form the elements of Ministerial qualities. And they now gravely insinuated in their places in Parliament, that plots and conspiracies, as they were well assured, were hatching to destroy the House of Commons, and divide piecemeal amongst the conspirators the landed property of the three kingdoms. This could only have been done to bring discredit and mistrust on the Reform party; to alarm the timid, and to stop, if possible, all farther "agitation" for Reform. And it was done too, most effectually for some time, for the Government actually got the House of Commons to suspend the "*Habeas Corpus Act*," which was and is, and may it ever continue to be, the bulwark of the British Constitution, as regards the safety and the protection of the rights and privileges of all her Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects. Whereas, the *suspension* of it even for a brief period, enabled the Government to obtain by that suspension, and carry into execution by one fell swoop, any arbitrary measure they pleased, in whatsoever quarter they pleased, and against whomsoever, person or personages, they pleased, in the three kingdoms. We have been told on reliable authority, that if the Government in 1793 had then obtained a conviction against Thomas Hardie, Horne Tooke, and others, for Treason, as they had obtained it in Scotland against Muir and others, for Sedition, there were no fewer than 1500 warrants of commitment ready to be enforced against some of the best men in England, obnoxious to the Government,—that being their only crime. But, in justification of this strong and violent proceeding, viz., the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, the Ministers of the Crown behoved to show some

reasons or other, and to establish some facts to the satisfaction of the alarmed and pliant Parliament. At this epoch, the tribe of Villain Spies now began to creep out of their poisonous shells, ready, quite ready, to perform the work which the Government desired at their hands. Some of them were afterwards pretty well known throughout England, as the Parliamentary proceeding of the period will show, by the names, Edwards, Oliver, and Castles, &c., &c. They invented many daring revolutionary stories, (proved afterwards to be utterly groundless,) but they brought them all thither, ready cut and dry "on paper," to the Home Office, where they were secretly and most willingly received. Lord Sidmouth, observe, was the Secretary of State for the Home Department. Lord Castlereagh held the seals of the Foreign Office. The Earl of Liverpool (Premier,) had fallen into delicate health, and partly for that reason, Lords Sidmouth and Castlereagh became the masters of the Cabinet, and they certainly ruled, completely ruled, and that too with a vengeance, the House of Commons. Lord Eldon, the old Tory Chancellor (a most excellent Judge he was in other respects,) completely ruled the House of Lords. His word was the law of that House for a long time—for at least the full quarter of a century.

At the above period, we go on to observe, Mr. Kirkman Finlay was the *pro indiviso* member for Glasgow. In an evil hour he sent for Mr. Alexander Richmond, and after holding a long and confidential parley with him, (we give this on the authority of Richmond himself, from his own published statement some years afterwards,) he Mr. Finlay, in his own house, in Queen Street, now forming the site of the handsome buildings of the National Bank of Scotland, and believing that Richmond

was now the willing agent in his hands, communicated to him the fact, that Lord Sidmouth, Secretary of State, had imparted to him, Mr. Finlay, when in London attending to his duties in Parliament, an important "STATE SECRET," amounting to this, that Glasgow was hatching all over with plots, stratagems, and conspiracies, against the Government, and therefore that it was requisite and essentially necessary, that Mr. Finlay should by any and every means he might employ, detect, discover, and procure for the Government, all information on the subject in Glasgow, the expense of which, it is almost superfluous for us to say, would be defrayed by Government, out of the "Secret Service Money," then at their absolute disposal for any and whatever purposes they pleased.

Mr. Richmond was too glad to embrace this offer—very much obliged and happy indeed, to accept of this secret agency. It was a Government Job opening up for him superior to all his former occupations; and so he accepted it, and went about it without delay, most dexterously. He very soon reported to Mr. Finlay, that he had detected something awfully alarming, most horrible indeed, going on, against the Government, in Glasgow;—that in the city and the suburbs, he found out the Weavers taking Secret OATHS, to do what in them lay to overthrow the Government, yea, by "*physical force*," on the lawless pretext of Reform; and in confirmation of this, Mr. Richmond took out from his pocket-book, and exhibited to Mr. Finlay, a copy of the famous "*Treasonable Oath*" in Glasgow, to which we shall presently refer, and which alarmed the whole kingdom. This alleged "*Treasonable Oath*" Mr. Richmond declared he was only able to procure at great personal risk and

some expense. Mr. Finlay first saw and read it with a thrill of horror and amazement. We now present it to our readers as follows :—

“ In the awful presence of God, I, Andrew M’Kinlay, do solemnly swear, that I will persevere in my endeavouring to form a Brotherhood of affection amongst Britons of every description, who are considered worthy of confidence : and that I will persevere in my endeavours to obtain for all the people in Great Britain and Ireland, not disqualified by crimes or insanity, the elective franchise at the age of twenty-one, with free and equal representation, and annual Parliaments : and that I will support the same to the utmost of my power, either by moral or physical strength, or force, as the case may require. And I do farther swear, that neither hopes, fears, rewards, or punishments, shall induce me to inform on, or give evidence against any member or members collectively or individually, for any act or expression, done or made, in or out, in this or similar societies, under the punishment of Death to be inflicted on me, by any member or members of such societies. So help me God, and keep me steadfast.”

Mr. Finlay, being then, as we have stated, M.P. and Lord Provost of the city, instantly proceeded and communicated this oath to James Reddie, Esq., then acting Assessor, or first Town Clerk of the city, (and a most able and accomplished man he was,) and then all the other Magistrates of the city were convened, including the Sheriff, Robert Hamilton, Esq., Advocate, and his brother Daniel Hamilton, Esq., of Gilkerscleugh, Sheriff-*Substitute*, the only Sheriff-*Substitute*, we may remark, at that time in Glasgow. This alleged oath embodied on that paper, petrified the whole of them, and drove

reflecting judgment almost completely out of their heads at the time. Mr. Richmond speedily enough brought fresh copies of the oath, with additional names appended to it, to Mr. Finlay. The cunning scoundrel saw well how the land lay. He was up to his work completely : and the more fictitious copies he brought, the more he knew his services would be appreciated, and of course, the better would he be *paid* for so doing. This oath, yea, this very oath, procured in such circumstances in Glasgow, was soon sent to Lord Sidmouth, at the Home Office. A Cabinet Council, we are told, was specially summoned about it, and ere many hours elapsed, the document was solemnly introduced and read, in both Houses of Parliament; and the very reading of it ran like a clap of thunder through both Houses. Indeed, some noble lords and honourable members became ghastly alarmed at it. It was enough, they declared, to *justify* the Suspension of the "Habeas Corpus Act," and the Lord Advocate, (Alexander Maconochie, Esq., of Meadowbank,) was instantly ordered down to Scotland, to put the utmost rigour of the criminal law into execution, as he vowed he would do, against these banded TRAITORS to the Crown in Glasgow. Need we say, but we shall prove this by abundant evidence presently at our command, that this was a most false and spurious oath, wickedly *invented* by the aforesaid Mr. Alexander Richmond, the once needy weaver in Pollokshaws, but now manufacturer, domiciled in Glasgow! He was truly a first-rate manufacturer in one sense. The deliberate scoundrel soon contrived to get poor Andrew M'Kinlay, whose celebrated case in the Court of Justiciary we are about to enter upon, with other poor simple weavers in Glasgow, to put down their names to it, first in the house of Neil Munn,

stabler and innkeeper, in Ingram Street; and next, in another public-house in the Old Wynd, kept by one Alexander Hunter, without giving them an opportunity of carefully reading it over, or making them sensible of its purport or intentions. He just assured them that it was a declaration in favour of Reform; and this completely served the fell object he had ultimately in view.

Down came, as we have noticed, the Lord Advocate, in post haste from London, to put all the powerful machinery of the law into active operation in Glasgow. Many individuals were instantly seized "as suspected persons." It was sufficient in those days to seize any person if he was only "*suspected*" in his politics. His character, however upright in other respects, was no protection to him—none whatever. But Andrew M'Kinlay, the poor Radical weaver from the Calton of Glasgow, was undoubtedly one of the first victims laid hold of, 28th February, 1817. The astonished trembling man, brought from his loom, and taxed now with the capital crime of "HIGH TREASON," for taking this oath, was speedily handcuffed and placed in irons. No fewer than *five* long declarations were extracted from him by the Sheriff. He candidly confessed; indeed, in those declarations he never attempted to deny his own poor signature to the bit of paper purporting to be the oath above quoted: and the confession was conceived to be perfectly sufficient to convict and condemn him outright for TREASON. And, forsooth! as if he and his fellow prisoners or traitors, John Keith, Thomas Edgar, John Campbell, and others, could not really be kept in safe custody, in the Jail of Glasgow, for fear of insurrection in the Jail itself, they were actually transmitted in irons to the *Castle* of Edinburgh, and therein detained under martial law, or

military rule, till brought before the High Court of Justiciary, "to answer for their great and aggravating crimes." The city, of course, was startled by these events—all classes were keenly moved by them. Mr. Richmond was now living cannily in a state of plenty, and had dainty dishes at his table which poor weavers of his caste rarely saw, and never tasted.

Andrew M'Kinlay, kept as a close prisoner in irons, from the 28th of February, till the 23d of June, 1817, under the charge of High Treason, was at last brought from Edinburgh Castle, and placed at the bar of Justiciary, on the date last mentioned—the Judges present, being the Right Hon. David Boyle, Lord Justice-Clerk, with Lords Hermand, Gillies, Pitmilley, and Reston. The Lord Advocate appeared for the Crown, with James Wedderburn, Esq., Solicitor-General, and Henry Home Drummond, Esq., Advocate-Depute. The Counsel who came to the defence of the prisoner, without fee, for he was utterly unable to afford any, and we name them with some pride, were, John Clerk, George Cranstoun, Thomas Thomson, James Moncreiff, Francis Jeffrey, J. P. Grant, Henry Cockburn, and J. A. Murray. Never was a brighter bar seen at Edinburgh, in any case, if we except the trial, perhaps, of James Stuart, of Dunearn, for the murder by duel, of Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, the particulars of which we may bring out from some original Glasgow facts and papers in our possession.

The oral pleadings, and especially the written "Information" prepared for this poor prisoner, Andrew M'Kinlay, by James Moncrieff, Esq., Advocate, father of the present accomplished Lord Advocate of Scotland, and extending to some hundreds of pages of written mat-

ter, were never surpassed, for cogent argument and masterly eloquence. On *four* successive, but different occasions, as the books of Justiciary, we presume, will still show, viz., on the 2d and 23d of June, on the 18th and 23d July, 1817, Andrew M'Kinlay stood arraigned at that bar—his Counsel on all those occasions strenuously objecting against the relevancy of the libel,—that it was not sufficient to sustain the capital charge of High Treason against him. His life on all those different occasions, was trembling in the balance, with the lives of many others besides him—resulting in sure and certain Death in the most revolting form—should the capital conviction against him be pronounced.

Their Lordships by a majority “*sustained* the Libel as relevant to infer the pains of law ;” and on the PROOF to be now led, the life we repeat, of that man and those others inevitably depended. Eventful day it was for Scotland, that trial. The main evidence for the Crown against M'Kinlay, rested, as was supposed, on one John Campbell, a weaver of Glasgow, who was frequently seen and examined by the Crown lawyers before the trial, and quite ready and prepared, they thought, to SWEAR out and out, that M'Kinlay, the prisoner, had actually administered the Treasonable Oath to this witness Campbell, and others, in several places in Glasgow ; and therefore, that the prisoner was not the simple innocent man he pretended to be ; but that he was in truth, the guilty, treasonable wretch, steeped to the very neck in crime, all over.

His life, however, was saved almost by a miracle. John Campbell, the expectant witness for the Crown, was in truth, a Reformer at heart. He knew M'Kinlay, and felt much for him in his perilous predicament. But the Crown

lawyers were so eagerly anxious to *secure* him as their chief witness against M'Kinlay, that they had Campbell actually closely confined as a prisoner "in the Castle of Edinburgh:" and there some of them frequently visited him, and they tampered with him, and absolutely offered to reward or bribe him, for giving his evidence. Yes, they offered—they seriously promised to give the man a good Government situation abroad, after the trial was over, provided he would only swear directly to the oath against M'Kinlay. And believing they had thus completely secured Campbell, and to keep him in the best humour possible towards them for their purposes, he soon began to receive the most kindly treatment—in short, all manner of indulgence in Edinburgh Castle, compatible with the perfect safety and security of the man. He came to know full well that the life of M'Kinlay was at stake—fast ebbing one way or another. But while this was the case with Campbell, M'Kinlay's own Counsel and agents in Edinburgh were peremptorily denied all access to this all-important witness John Campbell, in Edinburgh Castle. It was their province, and they naturally wanted to see and know what he could really say against the unhappy prisoner, now approaching, as they thought, his "awful doom:" but the Governor of the Castle, with all its officers and subordinates, were strictly ordered and prohibited by the law officers of the Crown in Scotland, to deny any access whatever to him "by strangers," excepting always themselves or those who could show a written pass from them. The soul of Campbell, accidentally overhearing this, took alarm. His conscience began to smite and gnaw him. But what could he do? He was a close prisoner in that Castle, excluded from every human being except those Crown lawyers or agents. But

in his musings an ingenious thought struck him. He had plenty of tobacco, in rolls of it given to him by Captain Sibbald. He also had the *free* use of pen, ink, and paper, which to M'Kinlay was denied. He scribbled on a small bit of paper addressed to M'Kinlay these words:—"They are wanting to *Bribe* me to swear away your life, but I'm true." Campbell cleverly put that slip into the inside of one of his small rolls of tobacco, and asked the Governor, when he next appeared in his cell, if he would just have the goodness to do him the favour to take and give this *quid* of tobacco to Andrew M'Kinlay, on the other side of the battlements of the Castle. This the Governor, without the slightest suspicion, at once promised to do: and he kept his word. Poor M'Kinlay in a day or two afterwards, when untying this small piece of tobacco for use, became rather astonished at the written slip of paper he therein found, and read it over and over anxiously and carefully. He was allowed access only to one of his own lawyers at a time: so, when that gentleman came ere long to visit him in his cell in the Castle, M'Kinlay naturally enough put the bit of paper into his hands, telling him how singularly he had received it. This note, on that small bit of supposed *waste* paper, became the pearl of great price to M'Kinlay and to his case and final destiny. It was of course immediately and confidentially communicated to his learned Counsel. They were all very much surprised at it; and all agreed in this, that immediately Mr. Ramsay, W.S., one of the prisoner's agents, should write officially to the Lord Advocate, as also to the Crown agent, respectfully requesting to be admitted openly into the Castle to see the witness John Campbell. The request so made was peremptorily refused. It was made a second and a third time with no

better success. The anxious day of trial at last arrived. The Judges were seated. Proof was called. "Bring forth John Campbell from the Castle," said the macer of Court, acting on the direction of the Lord Advocate. "Stop a bit!" said Mr. Jeffrey, adjusting his gown, and his eyes sparkling with more than their usual animation; for he was now to play a most tremendous stroke—the most important that any advocate could play—for the weal or woe of his unhappy client, barricaded in the dock, struggling for his life. "My Lords," said Jeffrey, "we object to this man's evidence. He has been shut up in the Castle of Edinburgh, and upon making application to the civil and military powers we have been denied access to him. He is described in this indictment as 'a prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh.' Your Lordships have found in other cases that a description of a person as residing in a certain *street* in Glasgow is not enough, or of a person as following a particular profession in the east; and is it sufficient, then, to say of a witness that he is a prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh?"

And then directing his piercing eyes towards the seat of the Lord Advocate and Crown agent, Mr. Jeffrey went on with this most cutting piece of satire:—"My Lords, the prosecutor has *prevented* us from identifying this witness: how, then, can we know who the witness is, from anything yet told us? He is as a man shut up in a sealed casket, to whom we have no access. He is still *an egg in the shell*, and is not to come out until the proper process of incubation be gone through by His Majesty's advocate." The Lord Advocate here became rather fidgety. "My Lords," continued Jeffrey, "the public prosecutor has been *hatching this evidence in the Castle of Edinburgh*, and it is not yet disclosed. (Sensa-

tion.) If we go to the Castle, and approach the sentinels, and seek admission to the witness, they ask who goes there, and present their muskets to us. We then go to the more civil Fort Major, who tells us to go to the Crown Agent. He refers us to the Lord Advocate. His Lordship declines giving us access. We therefore protest against the reception of John Campbell as a witness for the Crown on this trial."

A long and interesting debate ensued on both sides of the bar. The Lord Advocate insisted that Campbell ought to be received as a good competent witness; and the Court allowed him to be brought forward and sworn. All eyes were now directed towards that witness. Jeffrey and all the other Counsel saw that the moment had now arrived for *testing* him through the small bit of paper in the roll of tobacco. In fact, it now became life or death—neck or nothing—for the prisoner M'Kinlay.

LORD HERMAND administered the solemn oath in the first instance to the witness, and then put *in limine* some questions usually put to witnesses in those days. "Have you any malice or ill-will, sir, to the prisoner at the bar?" Answer, "None, my Lord." "Has any body given you any *reward* or *promise* of reward for being a witness on this trial?" "YES! my Lord," was the immediate reply.

The Court was thunderstruck. The question, with solemn emphasis, was repeated, the Court thinking that the witness had not properly *heard* or understood the question. It was again distinctly answered in the same way: "Yes, my Lord." The audience were now amazed Jeffrey's eyes flashed, if possible, with greater interest and animation; but he calmly folded his arms, looking now with some smiling aspect upon the witness. His victory or ignoble defeat was, he perceived, at hand. On he more

smilingly but boldly went, telling the witness "*to speak out—don't be afraid.*" And speak out he certainly did, with a vengeance, and the most thrilling and decisive effect. This important witness called for the Crown, and received by the Court notwithstanding the clever objections made to him by the prisoner's Counsel, went on and told slowly, articulately, and pointedly, how he had been attempted to be *bribed* in the Castle by Mr. Drummond, the Advocate-Depute sitting at the bar—and that, too, in the very presence and hearing of the Sheriff of Edinburgh, to whom the witness boldly referred in *confirmation* of his statement—that he was absolutely to get a good permanent Government situation abroad, through Lord Sidmouth, *after* he gave his evidence for the Crown that day on that trial!

This sworn statement of Campbell, so strikingly and unexpectedly made, smashed the anticipated evidence for the Crown to atoms, and shattered to pieces the whole framework of the huge Bill of Indictment for Treason, which had been repeatedly laid on the table of the House of Commons. The case, in short (trumped up by Richmond), now recoiled and fell from its own baseness—from its own utter and absolute want of *honest* support. The Crown lawyers rapidly bundled up their books and papers, and left the Court in a different manner they expected to do when they entered it that morning. The prisoner's Counsel snatched him cordially by the hand. He bowed his grateful thanks to them, and also to their Lordships. He was liberated from the bar; and he walked quickly home that night to Glasgow, to see his anxious wife and seven young children—all, as may be supposed, in great anxiety and distress about him for three long months, under that terrible charge of High Treason.

Richmond—who was in Edinburgh, skulking behind the Crown lawyers in these proceedings—informs us, in his own subsequent Narrative, that when he waited on some of them in their chambers on the following day, “they appeared like chagrin and mortification personified.” The statement of Campbell, he declares, fell upon them “like a bomb-shell.” And yet this scoundrel, Richmond, does not hesitate to state, in the printed narrative which he afterwards published—for he, too, in process of time, turned tail upon them, because they did not continue to give him sufficient sums of money for his “invaluable services,” as he had the effrontery to call them; and he adds, “I had frequent opportunities of unreservedly hearing the sentiments of the Crown lawyers during the progress of the trial:”—“Had they in the first instance succeeded”—mark the villain’s words—“in establishing the administration of the oath, *two or three* would have been sentenced to *capital punishment*, and a number more to transportation; and I have no hesitation,” he further declares, “in saying, that their sentences would have been carried into execution. And thus terminated,” he adds, “the case in Scotland upon which the Ministry depended for a justification of their proceedings,”—the Suspension, we have already observed, of the Habeas Corpus Act.

What infamy! What diabolical villany! Were not these black days indeed for Scotland? The preservation of M’Kinlay through that small roll of tobacco seems almost incredible; but “trifles light as air” sometimes lead to important results. Thus Shakspeare, in his tragedy of “Macbeth,” says:—

“The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
And with honest trifles
Lead us to deep consequence.”

The result of that trial protected for a time the liberties of Scotland. It affronted the Government. It almost covered their Lord Advocate and his coadjutors with irretrievable disgrace. They had no more trials for High Treason *that* year in Scotland; but still they had their overwhelming majorities in both Houses of Parliament. And yet they were nursing their wrath to keep it warm.

In his place in the House of Lords, 16th June, 1817, Earl Grey emphatically condemned the conduct of Ministers. "Glasgow," he said, "was one of the places where treasonable practices were said, in the Report of the Secret Committee of both Houses, to prevail to the greatest degree; but there could no longer be any doubt that the alleged treasonable oaths were administered by hired spies and informers."

But we are now to enter upon a later and still more thrilling piece of history. Within two years after the date of M'Kinlay's trial in 1817, there broke out a new phase in Glasgow matters, and it came to a terrible height in 1819-20. Mr. Richmond, the Spy, was still active amongst us in this city, not yet publicly detected, for he contrived to have his minions secretly around him, ready for the scent, like a pack of well-trained hounds. Those emissaries of Spies swarmed also over England, patronized by Government, as was afterwards clearly proven—receiving their pay or reaping their rewards—or the wages rather, of their iniquity, from the Government, through the Secret Service Money of the State, still at their absolute disposal.

Reform—Radical Reform, was now assuming its state-liest form—its brightest aspect. The Government, with fresh vigour, again determined to crush it. They refused to give one member of Parliament to Birmingham, or

any to Manchester. They absolutely denied any Reformation whatever, of the House of Commons; and Glasgow might have slept on to this day, and Paisley and Greenock, and "Bonnie Dundee," and the fair city of Perth, the Sons of the Rock, at Stirling, and "our Falkirk bairns," and the Kilmarnock wabsters, and the Aberdonians, with others, might have been all "Nodding—nid, nid, nodding," as the song says, for aught the Government cared. Most assuredly, those important places in this our land, never would have been emancipated or permitted to enjoy the franchise to any degree, if Lords Sidmouth and Castlereagh had been able to keep them under subjection. But the loud shouts of the people—the rational and reasonable people of Scotland, were not to be trifled with now: and yet the Government resolved to keep them in awe, by the axe and the sword, and the horrid black hurdle and its trappings, surmounted by the hangman, covering his face in his black veil, as if ashamed of his work, with all his other shocking paraphernalia. Treason—Treason—High Treason—was to be doom of those simply crying for Reform against the combined powers of corruption and prodigality in the State.

It happened unfortunately for the Government itself, at that time, that George the Fourth had urged his unpopular Ministers to bring in a Bill of Pains and Penalties against his persecuted and unfortunate wife, Queen Caroline. We reserve to show what Glasgow did on that occasion, till another opportunity. We believe we are now one of the very few survivors that took the original, rather daring, and most active part in it. Our young blood was then we believe, pretty hot, and our heart, we know, beat somewhat ardently in favour of the Queen's cause. The Government at head-quarters, if

pusillanimous before, became severe and almost wicked now. They scrupled at nothing to serve their purposes. This was the period, dismal as it was to many, that brightened up the successful career of two eminent men, viz., THOMAS DENMAN and HENRY BROUGHAM—leading without a doubt to the elevation of DENMAN to the seat of the Lord Chief-Justice of England, and BROUGHAM to the seat of the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain—both individuals being previously the dauntless advocates of the Queen, without any silken gowns upon their persons—for these were scowlingly denied them by the Government of George the Fourth. We remember of hearing, that old *Cockie* Miller, Professor of Law in Glasgow College, laid a bet of £10 to £100, that Brougham would one day become Chancellor. He gained it.

The design of the Government now obviously was to impress FEAR upon the minds of the middle and upper classes, and get them to unite, for their own safety, as one man, for the preservation of the strict prerogatives of the House of Commons, or the resolution to keep the seats of that House unalterably fixed; or, in other words, to maintain the huge Parliamentary *Monopoly*, for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many, and to suffer no man to enter that House except through the Aristocracy, the select Boroughmongers, or their agents.

This was agreeable enough for some: it did not do for all. Loud knockings for admission, through an extension of the franchise, came to be heard at the doors of the House itself. The Life Guards and the Horse Guards were ordered to be in readiness at a moment's notice. It is still somewhat pleasant to look at the Horse Guards, as they stand in Parliament Street, with their polished

armour. But the alarm was now dexterously raised by Government, that whereas there were “treasonable *oaths*” to subvert the Government in 1817, there were now (1819–20) the most atrocious designs in operation to overthrow the Government—subvert the Constitution—dethrone George the Fourth—and to bring in a Provisional Government, composed of execrable and most desperate *Radicals*, who had nothing to lose, but every thing to gain, by the cutting of the throats of the chief members of both Houses. We are not exaggerating in this at all. The debates in both Houses of Parliament at the time will show it. And again it was asserted, in the strongest language, that Glasgow was the hot-bed in Scotland for these “damnable projects.” We scorn now the foul accusation, but it was then believed.

On *Sunday* morning, the 1st of April, 1820, a most treasonable address in reality, as it appeared to be, was posted over the walls of the city, and read by anxious hundreds and thousands, as they were proceeding to, and coming from church. It was one of the most exciting Sundays in Glasgow that Glasgow ever saw. Talk now of Sabbath desecration! Every man, woman, and child then in the city, instead of reading their Bibles or learning their Catechisms, talked and read only of this treasonable address; and as they saw in the afternoon, or heard clanking at night, troops of hussars entering the city in battle array, they were mightily alarmed. We remember the earnest prayer of Dr. Chalmers, in his then new church of St. John’s in the Gallowgate, that afternoon, crowded to excess. So intent and silent were the vast audience, that a pin might have been heard falling when he uttered the passage; it was to this effect:—“O mighty Lord and Governor of the universe! preserve

this kingdom, we humbly beseech thee, from the horrors of civil war, apparently approaching us in this city. Keep us ever in thy fear; and fit us for all our duties, temporal and eternal." With the exception of Mr. Matthew Montgomerie of Kelvinside, one of Dr. Chalmers's esteemed elders, we may here add, there are few perhaps now alive in the city that can record this other fact, viz., that we heard the whole of Dr. Chalmers' sermons in Glasgow, with three exceptions, from the time he came to the time he left it, including those of his assistant, the famous Edward Irving, who could crack a joke with any in the city. An original copy of that alleged treasonable address is now upon our table, beginning with these words:—

"Friends and Countrymen!—Roused from that state in which we have been sunk for so many years, we are at length compelled from the extremity of our sufferings, and the contempt heaped upon our Petitions for Redress, to assert our rights *at the hazard of our lives.*"

And then it proceeded in the most glowing terms, urging them to fly to arms to regenerate their country, and so forth. And it concluded thus—"By order of the Committee of Organization for forming a Provisional Government. Glasgow, April 1st, 1820."

Had it been the *gowk's* day, nothing could have served better for a vast turn out of gaping people at some laughable expense. But every one deemed it to be of the most serious and alarming description. No one doubted its authenticity: no one ventured to call it in question, as the work of any Spy. All became aghast! preparing earnestly for their own safety from the Revolutionary hands of this Provisional Government—dating its decree from Glasgow.

Mr. Richmond, and his minions or hyenas, were lurking about eagerly enough for their prey. They declared at some meetings assembled for the purpose, that England was already in ARMS—that Kinloch of Kinloch, was coming from France with 50,000 troops, and that 5000 of these troops were to be encamped on Cathkin Braes to command the city, seize its Banks, hold its Excise and Custom Houses, and bind its authorities hand and foot; while Marshal M'Donald, and the Provisional Government on its undoubted success, would soon be enabled richly to reward all their "faithful friends and true followers."

The *bait* took—wild and extravagant though it was—the spies and emissaries secretly rubbing their hands as soon to be rewarded by the existing and powerful Government of the day, for running down every Radical they could beat up in their dens: and alas! a few simpletons like M'Kinlay, with the Treasonable Oath, fell into this most fatal and infernal TRAP prepared for them.

They had commenced under cloud of night to DRILL, exactly as was wished they should do in certain quarters—their numbers were greatly magnified in other places: some fifty weavers were transmogrified into as many hundreds: and in that way, the Magistrates if not grossly imposed upon, were at least most thoroughly alarmed. The Executive Government hearing and knowing of all this, ordered some 5000 of regular troops—infantry, artillery, and dragoons—to enter, guard, and occupy the city. Those troops consisted of the Rifle Brigade, the 80th and 33d Regiments, the 7th and 10th Hussars, the Ayrshire Yeomanry, the East Lothian Yeomanry, the Dumbartonshire Yeomanry, &c., &c. Then it was that the corps of Gentlemen Sharpshooters, mustering nearly

1000 strong, came at their own expense, into active duty, dressed in their pretty embroidered green jackets, and trousers, and glazed hats, with their splendid military band of music, which made them to be regarded as the most handsome and agreeable corps that ever patrolled the city. We had the honour to belong to them. They are well entitled to a separate chapter at our hands, and we will give it by and bye; for though few, not more than sixty or seventy out of the 1000 now survive, we will say, without the fear of contradiction, and without subtracting in the slightest degree from the merits of the Volunteers of the present day, of whom indeed we are all justly proud, that they may emulate, but cannot surpass the dauntless bravery of their predecessors "in arms" forty years ago, nor eclipse them for dutiful attention to every duty required of them, whether in the glow of summer, or the depths of winter; in sunshine, or in storm, at all times and all seasons, those Glasgow Sharpshooters of old most faithfully did their duty, and never once flinched from it. And it is most gratifying to know and to state the fact even yet, that under the command of their soncy and cheerful Colonel, Samuel Hunter, Esq., Editor of the *Herald*, they were frequently reviewed on the Green of Glasgow, by the Lord President—the Commander-in-Chief in Scotland—and by many of the best and bravest Generals of the time in the British army, including our old Brigade-Major, afterwards Lieutenant General Sir Harry Smith, commanding in India, the glorious hero of Aliwal, from whom we received a long interesting letter four years ago, commencing "My dear Comrade," bringing out some old stories about these old Glasgow Sharpshooters, in the most graphic review, as he stood at the head of them very often in Glasgow Green:

but we have no space for that honoured letter at our command now, much as we prize it, and much as our vanity might prompt us to give it. But the brave General, with many other warriors, is now at rest. It is here somewhat significant to remark, as showing the fits and starts of human life, that, with the exception of the officers composing the *Sixth* Company of Sharpshooters, *all* the Captains, and nearly all the officers, composing the other ten or twelve Companies, are dead and gone, but of the Sixth Company, two of its original officers still survive, viz., William Smith, Esq., of Carbeth-Guthrie, Lord Provost of the city, who was its *Captain*, and William Hamilton, Esq., of North Park, afterwards Lord Provost of the city, who was its *Lieutenant* with William Euing, Esq., of the Royal Exchange, *Sergeant*, William Brown, Esq., ex-Lord Dean of Guild, *Corporal*; while amongst the "*full privates*" surviving of that Company, we may mention the names of Hugh Barclay, Esq., Sheriff-Substitute of Perthshire, Alex. Hamilton, Esq., W.S., LL.D., Edinburgh, Angus Turner, Esq., Town Clerk of Glasgow, John Buchanan, Esq., formerly Secretary of the Western Bank, James Muirhead, Esq., Jeweller to the Queen, and D. C. Rait, Esq., Goldsmith, while amongst the other Companies we may pick out and recognise almost at random, Patrick Robertson Reid, of the Arcade, William Patrick, of the Cathedral, and a few others. When the late (new) Volunteer movement began in Glasgow, these "old fogies," if you please, headed by SENEX, remembering their former services, and still glowing with martial pride, made a dutiful tender of their services *de novo* to Her Majesty the Queen: and her Majesty through the late Duke of Hamilton, Lord Lieutenant of the

County, was graciously pleased to accept of them. That ancient corps of Glasgow Sharpshooters are represented now by three officers, viz., Walter Buchanan, Esq., late M.P., Captain; George Crawford, Esq., Clerk of the Peace for Lanarkshire, Lieutenant; and John Gilmour, Esq., ex-Magistrate of the city as Ensign; with Peter Mackenzie, ex-Secretary, and are engrafted on the strength of the Third Battalion of Volunteers under the name of "the Old Guards of Glasgow"—a name we think, which may glide through the annals of Glasgow without any disparagement.

But we must wheel backwards, and take a short review now of some of the other deeds of 1819-20.

Early on the morning of Monday, the 3d of April, (the Magistrates sitting up all night on Sunday,) issued the following

"PROCLAMATION.

"IN consequence of the present threatening appearances, the Lord Provost, Magistrates, Sheriff, and Justices, hereby order all shops to be shut this and every following night, until tranquillity is restored, at the hour of six: and they hereby enjoin all the inhabitants of the city to retire to their houses as soon as possible thereafter, and not later than seven o'clock.

"All strangers are hereby enjoined to withdraw from the city before seven o'clock at night. Parties or groups of people standing together, or walking on the streets after the hour of seven, will be deemed disturbers of the peace, and will be dealt with accordingly.

"If the lamps are put out, the inhabitants are desired immediately to illuminate their windows with as much light as they can conveniently command.—GOD SAVE THE KING.

"Glasgow, April 3d, 1820."

The above authentic and *official* Proclamation, a copy of which is now upon our table, abundantly shows that

we have not been exaggerating some of our preceding statements in any degree. And does not that document, which we have brought again to light after the lapse of so many years, strikingly convey to our readers of the present day some idea as to how Glasgow was encompassed in 1828, ere many of them were born?

Nor is this all. On the *third* day afterwards, viz., Tuesday, 3d April, 1820, the Magistrates issued another PROCLAMATION, denouncing the Treasonable Address of Sunday: and declaring "that the whole military power of the district will be employed in the most decisive manner, against all those coming forward to aid and assist in REBELLION," (these were its very words,) and the consequences, it adds, will be on the *heads* "of those who have seduced and misled the inhabitants, and fatal to all who venture to oppose and resist the overwhelming power at our disposal."

Fancy the city of Glasgow shut up in a state of absolute terror at *six* o'clock of the evening, and "*all* strangers commanded to withdraw from the city before *seven* at night!" What would Morpheus, or Venus, or Bacchus, or Jupiter, or the sons of Mars, or any of the other heathen gods or goddesses say to such a *Proclamation*, if gravely addressed to them now?

But the crowning act in that reign of terror, was yet to come. King George the Fourth, on the 8th of the same month of April, 1820, commanded to be sent down the following Royal Proclamation to Glasgow, an authentic copy of which is also before us:—

"GEORGE R.

"WHEREAS, it hath been represented to Us, that during the night of the 1st day of April, instant, many copies of a Treasonable paper, intituled, 'An Address to the Inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland,'

and purporting to be issued by order of a Committee of Organization for forming a Provisional Government, were affixed on the walls or other conspicuous places in the city and environs of Glasgow, and in various parts of the counties of Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, Dumbarton, and Stirling: Now, We, being desirous to bring to justice the authors and printers of the said Treasonable paper, do hereby, by and with the advice of our Privy Council, promise our most gracious pardon to any person concerned in affixing and publishing the same, except the authors and printers thereof, who shall give such information to one of our principal Secretaries of State, or to our Advocate of Scotland, or to the Lord Provost of our city of Glasgow, as shall lead to the detection of the authors or printers thereof: and for further encouragement to make the said discovery, We do hereby offer a Reward of Five Hundred Pounds Sterling, to any person (except as before stated,) giving such information as aforesaid, so that the said authors and printers may be convicted of writing, composing, and printing the said Treasonable paper, such Reward to be paid on the conviction of the offenders, by the Lords Commissioners of our Treasury.

“Given at our Court at Carlton House, this 8th day of April, 1820, and in the first year of our reign.—GOD SAVE THE KING.”

We established the fact long ago, and we can refer to it again if necessary, that the Treasonable Address spoken of in this high-sounding Proclamation of King George the Fourth, was actually printed in Glasgow, by a young raw apprentice lad of the name of R. F. Fulton, who received £2 for doing so, from one of Richmond's emissaries; but they packed off Fulton immediately to America, lest he should peach upon themselves! All this, and much more about it, we proved in the year 1832, by letters and documents from Fulton himself, addressed to the late Mr. William Lang, printer, in Glasgow, and by other evidence of the most conclusive kind; and therefore we need say nothing more about it in this place.

But the deplorable fact has now to be mentioned by us,

namely, that Richmond and his tribe of villains, consisting of persons of the name of Craig, Lees, Turner, Anderson, King, and others, (but they all too escaped,) contrived to muster about 100 poor idle starving weavers and mechanics, not more, up yonder in the quiet rural "*Fir Park*" of Glasgow, the property of the Merchants' House, now forming the site of our beautiful Necropolis, where thousands upon thousands repose in their silent graves; but there, and in the neighbouring lands of Germiston, the leading Spies got the simpletons armed with pikes, guns, and pistols, telling them to be of good cheer—furnishing them with copies of the "Treasonable Address," and urging them to march on with quick speed to Falkirk, where they would find thousands of their English friends, taking possession of the *cannon* at the Carron Ironworks, with which they were to return back to Glasgow in triumph. And about the same time, a score or two of other individuals of the same class, were assembled on the banks of the Paisley Canal, Port-Eglinton Street, to march in somewhat similar array to Strathaven, there to salute Field-Marshal M'Donald with his troops coming to Cathkin. The assurance of all this was, that England was in a state of "INSURRECTION" already, pouring its forces into Scotland to aid their Scottish brethren demanding their rights: and the other PROOF of this, would, it was said, be found in the fact, that the London Mail Coach coming to Glasgow on the following morning, would be intercepted and captured on some part of the road, and would not enter Glasgow at all! Never could infatuation go farther than this; but it was implicitly believed: and then conning over this Treasonable Address, whether at night or in the grey dawn of the morning, or at any other time, some of these rash and misguided men became perfectly

enraptured with it. They all put some such construction upon it as this:—

“It bids us ’gainst oppression fight,
Resist the wrong, maintain the right,
And, when our country calls, with might
To grasp the patriot steel.”

Within the city on the 2d, 3d, and 4th of April, 1820, all the Banks were guarded by numerous soldiers with fixed bayonets. So was the Excise and Custom Houses. The very Churches of the city had troops within their precincts. The Council Chambers and the Jail were surrounded with soldiers to protect the civil power, and keep the prisoners from rising in tumult. Artillery was actually planted to guard the Bridges on either side of the river, the report being, that the Paisley Radicals 10,000 strong, with their awful pikes and clegs, were marching hitherward; while others greatly feared that the whole city would soon be in flames, if the Mail Coach did not safely arrive; for then the English, with the French troops were surely at hand, and the PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT would soon exhibit itself, and show the thunder of its power!

We can attest this additional fact from personal knowledge. The Royal Bank, then in the old beautiful house once the property of Mr. Cunningham of Lainshaw, and afterwards of John Stirling, Esq., of Cordale, in Queen Street, forming now the site of the Royal Exchange, was carefully barricaded all around, including its spacious gardens, now covered over with handsome shops and counting-houses; and the Bank was thus barricaded, because the interior of it contained much of the valuable plate, and much of the treasure of the city; in fact, the Royal Bank might then be represented to be as the

MINT or the TOWER of Glasgow. The whole of Captain Smith's Company of Sharpshooters, with 20 rounds of ball-cartridges in their cahouches, were drawn up within it; and ladies and gentlemen of the city, were actually seen sobbing and crying, and wringing their hands, and rushing to the Bank to take farewell, through the gape of its iron pillars, of some of its devoted inmates, ere they might be finally slaughtered. We positively saw one of the venerable Magistrates of the city, with the tears trickling down his cheeks, coming and bidding farewell to his eldest son, forming one of the front rank of those armed Sharpshooters! This scene, we confess, rather startled our young hearts at the moment; but when it was announced that the Mail Coach from London had, after all, safely arrived at the Tontine, near to the Cross of Glasgow, three loud cheers were instantaneously set up, affording great relief to agonized parents, sweet-hearts, and wives.

But now for the desperate and BLOODY work. Richmond, or his crew of emissaries, tracked the poor simpletons, or misguided wretches, onwards to their destruction. Old James Wilson, weaver at Strathaven, on whose melancholy case we are now entering, was the first *victim* marked out in that place. He had in 1793 corresponded with William Skirving, and commiserated the fate of Thomas Muir. His house was a sort of rendezvous for some of the Reformers of the village, on the arrival of any stirring news: and his calm and shrewd manners, and inoffensive and most honest disposition, made him a great favourite in the place. He was now in the sixtieth year of his age. He had heard by the merest accident, of the Treasonable Address on Monday. It had been posted up at Strathaven under

cloud of night. No one in Strathaven knew anything about it personally. But of course it made a sensation in the place. We are now, on a calm review of all the circumstances, enabled to make the following statement, founded on the most perfect truth. Poor old Wilson was startled out of his quiet bed, in his own house, early on Thursday morning, by one Sheilds, sometimes calling himself King, and at other times Craig, from Glasgow. He varied his name often in Glasgow, as he went from place to place, but there can be no doubt he was one of Richmond's most active emissaries. This villain King, had been able to assemble about twenty or thirty persons in or near Wilson's house. He told them the grand news from Glasgow, that the Provisional Government was getting on gloriously—that Marshal M'Donald was actually encamping on Cathkin Braes—the stoppage of the Mail, and so forth. The old man, innocent, scratched his head, as if really doubtful about the news; but Sheilds cursed and swore, and said he should be shot dead if he became a coward at last; and this threat literally overcame the scruples of the old unwilling man. Seeing this, Sheilds now insisted that he should take and carry in his hand an old rusty sword which had hung in a stocking frame near the head of his bed. In the village there happened to be an old tattered flag with the words inscribed on it, "Scotland free, or a desert;" and with an old tin kettle for a drum, the squadron marched that morning from Strathaven *via* Kilbride, on the high road to Glasgow. It is almost laughable to describe this, but it is no laughable matter. The words on that flag which we have just quoted, were deemed to be actual words of "High Treason" soon afterwards, in the High Court of Oyer and Terminer,

in Glasgow. But we go on with our narrative. After marching for a short distance, the Villain Spy contrived to elude or slip away from them; and the poor simpletons, on the advice of Wilson himself, (now beginning to think they had been grossly deceived,) were in the act of retracing their steps and returning quietly home; and Wilson in point of fact had reached his home, and was seated in his own house, when he was surrounded by officers of the law, and carried as a prisoner to *Hamilton Barracks*, where he lay till Sabbath morning; and on that day he was transmitted in irons to the prison of Glasgow. Here now, we must leave the case of Wilson at present, to bring under the notice of our readers the other expedition, which we alluded to as starting from the Fir Park (behind the Cathedral) for FALKIRK. It was the most important of the two, and we must dwell upon it at some little length, because we think it is really fraught with some interest yet.

At this point of starting from Glasgow, between ten and twelve o'clock at night of Tuesday the 3d of April, we have evidence to warrant us in stating, that not more than 70 or 80 individuals assembled altogether. It was well indeed that there were not more of them, for the massacre which followed; but they were enough for the *Plot* or the purpose aimed at. They were harangued in the most glowing terms by two persons named Turner and Craig—they, too, frequently changed their names in Glasgow, as they shifted from place to place; but they were undoubtedly EMISSARIES under Mr. Richmond. They were also harangued on that fatal night, by apparently a gentleman in a travelling cloak, speaking the English accent, and assuring them of the glorious news from England, of which he had just been the bearer

to the Glasgow Committee of the Provisional Government:—

Bru.—Do you know them?

Luc.—No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discern them
By any mark of favour.

Bru.—Let them enter—

They are the faction. O, Conspiracy,
Should'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage?
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

The above meeting, however, told upon their excited feelings pretty well; and having been on that dark night furnished with swords and pikes, and muskets and pistols, and powder and ball, to some extent, they were urged to direct their course towards the village of Condorret, where they should *halt* at the house of Mr. John Baird, in that village, who was well known as one of the quiet decent Reformers of the place: and heretofore, we may observe, a young man of the most irreproachable character, just entering on his 30th year. Condorret was thus to be the *first* stage of their route as they went on to Falkirk, to salute their English friends, and seize the *cannon* at the Carron Works. This first part of the Plot was well arranged, and it answered the designs of its *managers* completely. There can be no doubt that the *Spies* were then most active, spreading their nets in the best places imaginable for their designs; and we had it direct from the lips of one of the then managers of those great works at Carron many years ago, that they were positively apprised

of what was likely to happen from Glasgow, and a Company of the 18th Regiment from Edinburgh or Stirling Castle, was secretly in waiting for the supposed attack!

There went that same night from Glasgow to Con-dorret, another Villain Spy of the name of King, still more effectually to entrap John Baird. King made the most glowing representations to him; and poor Baird in the fulness of his innocent unsuspecting heart, declared that he would be ready to welcome and receive, and attach himself to "the band of patriotie brothers coming from Glasgow." This was exactly what was wanted of him. He was now thick and deep into the mesh—bound for the crusade to Carron. As the morning dawned of the 6th of April, 1820, the jaded squad from Glasgow reached the quiet village of Con-dorret. The paucity of their numbers, and their ill-conditioned appearance, rather took Baird, and his few other friends in the village, somewhat by surprise; but King (the Spy,) solemnly assured them that they would be joined by thousands of true followers, as they approached Falkirk. Onwards, therefore, in that direction they went; but the Villain Spy seeing them thus fatally engaged or entangled, contrived to get away from them on the pretext that he required to be in Glasgow that forenoon to meet the Provisional Committee on some of their most urgent business; but while there, he would take care to report most favourably of each and all of them to the Provisional Government, in order that they might be adequately rewarded on their return. They were now like sheep in the shambles, ready for slaughter.

Of the party from Glasgow, the best and bravest, perhaps, amongst them all, was Andrew Hardie—a young man—a weaver by trade, a native of the city, then in his

26th year, and engaged to be married to a pretty young girl, in humble life like himself, of the name of Margaret M'Keigh,—

“Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short, but simple annals of the poor!”

Hardie, from his spirited appearance, was chosen on the spot as their leader, with John Baird, the next in command under him. They became at this stage of their proceedings, “sworn affiliated brothers,” though they never saw each other before; but they fell like brothers on the scaffold at the last. It happened most unfortunately for Hardie, that he was reading the Treasonable Address, just as he saw it posted in the neighbourhood of his poor mother's house, in Duke Street, near the High Street, on the Sunday morning, soon after it was there put up. To that poor widow's house, which afterwards became the attractive spot of one of the most splendid *Illuminations* that ever took place in Glasgow, we shall by and bye, with some interest refer.

Great crowds were gathered around that Treasonable Address in Duke Street, on that Sabbath morning: some were for tearing it down and trampling it under foot, but Hardie struck in and resisted the doing of this, till he read it more attentively; and at this point he was seen and recognised by his namesake, James Hardie, Esq., who was then one of the most active Anti-Reform Justices of the Peace in Glasgow. The life of Andrew Hardie came afterwards materially to depend on that occurrence, simple and natural though it then was, and in the way we have truly stated it.

But to recur to our narrative—the now weary bam-

boozled Radical squad, out all night, travelling on foot to Falkirk, began to muse and to think seriously of their situation. They saw no English troops. The lights of Carron, they observed, were blazing before them in their usual manner; and every thing was in quietness around. They therefore became for the first time, rather sceptical. Were they really deceived? But still they went on a little farther: and hunger gnawing them, and thirst somewhat oppressing them, they drew up, still showing some lingering courage, and approached now an important station, namely, the house of Mr. Archibald Buchanan, provision and spirit-dealer, at Castlecarry Bridge, on the high road from Glasgow to Falkirk. When they mustered at that place, there were only left about thirty of them in all—with their pikes, guns, and pistols. The refreshments they anxiously called for there, deserve to be noticed. It simply consisted of a dozen bottles of porter, a half-mutchkin or two of whisky, and a dozen of twopenny loaves; and on that humble stinted fare, which surely our friend Mr. Forbes Mackenzie would not grudge—there they rested for the space of nearly an hour. When the reckoning was called for, it amounted exactly to *Eight Shillings* of sterling money. They could scarcely (poor devils!) muster that amount amongst them; and it is amusing to notice, that they asked the innkeeper if he would take “a Bill from them for the amount *at six months’ date*, to be drawn on the spot, on the PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT at Glasgow!” Hear this, ye modern upstarts, with less moral character than that of Hardie and Baird,—ye vipers, who, by false and fictitious Bills, swindled the Western Bank of Scotland out of upwards of £500,000 sterling,—and smile if ye can, at this modest proffered Bill of Eight

Shillings, for "real value" obtained on the spot! The douce canny innkeeper, however, at Castlecarry, rather demurred at this proposal of the six months' bill, on such great potentates as this so-called Provisional Government. He observed that he had not the honour of knowing any of them personally; neither had the poor devils themselves; they were profoundly ignorant of the Provisional group, and could not tell the real names or designations of any one of them: whereupon the simple-minded John Baird, weaver, from Condorret, drew out his humble purse from his pocket, and paid the full reckoning. The innkeeper then smiled complacently enough,—bowing and thanking them for the money, and wishing them all success in their great enterprise.

NICK himself might almost smile at the above bare recital of this occurrence; but it was solemnly *proved* as an element of Treason, and it became no smiling, but a real *tragical* piece of business, as we shall show, very soon afterwards.

"Behold, another day breaks in the east:
But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives."

—*Shakspeare.*

Onwards to the heath, or upwards to the hill of Bonnymuir, these thirty men went on Wednesday morning, and lay down and rested their weary limbs for a short space, on the budding heather; and from that spot they had a clear and distinct view for many miles around, of one of the most beautiful scenes in this part of Scotland, namely, the Frith of Forth, the Abbey

Craig, the nucleus of the Wallace Monument, the Grampian Hills, with Stirling Castle, all vividly before them. There they quietly stretched themselves, as we have just remarked, upon the blooming April heather, and yawning with fatigue, from the effects of their long midnight and morning journey, they now formed the unanimous resolution of returning home that same afternoon quietly to Glasgow, since they saw no appearance of the great promised aid from England, nor so much as the least friendly recognition or symptoms of approving welcome, either from Carron or Falkirk, or anywhere else, in the spacious landscape around them.

They now became positively disheartened; but their feelings were soon aroused in a way they little dreamt of when they left Glasgow, or when they still more recently bade adieu to the quiet village of Condorret. They saw coming galloping towards them, a troop of the 7th Regiment of Hussars, with their waving lances and bright polished armour glittering in the April sun, followed closely by some of the Stirlingshire Yeomanry, armed and mounted. This sudden sight to these poor deluded dupes, brought with it at once the most serious moments of consternation and decision. With the courage worthy of a better cause, they started to their feet, formed themselves into front rank, and made ready their pikes, pistols, and guns, unanimously resolving to do or to die on that field.

Heroism in any form is attractive. It was here evinced in a lamentable degree. For instead of throwing down their weapons, and running away, or crying for mercy, as they might easily have done, Hardie and Baird, in particular, boldly defied the Hussars and the Yeomanry as they approached in hostile array; and it is the fact,

that these twenty or thirty wearied unhappy creatures, with something like military tactics, again formed themselves into solid square, and with their feeble pikes they repelled back for a moment or two, both the Lancers and the Yeomanry, with their prancing horses and expert riders. In vain, the brave, but most humane officer commanding those Hussars, Lieut. Hodgson, or Lieut. Jenkinson, who was, we think, a nephew of the Earl of Liverpool, called out to the misguided men to lay down their weapons and surrender. They set up a loud shout of defiance; and the BATTLE, if such it can be called, did indeed go on in right earnest on both sides for a few minutes longer.

Can the result of it be for an instant doubted? The valuable blood-horse, richly caparisoned, of the commanding-officer, was shot down. That officer himself was severely wounded; some of the Hussars were also wounded by the blows of the piercing PIKES—blood was streaming, and cries and curses were now uttering on both sides. The heather on which some of the horses trode became actually on fire; flash after flash went from the loaded carbines of the Hussars; and their lances and swords became whetted with blood. One other dash—one other resolute charge of the military—and the poor infatuated victims, nearly all wounded, and some of them most terribly cut up, were finally subdued, and captured as prisoners.

They were speedily taken away from that to them most fatal field, in carts procured from neighbouring farmers, and taken not to Glasgow, from whence they came, but to STIRLING CASTLE, where the military had been strongly reinforced, and there they were dealt with as we shall soon show.

The news of this BATTLE, exaggerated and magnified to a great degree, soon reached the city of Glasgow: The BELLS rang about it longer than usual at 10 on Wednesday evening; it was a tremendous wet afternoon in Glasgow—it rained in torrents,—

“That night a child might understand,
The de’il had business on his hand.”

And when the farther news of the battle reached London by special express, two days afterwards, Lord Sidmouth hastened with the intelligence to the King at Carlton House,—an Extraordinary Bulletin, or an Extraordinary Edition of the *London Gazette* was immediately published to satisfy the lieges, as well as the Nations of Europe, that the Treasonable Provisional Government, rearing its “Hydra head” in Scotland, was thus completely defeated and destroyed.

Public meetings in this city were immediately held, congratulating the Government on the result. It was *inter alia* stated by Mr. Kirkman Finlay at one of those meetings, and corroborated by Mr. Henry Monteith, and formed part of their resolutions, that “*almost the whole mass of the population*” were concerned in these *desperate* designs. Not true, we say. But others adopted a set of resolutions infinitely more glaring and stringent. These were to the effect, that they would expel from their works and employment, and withdraw from their support “*every person*” entertaining Reform or Radical principles!

We will not farther examine or criticise some other of those resolutions at this time, nor need we do so. They are curious and striking enough; but we may observe, that if followed out now, they assuredly would send into desolation and misery, not only the greater part of the

population of Glasgow, but of the entire kingdom. But whatever was the purpose or intent of those resolutions in 1820, that Movement from Strathaven, and that Battle at Bonnymuir, if battle it can be called, led unquestionably to the most grave and important events, felt then, as probably they ever will be, in this city and the nation at large, for reasons we shall soon follow up, and demonstrate to the satisfaction, we hope, of all parties.

The Government of that period, with their victims in their grasp, and the Spies reaping their secret and untold rewards, lost no time in turning these events into the most terrible account for their own purposes. We beg all classes of the community now to consider this observation, namely, that these poor wretches, instead of being admonished and sent to prison, either for a short or a long period, for their absurd and daring, or contemptible conduct, into which they had been led, through the instigation of hired assassins or spies whom they never suspected; for that, we think, would have been the fitting measure of their punishment at the time, were now to be doomed to be drawn on a Hurdle, and EXECUTED on the gibbet for the capital crimes of High Treason; and to have their heads severed from their bodies, and their bodies to be mangled and quartered by the axe of the Executioner, &c., &c.

It is almost appalling at the present day to think of this, even after the lapse of such a long period; but Truth written on the pages of history, should never die.

The truth then, is, that the Government seized the opportunity of appointing under the King's Signet, one of the most formidable Royal Commissions that ever appeared for the trial of prisoners in Scotland, since the first great Rebellion.

We are almost paralysed with amazement at the copy of it now before us. It is, or was directed to the Right Hon. the Lord President, the Lord Justice-Clerk, the Lords Gillies and Hermand, the Right Hon. the Lord Chief Baron, the Right Hon. the Lord Chief Commissioner, and Lord Advocate of Scotland, and they were enjoined and commanded to hold Special Courts of "Oyer and Terminer," as they were called, through Scotland, particularly in Glasgow and Stirling, Paisley and Dumbarton, &c., for the trial and condign punishment of "all Traitorous persons and Conspirators against the peace and authority of our Lord the King."

These were indeed ominous words, rarely echoed in Scotland. But not contented with committing those trials to the powerful management of the law officers of the Crown in Scotland, who were surely sufficient to cope with any class of culprits whatever, the Government sent down from London on a special retainer, Mr. Sergeant Hullock of the English Bar, afterwards Baron Hullock, with a fee of 2000 guineas in his pocket, to lead the projected criminal proceedings in Scotland.

On Wednesday, the 21st of June, 1820, this great Special Commission, under the Sign Manual of the King, arrived from Edinburgh at Stirling.

We ought to have mentioned that nearly all the prisoners taken at Bonnymuir, Hardie and Baird included, were previously retaken from Stirling Castle, and sent under a strong escort to Edinburgh Castle, there to be seen and examined by the Crown agents. We give the following interesting accounts from the newspapers of the time, of their retransmission again from Edinburgh to Stirling Castle:—

“STIRLING, WEDNESDAY, *June 21.*

“This day, the State Prisoners from Edinburgh Castle, under the guard of Capt. Sibbald, arrived here by the steamboat from Leith, to await the ensuing trials, being attended on board by a strong party of military, while another strong company of military awaited them on their arrival.”

And on the next page, there is this statement:—

“STIRLING, THURSDAY, *June 22, Eight o'Clock, p.m.*

“This night arrived from Edinburgh, the Lords of the Commission appointed to present the bills for Treason to the Grand Jury. Their Lordships were received at St. Ninians, by the Provost and Magistrates, and escorted to the Lion Inn, by the 33d Regiment of Foot, under the command of Colonel Elphinstone, and by an escort of the Glasgow Yeomanry Cavalry, commanded by Capt. Charles Stirling. At the inn they were waited on by General Graham, Deputy-Governor of the Castle, and other gentlemen of the town. The Court meets to-morrow at nine o'clock, and the business before them is expected to occupy to-morrow and Saturday. The town is crowded to excess, and scarcely any accommodation remained for man or beast.”

“STIRLING, SATURDAY, *24th June.*

“This day the Lords Commissioners again met. The Grand Jury again retired, and found true bills against all the prisoners for High Treason.”

Thereupon the Lord President informed the prisoners that they would be capitally arraigned, on or about the 6th day of July next, and under a farther strong escort of military, they were carried back in irons to Stirling Castle.

The names of the prisoners so arraigned on this occasion, and against whom true bills were found in the following order, were—

John Baird, weaver, in Condorret; Thomas M'Culloch, stocking-weaver, in Glasgow; Andrew Hardie, weaver, there; John Barr, weaver, in Condorret; William Smith, weaver, there; Benjamin Moir, labourer, in Glasgow; Allan Murchie, blacksmith, there;

Alexander Lattimer, weaver, there; Alexander Johnston, weaver, there; Andrew White, bookbinder, there; David Thomson, weaver, there; James Wright, tailor, there; Wm. Clarkson, shoemaker, there; Thomas Pink, muslin singer, there; Robert Gray, weaver, there; James Cleland, smith, there; Alexander Hart, cabinetmaker, there; Thomas M-Farlane, weaver, at Condorret.

The Foreman of the Grand Jury was the Hon. George Abercromby; and the prisoners on being asked by the Lord President to name their counsel and agents for the trial, condescended on the names of John Clerk, George Cranston, James Moncrieff, Francis Jeffrey, Henry Cockburn, and J. P. Grant; but it was finally arranged that Mr. Jeffrey should be their leading Counsel, and Messrs. David Blaikie, and William Alexander, W.S., Edinburgh, and Mr. George Bremner, Writer, Stirling, their agents.

Somewhat similar *preliminary* proceedings took place against James Wilson from Strathaven, in Glasgow, and against others, in Paisley, Ayr, and Dumbarton. The attention of the whole kingdom at that time was seriously engrossed by those measures; and it is natural to suppose that the unhappy prisoners themselves, with their numerous friends, were beginning to be seriously alarmed about them. What frightful odds were now telling against them for their lives!

At last the solemn days of trial approached, and the Lords Commissioners took their seats—not with the arrogance and browbeating demeanour of the Judges on the trial of Thomas Muir, in 1793, but with the gravest dignity and circumspection.

Andrew Hardie, the Glasgow weaver, was the *first* selected for trial. John Baird and the others were to follow his trial, and to share in his innocence, or participate in his guilt, if so the Jury found.

At that solemn bar in Stirling, there appeared in array for the Crown, the Lord Advocate, (Sir William Rae) the Solicitor-General, (James Wedderburn) with Henry Home Drummond, and John Hope, Advocates-Depute; Thomas Arnott, W.S., Crown Agent.

Francis Jeffrey—the eloquent and high-minded Francis Jeffrey, generously undertook to lead the Defence, without fee or reward, having as his Junior Counsel, Messrs. Robert Hunter, and A. H. Cullen. He felt a deep interest in the fate of all the unhappy prisoners, because he believed they were the dupes of more artful and designing men: at the same time he gave them no hopes of an acquittal; on the contrary, in all the consultations he held with them, he entreated them “to prepare for the worst.” Nevertheless, he pled for them with a degree of earnestness and eloquence, not surpassed by any of his splendid orations in other causes.

We need not enter on all the particulars of that trial, because we presume our readers sufficiently understand it already. The main point against Andrew Hardie was, that he was cognisant of the Treasonable Address placarded near his mother’s house in Glasgow; and that he refused to allow it to be pulled down or *destroyed* on the Sunday morning as we have previously mentioned. This was proved against him by his namesake, Mr. James Hardie, at the time, we repeat, one of the most active Justices of Glasgow; and shortly after the trial, this Mr. James Hardie received the appointment of Master of Police of Glasgow. The poor simple prisoner endeavoured to explain, and in his dying declaration he asserted the fact, that he had nothing whatever to do with the Address itself—that he was wholly innocent of its fabrication—and that he merely objected to its being torn

down from the place on which it was posted on the street, as indeed any other person might have done, till he first had an opportunity of reading it. But the second, main, and most important point against the prisoner and his companions was, that they were caught in arms fighting against the troops of His Majesty the King, and this was sufficient to bring them within the scope of the Treasonable Address, and to make them responsible for it, under the penalties of High Treason.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the stratagems and delusions which were practised on the unhappy prisoners at other points. These may be sufficiently gathered from previous details. Undoubtedly there was much *hard swearing* in the case against them;—every *legal* point was dexterously driven home against them by Mr. Sergeant Hullock, the English Barrister. No *moral* point however was touched in the case at all; indeed, the moral character of any of the prisoners was never once questioned.

At one important stage of the trial, Sergeant Hullock in all his fury against the prisoners, attempted to browbeat Francis Jeffrey. This, we think, has not been published before; but it is the fact, and it was communicated to us long ago by the late Mr. Alex. McNeil, Advocate. Jeffrey had previously objected to the appearance of Hullock in the case at all—contending that as this was a Scottish case, no English Barrister had a right to conduct it. The Court, however, decided otherwise, ruling that as Scottish Counsel were heard at the bar of the House of Lords, so Mr. Jeffrey could be heard even in cases of Treason at York. Be that as it may, Hullock went on rather defiantly against Jeffrey: and this is what we have now to state for the first time, for it is singular, and will hardly be credited now-a-days, that the Lords Commissioners

expressly interdicted and *prohibited* the Press from printing any of the evidence, or any of the speeches of Counsel till the whole of the trials were over, and that under "the most severe punishment." Behold with what rapidity and no fears of coercion now, in any case, the press exercises its important duties! Mr. Sergeant Hullock, at some stinging observation or other of Mr. Jeffrey, lost command of his temper, and again replied insultingly. Jeffrey sat down, knitting his brows, and called for note paper to be brought to him instantly. Ronald M'Donald of Staffa and Iona, was at that moment sitting in Court. He was, in fact, *Sheriff* of the county of Stirling, and then attending to his official duties in that Court. He was a keen Tory, but he had a warm heart, and great regard for Jeffrey personally. His Highland blood became aroused on behalf of Jeffrey at one part of Hullock's assault; so he quickly wrote, and threw across the table of the bar to Jeffrey, a note to this effect—"Challenge the —, and I'll be your second, any where out of this county." Jeffrey leaped across the table and grasped the hand of Staffa. The Court in a moment saw what was going to take place. A *duel*, undoubtedly, at the end of that awful trial. But the Lord President interposed; and Hullock was made to apologise to Jeffrey, which he did with all the frankness of an Englishman. They became afterwards the warmest friends, and were complimented by the Court for their high honour and masterly attainments.

We will here only give the closing passage of Jeffrey's speech to the Jury, as follows:—

"Gentlemen,—I cannot but think that now that the claim of immediate danger is over in this country, we shall have a fairer chance than at an earlier period—you will look more to the merciful consi-

derations that may induce you to be satisfied with the exposure already made, and to construe what is equivocal with that favourable leaning and bias towards mercy, which the law expects and requires at your hands, and from the consciousness of having exercised which, to your latest days, you will receive more pleasure than if you should act a Roman's part, and decide on a nice point of evidence, to sacrifice those unfortunate individuals who are already by a forfeiture of esteem and respect, to be considered *as the victims of those deeper and more wicked designers whom the law has not yet overtaken*. I think your feelings will be different, if in after times you pass by their dwellings, and instead of meeting with the tearful countenances of their orphans and widows, you there find the men themselves reclaimed from the disaffection with which they may have been tainted—redeemed from the peril on the brink of which they now stand—and enabled by their reformation to return to the exercise of an industry which is beginning to be better rewarded, and to bring up their children, and their children's children to admire those Courts and those Juries who have administered the law in mercy."

But what was all the eloquence of Francis Jeffrey in such a case as this, in such times? Nothing—absolutely nothing. He might as well have attempted to take the Rock of Stirling Castle on his back, as get a verdict of Not Guilty for his clients. They were within the circle of "the *Law of Treason*," and out of it they could not escape; and therefore, one and all of them, without the least hesitation, were condemned.

We upbraid not the Jury, nor any of their descendants in this case. They took the *Law* exactly as it was propounded to them by the Judges; and we need say nothing more about it in this place.

"Yet, oh ye sons of Justice!—ere we quit
This awful Court, expostulation's voice
One moment hear impartial. Give a while
Your honest hearts to nature's touches true."

After some other proceedings at Stirling, SENTENCE of DEATH was solemnly pronounced against *all* of the pri-

soners! What a terrible array that was,—sentence of Death against eighteen human beings at one time! Some selections were made from amongst them, and the latter were transported for life. But the capital sentence was specially ordered to be enforced against Hardie and Baird at Stirling, on Friday, the 8th of September, 1820—in the most horrible manner—for the sentence bore that they should “be drawn upon a hurdle to the place of execution, and be there hanged by the neck until you be dead; and that your heads shall be severed from your bodies, and your bodies shall be divided into four quarters, to be disposed of as His Majesty shall think fit.”

Shocking enough, certainly.

We must here advert for a few moments to the case of James Wilson, tried before the same High Lords Commissioners at Glasgow, on Thursday, the 20th day of July, 1820. The exact array of Counsel appeared for the Crown, as appeared previously at Stirling. On this occasion the prisoner was defended by the following Counsel, viz., Messrs. J. A. Murray, A. E. Monteith, A. H. Cullen, J. S. More, and E. D. Sandford. His Glasgow agents were, Messrs. Graham & Mitchell, and Fleming & Strang: and these agents, at their own expense, brought down from London, Mr. James Harmer, an eminent attorney, to guide them as to the constructive law of English Treason brought to bear against the prisoner. This Mr. Harmer afterwards became either an Alderman, or Lord Mayor of the city of London. And it is singular to remark, that Francis Jeffrey, who conducted the defence of Hardie and Baird at Stirling, became within twelve years afterwards, the popular Lord Advocate of Scotland; while John Archibald Murray, who led the defence for James Wilson in Glasgow, also became within fifteen

years afterwards, the successor of Jeffrey, in that great office of Lord Advocate. Neither the one nor the other of those accomplished gentlemen, we dare to say, ever fancied at the date of those trials, that such changes or elevations referable to themselves, could possibly take place; and yet both of them lived to ascend still higher the Judicial Bench, and actually to become Lords of Session, which they adorned long after their unhappy clients had fallen under the axe as traitors.

We may afterwards publish some interesting correspondence we had with their Lordships, respecting the *survivors* of those trials, soon after their Lordships were clothed with the ermine of high official power, as Lords Advocate of Scotland, which correspondence we know, or the matter of it, attracted the special and gracious attention of His Majesty King William the Fourth, and his Majesty's Ministers, soon after his Majesty came to the Throne, and led to a most gratifying communication from Lord John Russell, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, and also to a special despatch from Lord John Russell, by command of the King, to the then Governor of New South Wales, whither some of those unhappy survivors had been, as above observed, "transported for life." But we must reserve this till we come to dispatch almost with our own right arm, Mr. A. B. Richmond the villain Spy, one of the most atrocious scoundrels, we take leave to say, that ever drew the breath of life in this country. Pritchard, executed the other day, was but a type of him for villany and deceit, in all their blackest forms. We shall then bring up some more remarkable matter in its proper place, and lay it before the eye of our readers. We dare say it will astonish some of them not a little.

Of poor old James Wilson's trial, we may here observe, that there was this difference upon it, from the case of Hardie and Baird. He knew nothing whatever of the Treasonable Address, except hearing of it at Strathaven. He certainly never attempted to tear it down anywhere; nor did he sally forth of his own accord in rebellious warfare; on the contrary, he was *enticed* out of his own quiet house at Strathaven by the crew of villain Spies from Glasgow, who actually threatened to shoot him if he did not go out and join them. The poor old man, we repeat, in the very terror of his life, reluctantly complied. Those villain Spies, in order to get him within the meshes of their designs, compelled him, as we have already remarked, to carry a rusty sword in his hand, and to unfurl an old Strathaven flag, bearing the words upon it, "Scotland free, or a desert." Those things, with other trifling incidents, were deemed to be "*overt acts of High Treason!*" He really got tired and vexed, and repented of his journey ere he had been many minutes upon the road. He desired to return quietly back to his own house. He resisted none of the King's troops, for he saw none to resist. He appeared in no hostile battle array. Order, peace, and reformation, were always his motto. He vowed no vengeance against anyone, for the milk of human kindness was nearer his heart. He certainly offered no promissory notes of any "Provisional Government" to anybody, for he knew nothing whatever about them. He harmed not so much as the hair of the head of any human being in the whole course of those proceedings, or at any time. Yet he was seized as a diabolical villain in his own house that same afternoon or evening, and on the capital charge of High Treason, he was handcuffed and placed in irons, and

carried off to prison. On that charge he was found guilty at Glasgow, and adjudged to suffer Death in the same horrible manner as Hardie and Baird were adjudged to do at Stirling. We were present at his trial, and also at his execution. We remember perfectly the mild inoffensive appearance of the poor old man, as he stood and sometimes sat meekly in the dock. Pity we had not his photograph now; but photographs then were not in contemplation in the excellent way they may be easily obtained now in all quarters: but almost everybody at that date seemed to entertain a foregone conclusion against Wilson, while somehow or other, many seemed to feel a generous degree of compassion for him. He alone of all the crowded Court appeared to be the least anxious or afraid about his own awful fate; for he actually nodded and fell asleep in the dock during one period of his trial, and he was only aroused by the truncheons of the criminal officers beside him. His certainly was not the face of any dark *Traitor* either in fancy or reality. It was rather, we repeat, the face of a mild inoffensive old man, never before implicated in any crime: and as such the Jury evidently viewed him, for although under the law, and from the agitating state of society at the time, they felt themselves constrained to bring in a verdict against him, yet they accompanied it with a strong and unanimous recommendation in his favour to mercy. We afterwards learned from several of the Jury themselves, but they are now all dead, with one exception,—in particular, we learned from the late George Rowand, Esq., of Holmfauldhead, who often conversed with us on the subject, that the Jury were much divided in opinion, and but for that strong recommendation to mercy, in which they all cordially agreed, some of th-

Jury would have held out, and never convicted James Wilson of the capital crime at all. They confidently anticipated that his life would be spared, and that he would be restored to his family and friends at Strathaven, after perhaps some short imprisonment, as a *pardoned* man. These expectations, however, were not realised; and as the day of his execution approached, much commiseration increased for him in Glasgow. The Government, so their officials declared, had determined to make "an example" of him in Glasgow; and they had likewise determined to make a still more terrible example of Hardie and Baird at Stirling. But still the most strenuous exertions were made to save them from the gibbet; and it may be interesting, we think, to notice some of those exertions, proceeding as they did from the most laudable motives of clemency, and no disrespect to the Government itself. There was, we should observe, no recommendation of mercy from the Jury at Stirling. But some of Hardie and Baird's relations were personally known to the Hon. Admiral Charles Elphinstone Fleming, of Biggar and Cumbernauld—a man of the most liberal principles and enlarged heart, who held in after times great influence with the Government. He was, if we are not mistaken, the personal friend and seconder in some duel of Lord Melbourne, the first Prime Minister of her present Majesty, when Her Majesty ascended the Throne. In addition to Admiral Fleming, Hardie and Baird's friends could count on Robert Grahame, Esq., of Whitehill, afterwards Lord Provost of the city of Glasgow; and last though not least, on the Rev. Dr. Thomas Chalmers, and the Rev. Dr. Ralph Wardlaw, names ever cherished in the city of Glasgow. It is the fact that Dr. Chalmers who knew Hardie's poor relatives in Glasgow, and how

he had been entrapped in those unfortunate proceedings, wrote an energetic certificate in his favour to the effect, that the ends of justice might be satisfied by sparing his life. But Robert Grahame, of Whitehill, exceeded them all in point of indefatigable energy on this deplorable occasion. He actually left his own important business occupations in Glasgow, and posted to London for the express purpose of interceding with His Majesty's Government for a reprieve to the condemned prisoners, of whose history, condition, and entanglements, he also was perfectly aware. Mr. Grahame was a gentleman of the highest reputation—universally esteemed in Glasgow by men of all parties. He was the personal friend of the Right Hon. James Stuart Wortley, afterwards Lord Wharncliffe, one of the Cabinet Ministers of George the Fourth. We had what follows on the authority of Mr. Grahame himself, who died some years ago. Poor Hardie had written some most affecting letters from his condemned cell in Stirling, to his relatives in Glasgow, which somehow reached the hands of Mr. Grahame for perusal. Those letters struck him exceedingly. They moved and affected him to a degree, he said, which no letters of any kind had ever done before. We shall present our readers with a few quotations from them as we proceed. We are very sure they will make a profound impression on not a few of our readers of the present day. But it may suffice here to state that, in a postscript to one of his letters, which first rivetted the attention of Mr. Grahame, there was this expression—“*Be sure and be kind to my poor canary*”—a bird that used to sing sweetly to him in its cage, in his humble loom-shop in Glasgow. When Mr. Grahame pointed out these simple artless words to Lord Wharncliffe, the tears came start-

ing to his eyes, and he struck his hands on his forehead, exclaiming, "Good God! he cannot be a cold-blooded wretch that could write such a sentiment. I will intercede for him with my colleagues." But his Lordship's colleagues in the Cabinet sternly decided that the law should take its course, both at Stirling and at Glasgow.

We also had the opportunity of perusing many of Hardie's letters, written in his condemned cell, in Stirling Castle. Indeed, we had them all carefully in our possession some time ago and copied them; and we must here declare, that we never read anything to equal them for real pathos and sublime fortitude. The celebrated letters of the learned and Rev. Dr. Dodd in *his* condemned cell at Newgate, are as nothing to them, for fervid composition. We take leave to give the following few extracts from some of them. Listen to this first one, from the pen of the unfortunate youth, the poor helpless unsophisticated Glasgow *weaver*, addressed observe, to his widowed and distressed mother in Glasgow, after he had received his sentence of death, and say if it does not yet command some generous emotion:—

STIRLING CASTLE, *July 21st, 1820.*

MY DEAR MOTHER, AND RELATIONS,—I take the opportunity of writing you a few lines, informing you of my welfare in this unfortunate situation in which I am placed, and likewise to remind you of the goodness of Him who hath given to the human race a life of labour, of fleeting joys, and transient sorrows, that we may not forget the value of our immortal souls. Since it hath pleased and seemed good to the Sovereign Ruler of heaven and earth to bring his poor feeble son into affliction, He also sends his ministering and consoling hand along with it; and which is bearing me up beyond all human conception, so much so, that I enjoy a calmer and more tranquil mind than I ever experienced in all my life. I know too well that all my feeble efforts will not tend to ameliorate your grief for me in this unfortunate situation. Too well, my dear friends, do I know your

tender hearts which are alive to every feeling ; but what can I say or do ? I may sit here and write, until my eyes are blind with tears, which at present are flowing profusely, not for my own sufferings, or what I am to suffer—these do not give me much concern : but when I reflect on the disconsolate state which, I before observed, you must be in—that alone, my dear mother and friends, is all that I am concerned about in this world. For I expect I have already my peace made up with God, and I hope you will look unto Him, who alone is able to give you support under every dispensation of His providence. Think upon his great goodness to me. Draw consolation from that alone. Could you have thought that I was sufficient to withstand such a shock, which at once burst upon me like an earthquake, and buried all my vain, idle, and earthly thoughts beneath its ruins, and left me like a poor shipwrecked mariner on this bleak shore—this land of disappointments ?

This is the other one to his poor aged Grandfather. Mark the lofty tone of it:—

STIRLING CASTLE, *10th August.*

MY DEAR GRANDFATHER,—I received a letter from you of date the 10th of June, and you will have heard of the result of my unfortunate affair, but there is no help for it now, and therefore it becomes us to submit to the will of God ; permit me therefore to lay before you a few reflections on this most important point, viz., our submission to the will of Providence ; and although I am a young man and have had but little experience in this world, compared with you, I hope you will excuse my presumption for doing so. You have seen much of the vicissitudes of life. You have seen your wife, sons and daughters, and other relations and acquaintances drop off, some of them like the ripe leaf in autumn ; others, as it were, by a sudden gust of wind blown from the tree before they arrived at maturity ; nay, some of them in the very bud. You see what a wide contrast is between you and me, and yet to all human appearance, I shall be away before you. Dear Grandfather, as I am standing on the verge of eternity, and according to the course of nature, you cannot be long in this world—this land of misery—and as we are all poor needy sinful creatures, let us throw ourselves upon Him who is both able and willing to save. My earnest prayer is, that He may put upon us His unspotted robe of righteousness, and fit us for that society whose

business is perfect love. My health continues, with a calm and tranquil mind, and I trust God who has been so kind to me, will continue with me to the end. I hope you will send for my distressed mother, and give her all the consolation in your power.

And in another letter,—the letter more like one from a philosopher, than a condemned weaver, he says:—

“You will have heard all the particulars of my trial—more explicitly than I can give it to you. I shall therefore sum up the whole in a very few words. If I have done wrong, certainly I ought to suffer. If not, my very blood will recoil on their own heads. My trial and sufferings will go through another investigation—before a Tribunal ten thousand times more terrible than that before which I lately stood. You would likewise hear of the manner that my poor frail body is to be mangled, viz., to be hanged, beheaded, and quartered: but this is not all—that will not suffice—my remains are to be left to the disposal of His Majesty. But what matter is all this to me? Although they should take my bones and grind them to powder, there shall not a particle of them be lost, but shall be gathered again, I am waiting with great patience until my time comes. The loss of my life gives me little concern. I am relying on the merits of a blessed Saviour for a happy reception. My sun is nigh set; but I trust it will rise again to set no more for ever.”

Another is in this strain:—

STIRLING CASTLE, *5th Sept., 1820.*

MY DEAR RELATIONS,—I now write you my long and last farewell letter. . . . I have wronged no person—I have hurt no person, and I bless God who has the hearts of all men in His hands, that it never entered mine to hurt my fellow-creatures. No person could have induced me to take up arms in the same manner to rob and plunder. No, my dear friends, I took them up, as I thought, for the good of my suffering country; and although we were outwitted, yet I protest as a dying man, that it was with a good intention on my part. But, dear friends, it becomes me as a dying Christian, to overlook all these matters, which, I bless God, I can do with pleasure. If I can't forgive my enemies, or those that have injured me, how can I expect my blessed Saviour to make intercession for me, who so freely forgave his, even when expiring on the cross he prayed for his

enemies, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." My dear friends, I again hope you will put yourselves to as little concern about me as possible.

Is not that, we ask, one of the most benign letters that ever came from a prisoner's cell?

At the risk of some repetition, we venture to give the following other one from Hardie in this place, which proves in the most solemn and powerful language the depths of his profound affection for his poor widowed mother. It is addressed we should state, as some of the others were, to the care of his cousin, Mr. Robert Goodwin, who is still alive in this city, and who has become, and may be recognised at the present day as one of the most respectable and extensive house-factors in Glasgow. He, we hope, has no occasion to feel in the least degree ashamed of such productions starting again into life, if we may so speak, from the pen of his *decapitated* relative, in the way we are now giving them:—

STIRLING CASTLE, 7th Sept., 1820.

MY DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTER,—As I am now, in a few short hours to take my leave of this vain and transient world, I think it a duty incumbent on me, to lay before you a few observations, and however weak they may, or seem to be, yet upon consideration that they are from your *dying brother*, and as the words or advice of dying friends generally attract the attention, such as they are, I shall transmit them; and may the Lord illuminate every dark ray of my mind, and enable me to impress your minds with a serious awe and resignation to His divine will. You may remember in a letter from our dear and distressed mother, of date 2d August, in which you express your deep concern for me in my then unhappy situation, and I am well aware that not only you, but all my relations, have put yourselves to much concern for me, which has been a great source of grief to me. But I beg your serious attention, while I state something of more importance. In the same paragraph you remind me of "Eternity:" and that is an awful word: and so it is, my dear

brothers and sister, and I hope you will take it into serious consideration. And let me remind you, that you have a dear father, and six brothers and sisters already dropt into eternity; and while writing this, I am standing on the very brink of eternity. Indeed, we are at all times under sentence of death; and remember that what God saith to one, he saith to all—"Dust we are, and unto dust we must return." From every age and condition of life,—from every spot of ground,—every moment of time, there are short and sudden ways of descent into the grave. Death, like a savage tyrant, goes about seeking whom he may devour. He regards not the strength of the vigorous—the beauty of the comely—nor the arts of the wise: alas! neither can the sighs of the poor widow, nor the cries of the helpless orphan melt him into compassion, but like a rapid torrent, he carries down all without distinction, before him. Grey hairs are his ripe harvest! Yea, like the raging storms, he crushes down the tender flower in its very bud. Now, my dear brothers and sister, I think I have said enough on the uncertainty of time. In sojourning in this valley of tears, we have no resting-place here; but let us seek that eternal rest which is to be found through the merits of Jesus Christ in that celestial city made without hands, in that heavenly Jerusalem whose builder and maker is God, where there is no created sun, moon, nor stars, but the glory of the Lamb is the light thereof. Do not mourn for me my dear relatives, friends, and acquaintances. While you are reading this, I trust I will be singing to the glory of God amongst angels, and those who have washed their robes in the blood of that innocent Lamb who sitteth at the right hand of God. I am not afraid to die. I shall hail the scaffold as the harbinger of my salvation. O my dear brothers and sisters, I earnestly entreat of you for the love of God, to be kind to my dear and distressed, and affectionate, and loving mother: and remember when you do so, that you are only doing your duty. O do, my dear brothers and sister,—O remember her, I earnestly entreat you; and also do attend the church regularly. O my dear brothers and sister, I *must* now lay down my pen. May the Lord of His infinite mercy, guide, protect, and lead you through the paths of this wilderness; and after you have fulfilled a life agreeable to his commandments, enable me to hail you as happy and immortal spirits in glory. Remember again my dear mother. Farewell! my dear friends, farewell!—a long farewell to this vain world, and all its boasted pleasures.—I am, my dear friends, your dying brother,

ANDREW HARDIE.

But there is yet another, the last he ever wrote; and it was written on the night previous to his execution—to the darling of his heart—to the young girl, Margaret M'Keigh, to whom he had been betrothed; and to whom but for those proceedings, he would have been assuredly married. Listen to the dying lover now, in strains, we will say, of the most touching eloquence:—

STIRLING CASTLE, *Sept. 7, 1820.*

MY DEAR AND LOVING MARGARET,—Before this arrives at your hand, I will be made immortal, and will be I trust, singing praises to God and the Lamb, amongst the spirits of just men made perfect, through the atoning blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, whose all-sufficient merits are infinitely abounding. What consolation does this render unto me, who, while writing this, am within a few short hours of launching into an eternity where I am not afraid to enter, although a poor unworthy miserable sinner, and not worthy of the least of His notice. Think, my dear Margaret, on the goodness of God to me in the last closing period of my life. Oh, think on it, and draw consolation from that source from whence I obtained it, and from whence consolation and real fortitude can alone be obtained. Could you have thought that I was sufficient to withstand such a shock, which at once burst upon me like an earthquake, and buried all my vain earthly hopes beneath its ruins, and separated from thee in whom all my hopes were centered? But, alas! how vain are all the earthly hopes of us weak sighted mortals. How soon they are all buried in oblivion. My dear Margaret, put yourself to no concern about me. Oh, may that good and gracious God who has supported me so peculiarly, support you also in every dispensation of His gracious providence that He is pleased to visit you with. Oh that He may send His ministering angels, and soothe you with the balm of comfort. Oh may they approach the beauteous mourner, and tell you that your lover lives—though condemned—yes, lives to a nobler life. My dear Margaret, I am under the necessity of laying down my pen, as this will have to go out immediately—

“O may God’s grace your life direct,
From evil guard your way;
And in temptation’s fatal path
Permit you not to stray.”

You will please give my dying love to your father and mother, James, and And I exhort you all to a close walk with God through our Lord and Saviour; and when you have fulfilled a course of life agreeable to His word, that we may be united together in the mansions of peace where there is no sorrow.

Farewell—a long farewell, to you and all worldly cares, for I have done with them.

I hope you will call frequently on my poor distressed and afflicted mother.

At the expense of some tears, I destroyed your letters. Again, farewell, my dearest Margaret. May God attend you still; and all your soul with consolation fill, is the sincere prayer of your most affectionate and constant lover while on earth,

ANDREW HARDIE.

Stirling Castle, Thursday Night,
at 10 o'Clock.

Was there ever anything so affectionate and almost sublime from any modern *traitor* on this earth? But was he really a traitor? Let the world, irrespective of his Jury, now judge. The *rich* after death sometimes receive ovations from their parasites, without any other quality to distinguish them. Is it improper that we should lift up the veil from the clouded life of this poor Glasgow weaver and some of his unfortunate companions? or is it offensive that we should here publish some of those letters so creditable to his self-taught and supposed illiterate pen? They will be read, doubtless, as the letters of a once convicted traitor; and in that view we are not afraid, and do not hesitate to present them to the notice of our readers. But they have the genuine marks of Christianity about them in an eminent degree, and his thoughts about death in the most terrible form upon the scaffold, disclose an amount of calm fortitude and pious resignation, almost to be envied by those who

pass away into another world with less preparation, but probably with greater crime.

Lengthened as these extracts have been with respect to Andrew Hardie, we cannot pass over in utter silence the closing scene with respect to John Baird.

The following are two of his letters to his brother and sister, in remarkable unison with those of Hardie:—

STIRLING CASTLE, *28th July, 1820.*

DEAR BROTHER,—I have to inform you, that I am in good health at present, thanks be to the Giver of all good for it. I hope this will find you and yours in the same. I am tried, and a verdict of *Guilty* pronounced against me ; but I will not get the sentence passed on me for some time. You will be well aware what it will be. I hope when I am cast out from the presence of men, that the Lord Jesus, through His blood will prepare me for joining with angels, and the spirits of those whom He has made perfect. I hope that you will be making it your daily employment to approach your God in prayer : and when you do this, I would warn you to take great care how you make your approach to HIM. You must know that you are approaching one who knows your heart and thoughts, and your very imagination.

You are now the father of a family. You must keep in mind that you have a great charge—see that you spare not the rod when needful, and take care that you do not make use of it in the fury of passion, but let your mind be settled when you use it. You cannot expect me to write you on those very important subjects, when you consider my situation. But I hope what I have said will not be lost. I hope you will not read it, and then forget it ; but that you will lay it to heart, remembering you have it from an affectionate brother that looks death in the face. Although my race is run, and my sun about to set, and never more to rise in this world, yet I look forward to the Sun of Righteousness, who shall arise with healing under his wings, and conduct me to His rest. Give my best wishes to all inquiring friends.—I remain, yours until death,

JOHN BAIRD.

STIRLING CASTLE, 28th July, 1820.

DEAR SISTER,—I now write a few words to you. My situation is no doubt painful to you; but you must not grieve for me as one that hath no hope, for I have found more comfort in the dungeon than ever I found in this world. Although I am under the rod of affliction, God in his mercy has sent grace to support me. Although man be the instrument that afflicts me, it has a two-fold meaning—man for his pleasure—and God for his justice and my good. *Man will be brought to judgment for what he does to me.* I pray that God may enable me to forgive them freely.

Ah! my loved sister, why all this care for me?—to a life so lost—so totally undone: yet not doubting for mercy from His grace, who bled on the cross for all those who seek him with their whole hearts. Oh! may each breath, while God that breath shall spare to me, be yours in gratitude, and instant in prayer. Mankind shall learn by my sad story, your kind concern for me.

May the Lord Jesus inspire us all with the sacred fire of his grace. In the arms of his free grace and mercy, may we trust our souls and our bodies, for He alone is able to keep them. Glory be to His name, for ever and ever. Amen. My kind love to all inquiring friends.—Your affectionate brother,

JOHN BAIRD.

The following is the last one he wrote to his faithful friend Mr. Daniel Taylor of Kilsyth, who occasionally wrote some scraps of local poetry in his day:—

STIRLING CASTLE, 4th Sept., 1820.

DEAR FRIEND,—I take this opportunity of sending you my long and last farewell. On Friday, I hope to me made immortal. Although man may mangle this body, yet blessed be God, he has kept the most noble part of it in his own hand. I do not mean to say anything about them *who have been so sore against me*: for I have made it my study to forget and forgive all men any wrong they have done to me. I received your kind and welcome letter. It cheered my heart to think you will go so far to see my grave; and it gave me some consolation to say, you will write my *Dirge*. All this you have said, and I hope you will do. It gives me no small concern to think that any

person blamed you concerning me—that I could never do. I look upon you still as my trusty friend; but you know men are oft blamed when they are not deserving of it. I hope that you will let all animosity cease, and let love and harmony abound, is the sincere wish of your dying friend.

“Let troubles rise and tyrant’s rage,
And days of darkness fall;
But those that wait upon the Lord,
Shall more than conquer all.”

If God be for us, who can stand against us? No more from your dying friend, a martyr to the cause of liberty. May the grace of God protect you and yours. Give my kind love to all friends of liberty.—
Yours, JOHN BAIRD.

And there was added to the above, this significant note from Hardie:—

DEAR SIR,—‘This comes from a hand you never saw, to the best of my knowledge—from a hand that in a few days or hours must mingle with its native dust. Hard is our fate, my dear unknown friend; yet I resign my life without the least reluctance. I die a martyr,—

“Firm to the cause, like a magnet to its pole,
With undaunted spirit and unshaken soul.”

My dear friend, I again bid you farewell; and I hope you will keep in your remembrance the cause for which Baird and Hardie, and Cleland, died on the scaffold. No more—farewell!

ANDREW HARDIE.

P.S.—Since writing this, I am happy to announce that Cleland has got a respite. A. H.

We think we shall in a subsequent page or two, show how well Mr. Daniel Taylor, of Kilsyth, to whom the above letter was addressed, performed the duty he undertook to do, by some original verses he was pleased to commit to us many years ago, forming the “*Dirge*” which his dying friend so pathetically enjoined him to make, and which we are not ashamed to say, we have again recently perused with some edification and drops of awakened and soothing comfort.

We give the following from an eye-witness:—

“On the Wednesday, before their execution on Friday, amid the circle of his weeping family—an aged father of fourscore, three sisters, two brothers, and two brothers-in-law, John Baird, detailed at considerable length, and with the utmost simplicity, calmness, and affection, his feelings, and his hopes: and again beseeched them when they returned home, not to mourn for him, but rather to return thanks to Almighty God for his great goodness in sustaining him under such trials. To those of his relations who had children, he urged upon them the propriety of showing them a good example in early life, and that they might all live so as to be ready to die at a moment's notice; for although, he observed, the period of his existence was fixed upon the earth, they knew not the day nor the hour when their own great change would come.

“These were his words; and while every one in his condemned cell was convulsed and bewailing, and sobbing with tears, he himself was calm and collected, and continued to address them in the most soothing tone and manner. One circumstance alone seemed to overpower him for a few moments. His venerable father, whom he had not seen since the morning of the day before he was taken prisoner at Bonnymuir, was bowed down on his knees near him in that cell at this last adieu. When they came to embrace and to shake hands with each other for the last time, the doomed prisoner snatched from his pocket, in which he had still been permitted to retain it, a handsome horn snuff-box, mounted with silver, and with a look which may be imagined but not described, he placed it in the trembling hands of his poor frail agonized father, saying, ‘Dear father, please accept this from me. You will perhaps look at it when you can

no longer look at me in this world.'” This little incident of itself bespeaks its own impressive tale. But we come now to

THE DREAD EXECUTIONS.

First, it deserves to be remarked, that the trials of Hardie and Baird, as already stated, took place at Stirling, on 13th July, 1820, and that James Wilson’s took place in Glasgow, on the 20th of the same month and year, before the same Judges in all the cases. Wilson was doomed to be executed and beheaded at Glasgow, on 30th of August, 1820. Hardie and Baird were doomed to be executed and beheaded at Stirling, on the 8th of September, 1820. Therefore it is singular to notice, that Wilson, the *last* tried, was to be the *first* executed; while Hardie and Baird the first tried, were to be the last executed; and there is this other remarkable difference in their cases, namely, that Wilson was to be executed within forty days of his sentence, whereas Hardie and Baird were allowed the greater latitude of fifty-eight days after the date of their sentence. We can give no reason for this remarkable difference: but the law we believe, now is, that in capital cases not more than twenty-one days shall elapse from the date of the sentence and the period of the execution.

We must dwell upon those shocking State Executions a little longer, because they were the first of their kind that ever took place in Scotland, and we pray they will be the last. It may be harrowing to the feelings of our readers to listen to some other details referable to those matters; yet in several respects they may be viewed as characteristic of Scotchmen in an eminent degree, even under the most appalling and certainly under the most

unparalleled circumstances that have ever happened in this country. In that view, and for other reasons, we feel it to be our duty to notice them, and probably to impress upon them for the first time the stamp of undoubted and unfading history.

No sooner was poor old Wilson placed in his condemned cell in Glasgow, (the same from which Pritchard was taken the other day to his Execution), than he prepared to meet his awful doom with all the composure of an humble and resigned Christian. He had only one artless story to tell from first to last; and he told it with unvarying truth. To blacken his character, however, in the public estimation, and to strip him if possible, of all sympathy and commiseration, it was foully insinuated that he was an *infidel*; and had actually burned the Bible in prison. Anything base enough, or black enough, was too easily believed against any Radical Reformer of those days. He had been visited in prison by several of the esteemed clergymen of the city; but one was permitted to enter his cell from a neighbouring parish, who, instead of comforting him with religious views, tormented him with *political* dissertations. This was the Rev. James Lapslie, of Campsie, who in 1793 roamed about the country and hatched evidence to convict the accomplished but unfortunate Thomas Muir of Huntershill; for doing which, this Mr. Lapslie was actually placed upon the Pension List of Scotland for £50 per annum, as long as he lived. He himself was stigmatised as a political renegade, prior to that period; but on the present occasion he presumed to lecture Wilson "on the dreadful *crimes* he had committed against his King and country;" and he attempted to extract a written confession from him to that effect.

The poor prisoner had the moral courage to tell him to begone! and not lecture him any more on such things: but this visit had such an effect on Wilson for some days afterwards, that he entreated the Jailor and the Turnkeys of the prison, not to allow any clergyman like Lapslie to approach or enter his cell. He held, however, sweet communion with the Rev. Dr. Greville Ewing, of the Independent Church, then in Nile Street, and Dr. Daniel Dewar, of the Tron, who both attended him to the scaffold. The unanimous petitions of his Jury and others for mercy to him, were utterly disregarded. Lord Sidmouth, the unpopular Secretary of State for the Home Department, coldly replied that he did not consider the prisoner to be a fit object at all for the Royal clemency. On the day preceding his execution, he was permitted to take an affectionate farewell of his faithful and devoted wife, who had lived in interrupted happiness with him for the long period of thirty years, and of his only daughter, the last survivor of six children; and anxious that his character should be vindicated and defended after he had suffered the utmost penalty of the law, he placed in the hands of his wife a written holograph document, which she afterwards in company with her niece, Mrs. Ritchie of Strathaven, was pleased to deliver to us:—

THE DYING DECLARATION OF JAMES WILSON.

(WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.)

Being desirous that a correct account of my conduct in the matter for which I am to suffer, should go to the public, I have to submit the following short narrative which neither conceals nor misrepresents the truth. I am just entering the 60th year of my age; was born in the village of Strathaven of respectable parents; was bred a hosier; was married about 30 years ago, and never once left the house in which I was born, till I lately was confined to a prison. It will readily be

believed therefore, when I mention that my life was peaceable and harmlessly passed away; and indeed, I know no one in my neighbourhood that can say I ever injured or offended them. It was not till Thursday, the 14th day of April last, that this inoffensive life was interrupted by an occurrence, which in the little I had to do with it, I will now detail.

In the morning of that day about twenty men, mostly belonging to Strathaven, came to my house, and said that a person of the name of Sheilds had brought some news from Glasgow, which had inclined them to set off immediately for that place; and they added they were *determined* I should go along with them. I never heard of this person Sheilds before. I refused to go, but they threatened to blow my brains out if I did not accompany them. I said I had no arms; when the persons noticed the blade of a sword which had no hilt, and was broken at the point, and which I used as a bow for my stocking-frame, and they observed I might take it. At length carrying this useless blade with me, we left my house for Glasgow; but when near Kilbride, which is half-way, we heard that we were *deceived*, by the Glasgow Committee having all turned traitors. I then left those persons, and after stopping a short time at a friend's house by the way, I returned home, where I had scarce arrived, when I was secured by the officers of the law, and carried to Hamilton Barracks, where I lay till Sunday, when I was taken to Glasgow prison. I was now charged with taking up arms and levying war against the King, and am doomed to suffer the extremest punishment of the law, as one who has committed High Treason. My trial is before the world. The facts of my case are already in some degree public, and I refrain in my present situation from making any observations on those singular proceedings. I meet my fate in the calmness and tranquillity of a man who is decidedly conscious of suffering *innocently*. I most solemnly deny that I took up arms to levy war against the King. I indignantly reject the imputation that I committed or intended to commit High Treason. Of that crime, or of any offence done or meditated against the lives or properties of my fellow-creatures, my heart does not accuse me: and the humane and discerning will, I am sure, with difficulty persuade themselves that the facts above detailed merited the name and punishment of Treason. I acknowledge that I die a patriot for the cause of freedom for my poor country, and I hope that my countrymen will continue to see

the necessity of a Reform in the way of the country being represented; and I hope my dear countrymen will unite and stand firm to their rights.

In order to confute a most scandalous falsehood, that has I understand been circulated by two men of but indifferent characters, viz., of my having burned a Bible, as a dying man, I solemnly deny that I ever did anything of the kind; and I do solemnly declare it to be false. I therefore do declare and firmly believe the Bible to be the Word of God; and I do believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and the Saviour of the world; and I do place all my hopes and confidence in the mercy of God the Father, and in the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ my Lord and Saviour.

(Signed), JAMES WILSON.

Glasgow Jail, Iron Room,
29th August, 1820.

Could any dying Declaration of its kind be more explicit and satisfactory?

My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me—
This—in a moment brings me to an end :
But this—informs me I shall never die !
The soul secured in her existence smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years :
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth
Unhurt, amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds !

—Addison.

We have only to make this short explanatory statement about the above Declaration itself, arising from its polished phraseology, namely, that although the substance of that declaration was assuredly written by James Wilson himself in his "Iron room" as he calls it, in Glasgow Jail, it was *revised* for him by his faithful attendant, the Rev. Dr. Greville Ewing, and then faithfully trans-

cribed in Wilson's own hand ; and the original of that copy has remained in our possession for the last thirty years. Does it not tell its own interesting story even now, which we defy anybody to contradict. And tell us, ye Ministers of Justice ! whether if James Wilson could start into life now ; but that is impossible, his head would be severed from his body as a *Traitor*, in the way it was done ?

Is it not therefore of some importance to bring out those facts, and to keep them carefully in view as a *beacon* for posterity ? For although the bloody days of 1820 can never return, it is impossible to tell what may occur in after ages. And at all events, the simple knowledge of those facts, brought out in this manner and in this condensed form, cannot, we humbly think, but prove somewhat instructive to those who never heard of them before, and who probably till now, could scarcely believe that they actually occurred within so recent a period in the kingdom of Scotland,—the land we happily live in at this date.

Yes, the land we so happily live in at this date. For although we have witnessed the reign of no fewer than *four* British Monarchs, we ought all of us to be thankful, and very grateful, that we continue to live under the mild and peaceful sway of Queen Victoria, and in no mere empty words, exclaim—**GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.**

And therefore, while in this old loyal vein, we may here be permitted to introduce the following lines, written and given to us many years ago, by our old esteemed friend, who was likewise our most faithful servant for some years, viz., the late Mr. Alexander Rodger, or, as he was familiarly called, *Sandy Rodger*, the well-known Glasgow poet, immediately after Her

Majesty ascended the Throne ; but Sandy has long since “soared aloft,” with imperishable laurels, we hope, for he was truly an estimable man ; yet we must record this extraordinary and almost incredible fact about him, viz., that he was one of the number of those who were actually seized and imprisoned in the Bridewell of Glasgow on the capital charge of *High Treason* ! Let these verses therefore, which now turn up to our hand, and which poetically, or in broad Scottish accents, refer to some of the significant events of the day, which Sandy witnessed and *felt*, attest to the world *now*, whether there was really anything like *Treason* in his composition or not,—

LINES WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1837.

God bless our lovely Queen
With cloudless days serene.
God save our Queen.

From perils, pangs, and woes,
Secret and open foes,
Till her last evening close,
God save our Queen.

From flattery's poisoned streams,
From faction's fiendish schemes,
God shield our Queen.

With men her Throne surround,
Firm, active, zealous, sound,
Just, righteous, sage, profound.
God save our Queen.

Long may she live to prove
Her faithful subjects' love.
God bless the Queen.

Grant her an Alfred's zeal
Still for the common weal,
Her people's wounds to heal.
God save our Queen.

Watch o'er her steps in youth,
In the straight paths of truth
Lead our young Queen.

And as years onward glide,
 Succour, protect, and guide
 Albion's hope—Albion's pride—
 God save our Queen.

Free from war's sanguine stain,
 Bright be Victoria's reign.
 God guard our Queen.

Safe from the traitor's wiles,
 Long may the Queen of Isles
 Cheer millions with her smiles.
 God save our Queen.

Yes, we repeat, the man who spontaneously wrote the above lines on the Queen—on the eve, observe, of Her Majesty's Coronation, and before Her Majesty's Marriage, had been previously imprisoned, and almost condemned in this city as a Glasgow Traitor! We may have a few additional words by and bye, to say about him, or rather respecting his memory. In truth, the volume of his Glasgow poems, some of which he used to recite to us with great animation, almost demands a special notice at our hands, which we shall give elsewhere, "if spared;" and that last expression is a saving clause certainly, for this and other things starting to our mind's eye at this moment.

We are beginning to be afraid, however, that we are fatiguing somewhat our readers. Let them please understand, that we are not by any means skilled in the *art* of book-making. It has been our practice, in another direction, to write off-hand, just on the spur of the moment about the passing topics of the day, without much regard to any rigid, or glossy, or hypercritical rules; but always keeping the *facts* in view—

"And facts are chiels that winna ding,
 And daurna be disputed."

And yet, like the plough-boy in his fields, we can sometimes even whistle as we go along, without charging ourselves exactly with the appellation—

“Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage!”

From this digression we must refer back for a moment or two longer, to the case of James Wilson. We think we really see him at this great distance of time, vividly, but slowly emerging from his condemned cell in the Jail of Glasgow, at two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, the 30th of August, 1820, and entering the old adjoining Justiciary Hall, closely pinioned and bound, dressed in a white jacket and trousers, being the then prison garb of the condemned, with the front of his shirt laid bare, and his hands wrapt in a pair of white cotton gloves. The Rev. Greville Ewing immediately offered up a most eloquent and impressive prayer; and those (but there can only be a very few surviving now,) who still remember that most amiable and excellent divine in this city, may well believe that it was both able and sincere, and brought many real tears and sobbing hearts into active operation at the time. The calm, venerable looking prisoner standing uncovered, then read, and civilly requested the audience to join with him in singing some verses of the 51st Psalm, which was done with the most solemn effect; and then the crowded Hall was ordered to be cleared to make way for the *Hurdle*, containing the decapitator or the executioner, his face covered with a black domino, but holding up the axe and the other instruments of death sternly in his hands; and close thereunto was now seated the poor old victim in the dress we have described. Outside the Justiciary Hall, not fewer than 20,000 human beings had assembled; while around

the scaffold were drawn up the Rifle Brigade, still in Glasgow, with the 33d Regiment of Infantry, and the 3d Dragoon Guards, being the greatest display of military force that ever attended any execution in Glasgow before or since. The Hurdle on its cranking wheels soon came round to the scaffold from the south angle of the Jail; and when the old man was then lifted out of it, and made to ascend the scaffold, one universal shout of sympathy was set up for him by the assembled crowds. He gazed upon them for a moment or two with something like bewildered astonishment. They then set up a loud cheer for him, co-mingled with cries of "Murder! murder!" He bowed his head once or twice silently—then let go the signal, being his own white handkerchief—and in a little while, his dead body, dangling from the rope about his neck on the scaffold, was cut down and lay stretched on a black board on the top of a large fir coffin on the scaffold; and the ghastly face previously moulded in a fine form by its Maker, was then rudely turned over—the neck again laid bare—the uplifted axe actually gleaming in the autumnal sun at the deadly aim it was thence taking, and with one or two shocking terrible blows, the muffled executioner in the strength of his might, struck the head from the body of James Wilson; and snatching up the slaughtered head in his bloody hands, with little regard to its innocent grey hairs, besmeared also with blood, he uttered in a sort of horrid yell, the words, "Behold the head of a Traitor!" At this sight, the lingering and petrified audience, burst forth with the exclamations—"Shame! Shame! Murder! Murder!" and several of the soldiers on duty absolutely fainted. It was indeed a terrible sight.

Dr. Strang, the late respected Chamberlain of the city,

gives the following version of it in his own words, corroborative of what we have already written:—"Whatever may have been the reasons (says he), which induced His then Majesty's Ministers to reject the solicitations of those who were anxious that Wilson's life might be spared, it is certain they were most egregiously mistaken in supposing that his execution would produce any good effect. The public sympathy was all on the side of the prisoner—a feeling that he was unnecessarily sacrificed, seemed to pervade the immense mass of spectators assembled to witness his execution; and shouts of murder, intermingled with cries of 'He died for his country,' were incessantly repeated. Unfortunately for the Ministers of that day, the better classes were very generally imbued with the same sentiments."

We cordially subscribe to these sentiments of our departed friend, Dr. Strang, and now we will add this striking sequel to the whole, which we had from unquestionable authority many years ago; and we shall offer no apology to our readers for publishing it in this place. The poor old victim several days before his execution had expressed an earnest and anxious desire that his remains might be buried "in the dust of his fathers," in the quiet village, now the rising town of Strathaven, with its present population of 6000 inhabitants. The authorities gave him reason to believe that his request would be complied with. Accordingly several of his sorrowing relatives from Strathaven, came to Glasgow in deep mourning to attend his execution, and claim his mangled body; but in the course of that day, peremptory orders were given to cart him up to the paupers' ground, near to the High Church Glasgow, and there to bury him under the surveillance of Mr. Alexander Calder, Sheriff-officer, and

others of his co-ordinate officers. This was done: but at the dead hour of that same night, James Wilson's daughter, together with his niece, Mrs. Ritchie of Strathaven, to whom we have already referred, made a resolution that they would yet snatch up and embrace the dead body of their mangled relative. With a courage perhaps natural, and perfectly excusable, but rarely if ever employed, they wended their way to the High Church burying-ground: and soon came to the undoubted spot where the body of their relative lay; for the green sod had not yet been trampled upon,—and the scattered spadefuls of earth around it, sufficiently attested the still yawning grave. The grim walls of the ancient but splendid Cathedral, as they assured us, did not discourage them for a single moment, but rather seemed silently to aid or abet them in their singular but solemn and dangerous enterprise. They dug to the coffin, which only rested a very few inches beneath the surface, and entertaining no doubt about it at all, they quietly hurried away to their other relatives in the city, awakened them out of their beds, and with anxious palpitating hearts, soon described what they had just done. In less than an hour the identical body of James Wilson was borne away in a carriage for Strathaven, where it was decently interred, not as a traitor, but as an inoffensive, venerable, and beloved native of the place,—

“ No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode :
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God!”

We must not omit to mention the fact that, when the circumstances of the uplifting of the body of James Wilson from the High Church burying-ground reached the ears of the authorities in Glasgow, it astonished them

not a little ; but they of course could take no farther proceedings on the subject. We shall soon however, show what an important effect that circumstance really had on other executions in Scotland. But we must hasten on now to the more interesting, but still more terrible

EXECUTION OF HARDIE AND BAIRD AT STIRLING.

What follows, we give not from personal observation, as was principally the case with Wilson, but from the most reliable evidence entrusted to us, the authenticity of which we challenge any one to dispute.

We have already described the parting scene of Baird with his venerable father.

“ From the period of their condemnation,” (says one of the ministers of religion who attended them, and who originally gave us the details in writing under his own hand), “ from the period of their condemnation, they were almost daily attended by the Rev. Mr. Bruce, and by the Rev. Dr. Wright, and Mr. Small, of Stirling ; and by the Rev. Dr. Heugh, afterwards translated to Glasgow. But such was the rapid advancement they had made in the Christian life, that some of those reverend gentlemen acknowledged that they visited the prisoners rather to learn, than communicate instruction—rather to witness the triumph of divine faith, than to perform any extraneous service. It was the wish of the prisoners Hardie and Baird, to spend the whole of their last night on earth in private prayer to Almighty God ; but some of their nearest and dearest relatives had expressed an earnest desire to pass this night along with them. This request being communicated to General Graham, the Governor of Stirling Castle, and to Major Peddie, the Fort Major, who invariably treated the whole of the pri-

soners with the utmost humanity in their power, was readily complied with. The night was spent alternately in reading some portions of the Scriptures, in prayer, and conversation; and so cool and collected were the prisoners, nay, so cheerful and happy did they seem to be, that they were more like saints made perfect in bliss, than men about to undergo an ignominious death."

Our reverend informant goes on to narrate, that at some intervals of the conversation, Hardie desired to know from some of his relations whether they had prepared a strong coffin for him to take his body to Glasgow, and he even examined his linen winding-sheet, which he discovered they had brought with them from Glasgow. About four o'clock of the morning, Hardie and Baird lay down in bed together in that condemned cell in Stirling Castle, from which they were only to arise with the instruments of death about them. They slept soundly till six o'clock. At that hour, agreeably to their own previous request, they were awakened, and washed and dressed themselves. They, in this the last of their morning devotions, engaged in singing the first four verses of the 51st Paraphrase; and Baird read from the 15th chapter of the first Corinthians. He then engaged in an agony of prayer, the purport of which was that the Almighty would strengthen their faith, and stand by them at the approaching trying hour. This (says our informant,) was probably one of the most powerful, comprehensive, and affecting prayers that ever was offered up. The reverend gentlemen who had now entered the cells and heard it, could not repress their emotion nor subdue their tears.

At one o'clock, the hour of their execution being fixed for two, they requested to be allowed, as they passed out

from their cells to the scaffold, to take a glimpse of their companions taken with them at Bonnymuir, and to bid them from their prison walls, a last farewell! This scene was touching in the extreme. Some eighteen or twenty youths grouped around the windows of their prison, the sashes of which had been thrown open temporarily for the purpose, and Hardie and Baird addressed them in the most affectionate and endearing terms, assuring them that though suffering, they were not evil-doers; and that the cause for which they suffered, would sooner or later prevail. After these short earnest addresses, they were all permitted to embrace each other, and it was with considerable difficulty that some of them were torn away from that sad and solemn embrace.

Immediately after this scene, Hardie and Baird were conducted to the outside of the Castle gates, where the horrid *Hurdle* was in waiting to receive them, and drive them to the place of execution, at the Jail, in Broad Street, which street and all near it, was crowded to excess. Here again, as in Glasgow, the gallows was surrounded by the strongest body of military, consisting of the 13th Regiment of Foot, and a troop of the 7th Dragoon Guards, the guns of Stirling Castle pointing almost directly down upon them from the ancient ramparts.

When the prisoners were taken from the Hurdle to mount the scaffold, they chaunted together the first four verses of the last Hymn—most appropriate it was for the occasion. Hardie first walked nimbly to the scaffold; and looking up, beholding it, he exclaimed—“*Hail, messenger of eternal rest!*” Baird followed,—and for a few moments both knelt down together in prayer. They then arose and addressed the assembled and excited mul-

titude, greater by far than any that had ever been seen at any execution in Stirling, or that can likely be seen at any execution in Stirling again. Baird took speech first in hand. These were his words, standing erect upon the scaffold:—

“Friends and Countrymen,—I dare say you will expect me to say something to you of the cause which has brought me here; but on that I do not mean to say much, only that what I have hitherto done, and which has brought me here, was for the cause of truth and justice. I declare I never gave my assent to anything inconsistent with truth and justice. What I would wish particularly to direct your attention to is, to that God who is the Judge of all mankind, and of all human actions, and to Jesus Christ the Saviour of men. I have never hurt any one,—I have always led an innocent life, and as that is well known to those who know me, I shall say no more about it. I am not afraid of the appearance of this scaffold, or of my own mangled body, when I think of the innocent Jesus whose own body was nailed to the cross, and through whose merits I hope for forgiveness.”

Hardie then stepped forward, and in the most dignified tone, reciprocated the sentiments of his companion Baird. He was adding the following words in a commanding voice, amidst breathless silence, “My dear friends, I declare before my God, I believe *I die a martyr in the cause of truth and justice.*” At these expressions, a loud shout of applause was set up by the vast excited multitude. The military instantly prepared as if for action. The Dragoons unsheathed and brandished their swords; many of the audience screaming, and struck with terror, fled. The scaffold itself became almost a moving mass of excitement. Hardie was interrupted and stopped in the middle of his address. The Sheriff (Ronald Macdonald of Staffa,) ran up to him on the boards of the scaffold, and told him plainly that he could no longer permit him to proceed to harangue the audience in that

manner; or, if he persisted, that he (the Sheriff) would instantly command the executioner to do his duty. Hardie on this, civilly bowed, and said, "My friends, I hope none of you have been *hurt* by this exhibition. Please after it is over, go quietly home, and read your Bibles, and remember the fate of Hardie and Baird." He then kissed his companion Baird, standing close to him on the very brink of eternity. They grasped and shook each other by the hand, so far as their bounden cords permitted them to do; and as they had previously and mutually arranged between themselves, Hardie took now the last fatal signal, being a white cambric handkerchief, into his hands, and drawing nearer if possible, to the side of Baird, he uttered in a firm calm voice, the words, "Oh death, where is thy sting; Oh grave, where is thy victory?" and at that last expression, he dropt the signal. The bolt fell, and the last moving sight of them was swinging together, and momentarily and convulsively attempting to catch each other again by the hands; but in vain: the vital spark of both soon fled to another region—happier we hope, according to their own prayers—than the one they left; and after the lapse of half-an-hour, the executioner in his black domino, again appeared, and with other aid, stretched the bodies on the block, and taking aim with his uplifted axe, he, after several strokes, severed their heads from their bodies; and holding them up streaming with blood, he mumbled out the words with considerable trepidation—"This is the head of a Traitor,—this is the head of *another* Traitor;" and he flung them down from him to the black coffin underneath, with a horrid crash. The vast assembly shuddered and groaned at this. The bloody work was now finished. But what then? Did it, we now ask, with all circumspect

reverence, really crush, annihilate, or finish the just and righteous cry for *Reform* in Scotland? The very reverse. For truly the poet has well answered and described this by saying—

“Freedom’s battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.”

Yes, we say advisedly, and after the most anxious and careful consideration, that the *blood* of those men actually stimulated the cry for Reform, and what is better, led it victoriously into action within a few years afterwards, over the length and breadth of the three kingdoms.

But we must not omit to notice in a very few words, how pitifully some of the authorities conducted themselves immediately after the execution of Hardie and Baird at Stirling. Startled and alarmed, perhaps, by the uplifting of the dead body of James Wilson from the ignoble grave they had caused to be prepared for him in Glasgow, which we have already spoken about, they seemed to have actually dreaded the approach of the dead mangled bodies of Hardie and Baird for quiet interment by their own sorrowing friends and relatives in Glasgow or Condorret; for the fact has now to be mentioned by us, that the Government through these officials, issued peremptory orders to bury the sufferers under cloud of night at Stirling, and to keep a strong guard of soldiers from Stirling Castle to watch over their graves in that place, which was constantly done for a period of nearly two months! And we may further state, that, with the view of preventing any trouble or annoyance to the local authorities in regard to future executions of any kind, the rule was adopted, and now inflexibly is, to bury at once the condemned body of the executed culprit within

the precincts of the Jail, near to which he had paid the last penalty of the law,—a rule, we readily admit, not without its salutary influence in many flagrant cases,—much as we may lament the strangulation of poor old Wilson, and the decapitation of Hardie and Baird,—

“Yet even those bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh;
With uncouth rhymes, and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.”

THE DIRGE, OR ORIGINAL LINES,

Written over the Grave in Stirling, of John Baird and Andrew Hardie, at their own dying request in Stirling Castle, by Daniel Taylor, Kilsyth, and transmitted to Glasgow to Mr. Peter Mackenzie.

Though I can boast no animating song
To melt the lover, or inspire the brave;
Yet friendship bids me leave the busy throng
To pour my sorrows o'er this bloody grave.
Not only friendship, but their dying charge
My promise made—how base were it forgot?
Then o'er this grave to write this funeral “dirge,”
And mourn their fate, since here I find the spot.
Thou Gracious Power who taught the shepherd swain
To sing the glory of Emmanuel's birth,
Teach me in friendship's pious humble strains,
To mourn a friend—a brother of the earth.
Teach those who weep o'er this revered grave,
To bless Thy name, thou Everlasting Hope,
Who Baird and Hardie such assurance gave,
As made them hail with joy “the fatal drop.”
For, hear the brave the generous youths exclaim,
When the degrading Hurdle ceased to move;
And from his car the bloody axeman came
With terrors more than human strength to prove.
Hail, harbinger of everlasting peace!
In manly accents they addressed the stage
Where soon the sorrows of their souls would cease,
To join the saints of every former age.

But o'er this grave, the children yet unborn
May shed a tear, when told by history's page
How they from friends and aged parents torn,
Braved all the horrors of the bloody stage.

Surprised perhaps, to read the mournful tale,
The rising youths may ask their aged sire,—
Was Scotia conquered? Did her foes prevail?
Oh, where was then your patriotic fire?

Or did her laws such sacrifice require?
No foreign foe that ever ploughed the wave
Or cross'd the Tweed, methinks the sire replies,
Could leave us weeping o'er so sad a grave.

No! Scotia every foreign foe defies,
But oh, my son, excite me not to tell
What I have known of Hardie and of Baird,
So strong of freedom did their hearts excel.

But let those tears express my fond regard,—
Yet why should fancy fly the present grief,
And point our hopes to some more distant date?
Has fate decreed for us there's no relief?

And must we sink beneath oppression's weight?
Forbid it heaven. Oh! may Thy mighty arm
Protect the humble and the friendless poor.

O let thy grace, their sinking spirits charm,
Be *Thou* their stay—their refuge most secure.

However dark the present may appear,
Though those in power our dearest rights deny,
Yet truth and justice shall our bosoms cheer,
And Freedom's sun shall blaze o'er Europe's sky

But night returns, with all her sable train,
And I must bid the lone churchyard adieu;
Yet never shall this dreary spot contain
Two hearts more faithful, honest, kind, and true.

It may be said, we've patriots resting here,
Who gave their life to heal their country's woes;
For Baird and Hardie loved their country dear,
And only fell before their guilty foes.

Here Piety, perhaps, weeps o'er a friend,
They too, were pious, as their letters tell;
Say ye who saw them to their latter end,
Could stronger faith in human bosoms dwell?

Though near this place no marble statue stand,
Nor weeping angel pointing to the spot ;
Their fame is known through all their native land,
And never, never, shall they be forgot !

[Many other verses, probably excelling those just quoted, came into our possession long ago, but we give the above in pursuance of the promise originally communicated to the prisoners themselves. Major Peddie of Stirling Castle, kindly sent us some from the pen of another of the condemned but *transported* prisoners, which we must reserve with the Major's most interesting letter, till we come to write another short but startling Reminiscence towards the end. We may here observe, that although we think we have in our possession the most complete collection of original verses of any in Scotland on those tragical events, yet we have no wish to overload these pages, or detain our readers too long about them, especially as we remember that we must concentrate some of these Reminiscences within the shortest possible limits prescribed to ourselves; and but for this, we might be scared away from the task altogether, so onerous and multifarious does it seem to be growing upon our hands. Nevertheless, we will faithfully endeavour to do our duty. At the same time, we must apologise for some small slips, or inaccuracies, that have crept in during the hurry of our zeal in making up some of the previous pages.]

EXTRAORDINARY STATE OF GLASGOW IN 1820.

Immediately after the Battle of Bonnymuir, and "the uprising," as it was called, at Strathaven, already described, some of the most extraordinary scenes took place in Glasgow that ever occurred at any period of its history. before or since. They are almost incredible ;

indeed, some of them can scarcely be believed by the *youngsters* of the present day: but we shall narrate a few of them with some interest, we hope, and the most truthful regard to all.

We have stated, that the "*Treasonable Address*," so much spoken of already, was posted on the streets of Glasgow, on Sunday morning, the 1st of April, 1820. On Monday, many of the cotton-mills and public works in and around the city, struck work; and the city itself was paraded by idle throngs more numerous than usually seen. Troops were marching into the city in all directions, from Sunday till Saturday of that week. The great event at Bonnymuir, please recollect, came off on Wednesday. It has been remarked by the oldest people in the city that *that* Wednesday was one of the *wettest* days ever seen in it within the memory of man or woman either. It rained in even-down torrents, as if Heaven for some particular purpose, was pouring down its own artillery on the streets. It is described by the oldest inhabitants still alive, as "the Radical *wet* Wednesday;" and assuredly it cleared the streets of all idle stragglers. The military who stood out on active duty in obedience to orders, were drenched to the skin. Piquets of the Dragoons and the Hussars, nevertheless, were traversing all over the streets, and onwards, as far as Camlachie, Rutherglen, and Tollcross. The Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, viz., Major-General Sir Thomas Bradford, with his aides-de-camps, came expeditiously from Edinburgh on Sunday, attended by an escort of Lancers. The Lord Advocate, Sir William Rae, and his Deputies, including Mr. John Hope, afterwards Lord Justice-Clerk, arrived on Monday, attended by Robert Hamilton, Esq, the Sheriff-Depute, who chiefly resided in Edinburgh; but after that date, the Govern-

ment required that the Sheriff-Depute of the County of Lanark should reside *permanently* in Glasgow ; and this has been done since the days of Sheriff Hamilton, Rose Robinson, and Sir Archibald Alison. The latter, we may remark, who passed the Bar in 1813, was once an Advocate-Depute, under Sir Wm. Rae ; and in that capacity, in his earlier years, we have seen him conducting the cases for the Crown, at many of our Glasgow Circuit Courts of Justiciary, with all the suavity that still belongs to him. On that memorable week to which we have so often referred, the Lord Provost and Magistrates, Fiscal, and Town Clerks, &c., took up their quarters in the handsome Buck's Head Hotel, Argyle Street, from whence the Magistrates (sometimes sitting up all night,) could more immediately and comfortably issue their manifestoes, warrants, or commands, &c. The Buck's Head, we may remark, was one of the most elegant and spacious Hotels then in the city. St. George's Square, now glittering with its Hotels, was then, in its centre, a mere swamp ; for we have seen the eels and the puddocks, or frogs, swimming therein. The ancient Buck's Head was kept in prime order by Peter Jardine, and his wife, Mrs. Currie, and Miss Currie, their daughter, one of the celebrities of her day in Glasgow. She was the first young lady that ever handled a whip in Glasgow, or drove the first pair of ponies in a phæton through the streets ; and when she made her appearance in her chariot, conducted with great agility by herself, so strange was the sight then thought to be, on the part of any lady, that crowds used to run after her—some to hoot, and some to cheer ; but she did not care a button for any of them, and although she died an old maiden many years afterwards, she lived to see a remarkable change in this respect in the city of Glasgow :

for who can look at our busy streets now, without seeing the most innumerable and charming exhibitions of horsemanship almost every hour of the day? We almost regret to observe, that that famous old self-contained building, 'clypt the Buck's Head, the first of its kind certainly on that side of Argyle Street, Glasgow, and erected about the year 1750, by Provost James Murdoch, adjoining to that of Provost Dunlop, of Clyde, for his town's residence, has been lately demolished to make way for some huge warehouses or other. Yet we cannot quit the spot without remarking, that at the period above referred to, and alongst with the Magistrates of the city, the officers in command of the 7th and 10th Regiments of Hussars, also took up their head-quarters in the Buck's Head Hotel, with their attending sergeants and *orderlies*; while their valuable stud of high mettled horses, richly caparisoned, stood ready, saddled and bridled, in the old *Circus* behind, forming partly now the site of the present elegant Theatre-Royal, in Dunlop Street, which street was called after Provost Dunlop above-named. On the other hand, in an opposite but adjacent direction, the Commander-in-Chief of Scotland, with his brilliant Staff, including Lieut.-General Sir Hussey Vivian, supposed to be one of the most handsome and best cavalry officers in Europe, sent expressly by order of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, from London to Glasgow, with other exalted officers, took up their head-quarters in the elegant Star Hotel, at the head of Glassford Street, on the site of which, we think we lately remarked, the handsome pile of buildings belonging to the Bank of Scotland, were erected some years ago. By the bye, we observe that the Bank of Scotland is rearing another pile of commodious

buildings adjacent to St. George's Square. Mrs. Young-husband, who long tenanted that ancient Star Hotel, was a nice smart pretty little lady, with an only daughter, like Mrs. Currie; but she had the happiness to get a real good husband, and this is all we need observe about that family. But in that same *Star*, and next to the rooms of the Commander-in-Chief, there was an elegant suite of rooms specially occupied at the same time by the Lord Advocate, and his learned and active Deputies; while at the *Black Bull*, near the centre of the whole, there came to be stationed, as their head-quarters, the officers of the various Regiments of *Scottish Yeomanry*, arriving rapidly from several counties in Scotland, headed by Lord Elcho, (afterwards the Earl of Wemyss,) the immediate relative, we think, of the present public spirited nobleman of that name, who has done so much for the Volunteers of the present day; and their horses,—we mean the horses belonging to the chief officers of the Yeomanry in Glasgow, at the period we are writing about in the year 1820,—were stationed in the long row of old-fashioned stables in Virginia Street, connected with the Black Bull, and now forming partly the site of the elegant buildings of the City of Glasgow Bank, near to which also the old Thistle Bank of Glasgow originally stood. The Infantry Barracks in Gallowgate Street, built by Government in the year 1795, for the accommodation of about 1200 officers and soldiers—fully more, we imagine, than was ever thought to be required for any emergency in Glasgow—were now filled or crammed almost to suffocation, by no fewer than *three* complete Infantry Regiments of the Line, and their officers, numbering upwards of 3000 men, composed of the 1st Battalion of the gallant Rifle Brigade, which did so much service at Water-

loo, and here in Glasgow, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Northcott; the 33d Regiment, also at Waterloo, and here, under the command of the Hon. Colonel William Keith Elphinstone; and the 80th Regiment, who bore the brunt at Sobraon, and here, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Cookson. Besides these crack heroic Infantry Regiments, and under their wing, there were no fewer than eight pieces of flying artillery in Glasgow. We remember some extensive wooden erections were then expeditiously put up adjoining the Infantry Barracks for the accommodation of *additional* troops, but these happily were not required, and the wooden erections were soon afterwards demolished. We ought also to state that the Cavalry Barracks in Eglinton Street, capable of holding nearly 1000 men and horses, were likewise crammed almost to suffocation at the same period. And over and besides these regular and well-disciplined troops of the King, were the "armed Association" of upwards of 500 of Glasgow *civilians*,—some wags called them the armed *assassins*—with the Glasgow Regiment of Sharpshooters, nearly 1000 strong, stationed of course, in their own lodgings or dwelling-houses, and all having the pass-word to fly to arms whenever the well-known *Bugle* sounded through the streets, whether at morning, noon, or night. Nor must we here omit the Glasgow squadron of mounted *Yeomanry*, pretty much resembling in some respects the "Queen's Own" of the present day, commanded by Charles Stirling, Esq., of Cadder, and James Oswald, Esq., of Shieldhall, afterwards M.P. for the city. We shall speak of that corps of Yeomanry in a few words afterwards. In addition to all this vast and unexampled array of military in Glasgow, at the period spoken to, there

were transmitted to Glasgow upwards of 1500 additional stand of arms, upwards of 10,000 *flints*—there were no percussion caps handled by the military in those days—with upwards of one million of ball-cartridges, sent expressly from Woolwich and the Tower of London.. Few *police* officers—not more than 80 or 90 were then in Glasgow, under the command of Captain James Mitchell, the tallest master of police we ever saw, and we have seen no fewer than *eight* of them in succession. In fact, the quiet city up to the above date, scarcely required so many police—whereas we have them now (year 1865,) under the command of Captain Smart, to the large number of 750, and still augmenting. There, in former days, our “Charlies” of the police, as they were called, sat demurely in their sliding shifting wooden boxes, placed occasionally at some corner or other of the chief streets, with their “*booets*” or night-lanterns, and wooden clappers dangling at their sides, bawling out from their stentorian lungs, and notifying to the slumbering or awakening citizens all the hours of the night; or as the morning dawned—“Half-past five; and a fine morning!” But to assist the Police, even at that period, there came out from Edinburgh no fewer than fifteen stage-coaches, containing the *elite* of the Old Town Guard of Edinburgh, so called, and selected for their muscular strength, or other recommendations out of the ranks of the best clans of the Highlanders of Scotland. In short, the city of Glasgow that week, was in a state of the most indescribable *military* commotion; and we will add now, of *civic* consternation and terrible but needless alarm. We question indeed, whether the city of Brussels on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo, could have exceeded it in some of those respects. Let us dwell for a moment

or two on the personal appearance of a few of those officers of the *Hussars*, &c., and give in connection with this, a few other incidents from vivid recollection, not yet effaced we think, in any degree. The 7th Hussars, commanded by the affable and sprightly Sir William Thornhill, had amongst its officers, the Earl of Uxbridge, the Hon. G. Molyneux, afterwards the Earl of Sefton, Lord Arthur Chichester, Lord Frederick Seymour, and the Earl of Belfast, &c., &c. The 10th Hussars, commanded by Sir George Quenton, the reputed son of George the Fourth, and this was that King's most favourite regiment,—the Prince of Wales' Regiment, it is still called. It had amongst its officers in Glasgow, the Marquis of Carmarthen, the Earl of Wiltshire, Lord Viscount Beauchamp, Lord Thomas Cecil, Lord George Bentinck, Sir John Trollope, the Hon. Charles Stuart Wortley, and Mr. Robert Burdett, the latter being the eldest son and heir of the then celebrated Reformer, Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., M.P.,—a very fine young man he was,—his father allowed him £6000 a year for pocket money, and he was, partly on his father's account, a great favourite in Glasgow. All the officers indeed, as their titles show, were men of rank and great fortune. Never was such a galaxy of them stationed in Glasgow; and they scattered their money here for some time with the most liberal hand. It was once stated, and we believe the statement to be true, that the embroidered gold lace and ornaments on each of their jackets and trousers, cost upwards of £500 sterling. We remember a very gross *insult*—the only one we are happy to state, that occurred in Glasgow at that time with some trifling exceptions, but the one alluded to—was attempted to be committed on the person of one of those handsome officers of the 10th Hussars, while that

officer was quietly standing on official duty on the front steps leading to the Buck's Head Hotel. Some eight or ten rude worthless dissipated vagabonds—there are plenty of such, we are afraid, in other cities besides Glasgow—came swaggering up to him, and groaned or made wry faces at him, and told him in the coarsest language, that he was but an “aristocratic coward.” One of them more brutal than the others, made a spring at his rich handsome military doubled jacket, as if to tear it abruptly from his shoulders. He at once repulsed the hand of the dirty intruder; and stood and looked quietly but indignantly at the whole of them for a moment or two. This only increased their insolence: some of them tried to drag him violently down from the steps of the stairs to the pavement below. Instead of calling for the aid of any of his brother officers, or his sergeant-at-arms in an adjoining place—or of drawing his sword, and running the dastardly assailants through the body, as he might have done in consequence of being thus wantonly and grossly insulted when on military duty, he seized the first of them by the handkerchief covering his dirty thrapple, and pitched him down stairs, like a yelping cur flung into the water; and as the others came squaring up, he levelled the whole of them with his own scientific fists, right and left, and made their heads to rattle (as the old saying is), “on the crown of the causeway”—that is, he fairly knocked them down one after the other in a very few seconds, almost as rapidly as we have written these last three lines; and the offending miscreants each and all of them, were soon glad to get up and sneak away, else they might have received further deserved chastisement.

We come now to the memorable *Thursday* of that

exciteable week. It was, observe, the Spring *Sacramental* Thursday of Glasgow, when all the douce and decent citizens are supposed to be engaged in their devotions at church, as their forefathers for centuries have been, at or about the same period of the year. We enter into no disquisition about the propriety or impropriety of this, or of any particular Fast-day, on any *Thursday* of the year, whether in spring, summer, or autumn, although some changes have, we are aware, recently been indicated in that respect. But if the *Wednesday* preceding was a remarkably wet day, this succeeding Thursday morning of the *Preachings* dawned with glimpses of the brightest sunshine. Almost every pulpit in Glasgow that forenoon, launched out into some political strain or other, especially about "the great and bloody battle" on the previous day at Bonnymuir. Many of the reverend gentlemen could scarcely know the real truth about it; but as the city bells had loudly rang for an unusual period on the previous night, they naturally enough drew their own conclusions, and pitched their strains accordingly, not without putting some of their hearers into additional terror and dismay.

The regular military of all denominations were, however, "standing at ease," as the phrase is, on that Thursday; or they were peaceably *drying* their wet regimentals, and brushing their belts and polishing their weapons for further services; while the jaded and wearied Sharpshooters, divided into two battalions, up all night, and for two previous nights, on anxious duty, the one battalion having its head-quarters in the Old Tron Church in which Dr. Chalmers preached, near the Cross of Glasgow, and the other battalion having its head-quarters in St. George's Church, in the western division of the city,

wherein the Rev. Dr. Muir, now of Edinburgh, originally preached, in which churches we have seen arms and ammunition piled almost to an incredible degree; but the Sharpshooters on this Thursday morning of the *Preachings*, were permitted by their officers, with the sanction of the General Commanding-in-Chief still in Glasgow, to evacuate those Churches, and go home for the first time those last three days, to their own abodes in the city, there to enjoy a comfortable *nap* in their own feather beds for a few hours; but with the injunction that they should start again to arms if necessary, at a moment's notice, or whenever the *Bugles* sounded with the strains they were all well taught to understand. Ere that afternoon had passed away, the *snoring* Sharpshooters were aroused by the very sounds just indicated. Alarming news, it was said, had again reached the Magistrates, and doubts were once more seriously entertained by them, whether the London Mail would continue to arrive on the following morning or not. That was still to be the signal of the success or non-success of the impending *Revolution!* The Commander-in-Chief, the Lord Advocate, the Sheriff, the Lord Provost and Magistrates, had learned in the course of that day somewhat of the pitiful affair at Strathaven; but it was magnified to an awful degree, as usual; and the excited gaping multitude out of doors had it revealed to them in a great variety of ways, and with colours more various and vivid, than those, perhaps, appertaining to the chameleon. Seriously, the citizens were again vastly alarmed; and the *Preachings* for the remainder of that afternoon or evening (Thursday), in all the city and dissenting churches were put completely out of the heads of many families. They rather anxiously prepared to put

their houses in order, and to barricade some of their front doors, while the gentlemen Sharpshooters, assisted by their brothers and sisters, were actively employed in scouring the gathering rust from their trusty rifles and ramrods, polishing afresh their accoutrements, and taking especial care that their powder was dry for immediate action. Our old friend, Sir Harcourt Lees of Dublin, used to say that it was a good thing

“To keep your powder dry, and put your trust in God.”

And so it was; and ever will be, in all cases, either of supposed or real danger.

We may here stop for a little, and not go much out of our way, to observe, that the London Mail Coach then arrived pretty regularly in Glasgow, at or about five o'clock of the morning, containing of course, the usual mail bags, with some eight or ten passengers, not more, because the Postmasters-General at head-quarters—there were *two* of them in those days in London—viz., the Marquis of Salisbury and the Earl of Chichester, with salaries of £5000 each (not bad for the Post-Office Department),—these high potentates would not permit more than *four* inside, and *six* outside passengers to travel together in the Mail between London and Glasgow. This was absolutely all the *direct* conveyance between London and Glasgow at that time, occupying three long days' and two nights' journey! And truly it was frequently ludicrous to see some of those weary mail coach passengers as they arrived at their long journey's end, with their faces besmeared, and almost as black as ink, from want of being dressed, shaven, or shorn; and their legs benumbed with cold, or nearly paralysed with heat, according to the seasons: and yawning and sneezing, and rubbing their eyes, as if they had

just awakened from a long dreary and comfortless slumber, but still mustering strength sufficient anxiously to inquire for all loving friends, so long away, and—what news?

The Glasgow Post-office, we may further remark, was then situated in narrow Nelson Street, almost underneath the Lyceum Rooms, which rooms were kept by two handsome brothers, Messrs. John and William Tait, looking, in their dress and manners, the perfection of elegance itself. These rooms, now apparently so deserted and demure, were then the great places for making sales of heritable and moveable property, and holding meetings of trust, &c., as is now done on a much more enlarged scale in the new Hall of the Faculty of Procurators, in another direction of the city, viz., in St. George's Place. The then Postmaster of Glasgow, was Mr. Dugald Bannatyne, a most intelligent, worthy, and esteemed man. He at the same time, and for many years, acted as Chairman or Secretary of the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce; he was the author of several essays and scientific works, and was related to Mr. Dugald Stewart, the famed Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, under whom Lord Palmerston and other eminent men studied at Edinburgh in early life. Mr. Dugald Bannatyne's eldest surviving son, we may observe, viz., Mr. Andrew Bannatyne, has long been known and respected at the head of the legal profession in this city as Dean of the learned Faculty of Procurators. He too represents by marriage one of another old and justly famed Professor of this kingdom, viz., John Miller, Esq., Professor of Law in the University of Glasgow, whose works as a Jurist are regarded by the highest authorities as standards of the age. But while Mr. Bannatyne presided over the Post-

office in Glasgow, in the way we have stated, old Mr. John Bain, father of the present John Bain, Esq., of Morriston, *farmed* at the same period, the London and Glasgow *Mail Coach* then in its glory, and for many long years before and afterwards. The Mail Coach had the "Royal" arms conspicuously painted in gold letters on both of its side doors. The Guard thereof in his rich scarlet livery, had allotted to him for his own special use, a queer projecting seat stuck up *behind* the coach, dangling with a goat's-skin, and also with a bear-skin, to cover his legs or wrap up his "outward man," in a wet or a frosty day, but with sufficient space from his high altitude, to see everything before him in or around the coach. He was armed with sword and cutlass at his side; and had also two large carbines, or brass "blunderbusses," always ready primed and loaded, within his immediate grasp, for the Mail Coach was sometimes invaded in this country, but oftener in Ireland in those days. We remember a rather exciting scene which took place one evening, just as the coach was about to start from its well-known position near the Tron, at the foot of Nelson Street. An unfortunate gentleman had neglected, or was not able to take out his seat for London in sufficient time; in fact, all the seats had been already pre-engaged and occupied; and it was often the case, that if any lady or gentleman—few ladies travelled so far in those days—really wished, or were required, or necessitated to go from Glasgow to London by the Mail, it was deemed prudent, or essentially necessary for security's sake, to have the seat taken out, and the passage money paid, at least eight or ten days before the journey commenced. No one was permitted to travel in the Mail Coach without being regularly booked,—name and designation

written down in "the way bill," a duplicate whereof was ready to be given to the Guard for his guidance and government upon the journey. On that occasion, the gentleman alluded to was in a most agitated state, grieving and mourning that he could not be booked in the office, for he had been charged with some important domestic business or other to London, admitting of no delay; so he rushed despairingly out of the office and made his way to the steps of the coach, got up to the very top of it, and squeezed himself underneath the legs, or seat of the driver, into whose hands he had slipped something not at all disagreeable to that person, who soon spread one of his oily coats kindly over him. The accustomed and well trained horses, as if they really understood everything that was going on, were now prancing to get away—the whip and reins of the driver were adjusted, the Guard himself began to sound the last blast of his official horn, as he always did, whether on arriving or departing from Glasgow; but he got his sharp eye instantly fastened on *one* he thought too many on the coach for that journey. He therefore commanded the driver to pull up and wait; and down the Guard came from his seat, requiring the passengers each and every one of them to answer to their names, as he read them aloud from the "way bill" in his hands. Of course he soon detected the above unlucky gentleman, and required him immediately to dismount, and quit the coach. With tears starting to his eyes, the gentleman earnestly tendered to the Guard not only his full fare, but he held out in his palpitating hand and offered to give him a £10 or a £20 Bank of England note unto himself, if he (the Guard) would just allow him to be quietly carried on, and no more ado about it. In vain was that

offer made; in vain the other passengers unanimously interceded for this disappointed and dejected passenger. The Guard stood inexorable. Come down, sir, he said; come down! I command you in His Majesty's name, and by His Majesty's authority, instantly to leave that seat. Come down sir, I again say, within *five minutes*; otherwise I shall be compelled according to my orders and duty, to take up that blunderbuss (pointing to it), and blow your brains out! And the Guard in pursuance of that threat, was in the very act of cocking his blunderbuss, when one of the other alarmed passengers in this state of obvious peril, handsomely offered, perhaps selfishly enough, to surrender his seat if the gentleman would just give to him his passage money, with the £10 or £20 of bonus for doing so, which the Guard had the moment before indignantly spurned. This was at once agreed to, and very gladly done; and away the coach now galloped, with loud huzzahs from the petrified crowd which had been gathering around the station; but we do believe from what we actually saw, that the stern Guard would have carried his fearful threat into execution, if this ready and fortunate relief had not occurred in the way stated. This reminds us of a much more agreeable story in an opposite direction, yet somewhat pert to the above, which our old friend "Senex" used to tell, and which we may as well give in our own way, without stopping, else it may not be given at all. An eminent Glasgow merchant in days of yore, (Mr. Archibald Campbell of Drumsynie, we think,) had a ship consigned to him with a valuable cargo from the West Indies. The ship (Ruby) was much beyond her usual time upon the voyage. Fears were beginning to be entertained about her safety; and our ancient canny

underwriters in the Old Tontine Coffee-Room—there were only some eight or ten of them altogether in those days, including the well-known Andrew Gilbert, William Bennet, James Browne, and John Loudon—would have nothing whatever to do with her, except at inordinate premiums of insurance. Mr. Campbell was rather vexed and alarmed about this; but instead of succumbing to the Glasgow underwriters, he resolved that he would insure the ship and cargo at Lloyd's, in London, through one of his own friends or agents in that city. Accordingly he wrote an order of Insurance to a large amount, and enclosed and sealed it in a letter which he took with his own hands to the Glasgow Post-office. No sooner had he done this, and had retired after the business of the day was over, to enjoy his early dinner and prime bowl of punch, (lemons and rum) with a few of his favourites in his lodging near Madeira Court, than an express reached him by the "Royal George" Coach from Greenock, announcing the fact that the anxious ship had safely arrived, and was seen anchoring at the Tail of the Bank, Greenock, about three o'clock that afternoon. He swigged off a good bumper of punch to the health of the captain and crew: followed by another, viz., "a speedy and good sale for all the rum and molasses on board." But the thoughts of the *Insurance* letter recently despatched to London with his own hand, began to put him into a new element of vexation; for he instantly came to see and reflect that if the policy of insurance was effected in London, the great premium exigible upon it, would swallow up the whole, or at all events, a great deal of his anticipated profits. The Mail was gone: he could not recall by hook or by crook, the letter he had so anxiously written. It was utterly beyond his power to do so, for a

letter of any kind once put into the Post-office ceases to be recalled from that place by its writer, but must go on to its destination. This other happier thought now struck him, viz., that one of his nimble clerks, whom he instantly summoned to his presence, might yet in a post-chaise and four horses from Thomas Hibbert's livery-stables in the Court adjacent, *overtake* the Mail, or at least get to London and reach his agent's abode in that place, some time before the letters could be assorted in the General Post-office and delivered by the letter-carriers of London. He calculated that this express, *per* his clerk to London, would cost about one hundred golden guineas, but then he would save on the head of the insurance, some £1500 sterling at least. Away the clerk ran, got into the post-chaise with the needful for the journey, and the promise of a rich reward if he really outstript the Mail, or get to London before the delivered letter of insurance. He actually reached the house of the agent near Ludgate-hill, in more than sufficient time for his "express" purpose; and sat down pretty composedly to a good breakfast. What news from Glasgow? O nothing sir, of much consequence, except that the *Ruby* has arrived safely at Greenock, and the letter of Insurance I expect you will receive by this morning's post from Glasgow, need not, and must not be attended to. Of course not, said the delighted but hoodwinked agent, and the lucky clerk soon returned to Glasgow *via* one of the Leith smacks, rejoicing at the success of his journey, and reaping his reward. See now, in wonderful contrast to the above, an order of insurance, as the case may be, quietly and secretly transmitted from Glasgow to London, or recalled if necessary, within the space of a single hour by telegram, at a cost of little more than half-a-crown; con-

veying at the same time, almost in the twinkling of an eye, orders in relation to matters of commerce, bills of exchange, &c., involving the value of thousands, and tens of thousands, yea, millions of pounds sterling, as is we believe, done now-a-days, almost every day and minute of the live long year. Is not this, then, really remarkable, as contrasted with some of the above simple stories of the olden time? In fact, these electric wires, notwithstanding the recent mishap of the Great Eastern—but it will soon be rectified,—are linking the world in a way our first parents in Paradise could scarcely have imagined—

“Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away,
Piercing the soul with faculties sublimed,
To the unambiguous footsteps of the God
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the passing worlds!”

But with all humility, we must return to the text of our own Reminiscences; and therefore we go on respectfully to observe, that in those bygone days we have seen the old Glasgow Royal Mail Coach from London, entering the city from the then lowly suburbs in the east, where our great cattle market is now situated, coming galloping up and through the Gallowgate, four-in-hand, to the Old Tontine, adjacent to the statue of King William the Third at the Cross, and drawing finally up up at the foot of Nelson Street, the trusty Guard at this last stage of his journey blowing his long tremendous horn to announce his arrival,—

“Hark, 'tis the twanging horn!
He comes the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapt waist, and frozen locks,
News from all nations lumbering at his back.”

And so after landing his weary passengers, and civilly saluting them by touching the rim of his hat with the

tip of his forefinger, and pocketing what they were pleased to give to himself and "coachey" by way of gratuity—never less than a sixpence, but frequently half-a-guinea, he would proceed to tumble out his letter-bags from the "boots" department, as it was called, of the coach, unto the pavement of the street, and there, after carefully counting them at his finger ends, he would again lift and throw them across his own well set shoulders, and trot away with them on his "ain shanks' naggie," being his own trusty legs, without help of any kind, forward to the head "*offish*," as it was called, in Nelson Street; entering which, panting and blowing, he would throw them deliberately down at his feet on the floor of that place, at the sametime with as much ease, probably, as Samson did with his green withes,—

"Cold, and yet cheerful : messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some ;
To him indifferent, whether grief or joy,—
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages ; epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swain."

It may be interesting here to notice the fact, that at the period referred to, next to the Postmaster himself, there was only *one* single solitary letter sorter : *one* single stamper of letters : three or four clerks, and not more than eight or ten letter-carriers for all Glasgow. Yes, they actually did not exceed twenty individuals altogether ! But mark the contrast now. Why, we have at present, under the able and important management of Edward D. James, Esq., and in our new modern Post-office, in St. George's Square,—becoming, by-the-bye, as we already think, barely sufficient for the increasing

population and prosperity of Glasgow,—we have a postal staff, not of twenty, but upwards of two hundred and fifty individuals, as is shown by the following return which we procured out of curiosity a few days ago, viz.: 12 clerks, 46 sorting clerks, 162 letter-carriers, including auxiliaries, 10 stampers, 12 bag collectors, 3 inspectors, 7 messengers and porters; in all, 252 persons attached to the head-office in St. George's Square. But besides these, there are at this moment in Glasgow, 19 Receiving-houses, of which 17 transact Savings' Bank and Money-Order business; and there are also no fewer than 30 pillar boxes, erected in other quarters of the city—things in fact, that were never heard of in former times. And as for the *revenue*, although the rates of postage were exceedingly high in those days—the postage of a single letter from Glasgow to London, costing one shilling and twopence, and from Glasgow to Edinburgh, sevenpence-halfpenny, and so on in proportion—the revenue in Glasgow at that high and exorbitant rate, did not amount in 1820, to £40,000 per annum; whereas, we learn that last year, although the *penny rate* is now universal, it amounted to the large sum of upwards of £90,000 sterling. This, observe, from the Post-office alone: but we will make a few striking remarks, by-and-bye, about the *ancient* Custom-House and Excise Offices. Nor will we omit to give the wonderful history of the Penny postage, originally and successfully carried out by a native of Glasgow, who, though dead, deserves to be remembered.

Of course, we need hardly remark, it is utterly impossible now, for any human being in this world, to carry the London and Glasgow mail bags on his own shoulders, as we have often seen in the way described, for there are ~~tons~~ upon tons of such things now; and still rapidly

increasing, we believe, in weight and quality. And our eyes, not dim, fail to discover any Royal Mail Coach coming jauntily along in our paths now. Those vehicles, so respected and admired in the olden time, have been literally driven from the road, or knocked down, or swallowed up by that monstrous leviathan, the Railway, snorting over the realm, and chasing everything before it with such astonishing speed; not limited with eight or ten squeezed pent up passengers as the Mail was wont to be, but with thousands upon thousands of them every day: and who, we ask, can really tell their numbers, or the improvements that may yet take place upon them during the next quarter of century, dating back from the period we have been writing about? For what is this but “a map of busy life—its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?”

“Thus, our own lot is given in a land
Where busy arts are never at a stand—
Where science points her telescopic eye
Familiar with the wonders of the sky,—
Where bold Inquiry diving out of sight,
Brings many a precious pearl of truth to light—
Where nought eludes the persevering guest
That fashion, taste, or luxury suggest.”

We are perfectly sensible that we have been making some deviations in these latter pages from our original assigned task, and we perceive that certain parties are already nibbling at us for doing so; but with all deference to them, or to their views, which are appreciated, it is not, we confess, in our nature to arrest our pens, or to throw them down sulkily, when we get into the vein of any subject, but to pursue it even round and about, according to our own whims or humour, or perhaps it is better to say, according to the best of our own unaided

judgment at the time. If we allowed critics, small or great, to trample upon us, this work assuredly would never have been written at all,—

“ Digression is so much in modern use,
Thought is so rare, and fancy so profuse,
Some never seem so wide of their intent
As when returning to the theme they meant.”

And, therefore, with good encouragement, we are happy to say, in other quarters, more indeed than we could possibly have anticipated, we proceed, as one of our old favourite authors recommends—

“ To gather up what seems dispersed,
And touch the subject we designed at first.”

CHAPTER III.

REVIEW OF THE OLD GUARDS OF GLASGOW, &c.

“Yet even in their ashes live their wonted fires.”

ALTHOUGH we have already made some general observations about the ancient corps of gentlemen Sharpshooters, not improperly denominated the “Old Guards of Glasgow,” and did not intend to say anything more about them in this place, in case it might be supposed we were too eager for our own glorification, yet since the preceding numbers of these Reminiscences have made their appearance, with many imperfections, we fear, upon their head, for they have been hurriedly written, and rapidly revised at press, we have been waited upon, and earnestly besought by some of our old surviving “companions in arms,” to give now a short sketch of that remarkable regiment, ere the shades of evening close in upon us for ever. We shall, therefore, here humbly endeavour to do so, without giving offence, we hope, to any one; and certainly from no disrespect whatever to the young and active Volunteers of the present day, for whom, indeed, we entertain the most lively and affectionate esteem.

It has been remarked, elsewhere, that at the sound of

the *Bugle*, the old cavalry horse, yoked and jaded in his master's *cart*, has pricked up his ears and galloped off, as if willing to appear again in the fancied parade. So, almost at the mere mention of the name of the "Old Sharpshooters of Glasgow," our own ears tingle, and our old heart warms: our memory is refreshed anew, and our stunted and stubborn pen, very much used, we admit, sometimes warlike, and sometimes peaceful in its operations, but ever true and faithful to the cause it espouses, it is once more set willingly in motion, in order that we may parade that noble regiment, for so we shall call it, before the mind's eye of our kind and generous readers, for a few moments longer.

Alas! the once stripling *private* of 1819-20, who thus writes, has seen his old Colonel, and his Major, and his Adjutant, with very many of his once dearest comrades, both in the front and rear rank, all hewed down! And the regiment itself, which numbered upwards of 1000 of the most joyous and gifted, and gallant youths, that ever trod on the Green of Glasgow, are now reduced almost to a mere skeleton—not by the clash of arms, or the din of war, or by bloody feats on the roaring field of battle: but by the quiet, stern, and dread exigencies of that *Last Enemy*, whose scythe mows down, in courts, in palaces, and halls, the noblest, the best, and the bravest,—yea, every one without exception, and without compunction, gentle and simple, young and old, rich and poor—all levelled indiscriminately by his hand!

The history of the Glasgow Sharpshooters, never yet distinctly written, may here be told in a few words. Its origin was this:—From the circumstances already detailed in previous numbers, the Sheriff and Magistrates of the city in the year 1819, appeared to be in a state of abso-

lute trepidation and alarm for the safety of the city itself, and the property therein contained. In this emergency, SAMUEL HUNTER of the *Herald Office*, stepped forward to their aid. He was one of the lustiest men in the city, of 18 or 20 stone at least, but his bulk was his least quality. He had been an old active Volunteer Officer in this city during the hottest part of the old French war, in the time of the First Napoleon. But though, barring his weight, he was a gallant soldier, he undoubtedly wielded a braver pen. He was at that period, and for many years, the editor and principal proprietor of the *Herald*. He also acted as a Magistrate occasionally on the bench. He had much rich and ready humour about him; but he had a stronger fund of common sense, and his writings though of the old Tory school, were always pretty clear, sharp, and explicit. He was, indeed, a man fitted almost for any emergency; and he was beloved in the city by the name of "*Samuel*"—the only name we have heard him frequently say, he ever cared about. There goes Samuel—"Hoo's a' wi' ye the day, my worthy friend?" were the salutations he received as he entered of a morning the Old Tontine Coffee-Room, at the Cross, then towering in its pride of place. He counselled the Magistrates in the serious emergency which they dreaded, to raise immediately a Regiment of 1000 Glasgow Volunteers, and to call them by the name of "the Glasgow *Sharpshooters*." His advice was promptly taken. The Magistrates convened the leading men of the city, and at that meeting, ten of the most spirited amongst them, most handsomely and promptly, and we will here say, most dutifully and loyally—let other things be viewed as they may—undertook and pledged themselves to raise each a company of 100 individuals; thus making a corps of

1000 Glasgow youths; or if they were not youths, they were at least in the prime of manhood. At that first meeting it was unanimously agreed that the gentlemen so raising those companies, should be regarded as the *Captains* thereof, with their *et ceteras*. Within the short space of forty-eight hours—certainly within a very few days, so excited was the times—upwards of 1000 gentlemen spontaneously came forward, and enrolled themselves as full privates on their favourite Captain's regimental books, although many of those privates were, as civilians, of superior rank and fortune than some of those officers themselves that so came forward. Nor was every Volunteer accepted or received, as a matter of course, in those ranks. He was carefully scrutinized, and behoved to be a youth of education, of sober habits, of unblemished character, able and willing to pay for the cost of the requisite military accoutrements and dress; and to contribute besides, for the equipment and maintenance of two or three military sergeants, to be drafted for drilling, from regiments of the line, besides a splendid military band of many musicians. No pay, no recruiting fee, not a penny allowed for marching purposes—all, everything to be disbursed by the gentlemen themselves out of their own private pockets; and their services too, whatever these might be, and whensoever required, were to be gratuitously and instantaneously given at the word of command. Never, we venture to say, was any Regiment in this city, or anywhere else in this realm, so quickly, handsomely, and harmoniously called into existence; and in a ratio of rapidity commensurate with the enrolment of the corps, did the severe drilling and the anxious training commence and terminate in right earnest. From six o'clock in the morning, till breakfast time at nine—and

from seven in the evening, till the bells of the city rang ten,—in the Town Hall, at the Cross; in the Trades' Hall, in Glassford Street; in the Court-yard of the Old Ship Bank; in the Assembly Rooms, now the Athenæum; in the Riding School, York Street; in Stirling's Library, then at the head of Hutcheson Street; in the Old Town's Hospital, fronting the Clyde; in Smith, Hutcheson, & Co.'s Warehouse, in Miller Street; and in other spacious warehouses of the city, did that drilling, or that training, go on. And it is the fact, that within a couple of weeks, the whole of those 1000 Volunteers were brought into a state of extraordinary perfection in the military art, leading us to observe, that it is sometimes wonderful to see how soon people will really learn, when the *heart* is fairly enlisted in the work. It was resolved, and carried with acclamation, that Samuel Hunter of the *Herald*, should be the Colonel-Commandant of the Regiment; that Robt. Douglas Alston, then a most active magistrate and merchant, should be Lieut.-Colonel or Major; and that a very extraordinary man, who had just then arrived in Glasgow, should be Adjutant. This was Mr. James Jones, originally from Argyleshire, who had fought in the celebrated battle between the British frigate, Shannon, and the American frigate, Chesapeake. We had recently been at war with America, and had experienced some disasters at sea; but this battle redeemed them all on our side, and Jones who had been in humble rank, but rose to be a Lieutenant of Marines, was the first man that boarded the Chesapeake, whose Captain surrendered to him his sword, and that sword was worn by Jones, as the Adjutant of the Glasgow Sharpshooters. How strange things sometimes do occur! We have seen that sword out of its scabbard, waving and flourishing on the streets

of Glasgow, and electrifying by its very appearance in the hands of Jones (who was a nimble trig little fellow, with pluck all over), the hearts of many of the admiring throng with whom in his Glasgow regimentals, and in his new arduous Glasgow duty, he became an especial favourite. He was called, however, by nickname, the *Horse Marine*. At the very first, as may naturally be supposed, an important point came to be decided by the Volunteers themselves. It was the *dress*—the uniform of the corps. Of course, being “sharpshooters,” it behoved to be a dark or a green dress, according to military precept. The five or six principal clothiers at that time in the city, were, Messrs. Miller & Ewing, or Ewing & Wingate, Argyle Street; old John Lockhart, Argyle Street, represented by Lockhart & Sons, or Lockhart & Watson; Ferguson & Stewart, Argyle Street, represented by Kennedy & Sons; James Watson, James Harris, and Donald M'Donald, near the Black Bull; and J. S. Stubbs, Miller Street, a most dashing fellow—he went to Manchester, and made a fortune. All these houses competed for the dress, which we may describe nearly as follows:—It was a beautiful green jacket, of the finest Yorkshire wool, fringed richly with silk and cotton tambouring, with three rows of dark covered buttons on the breast; white vest, green trousers to match the pretty jacket, with fine white linen ones for field or summer, or gala days; polished Wellington boots, then new in fashion; the rich silken cravat, as worn by George the Fourth, unfolding to view the spotless shirt, with the finest lace or cambric ruffles attached to it, nowhere now to be seen; and then in a ball-room—for there were many balls in those days, especially in the Athenæum, more agreeable perhaps, than others since seen—the Sharpshooters in

their white or cream-coloured embroidered *silken* stockings—rarely do we see any of them now—displaying the clean trig ancle, encased in the pumps or the shoes with their brilliant buckles, which made the very floors to creak with animation. But really we must stop short with this description; adding to it the remark often made, that the dress of a private—a full blown private in that Regiment of Glasgow Sharpshooters—actually vied, as many Dons of fashion admitted, with the dress sometimes worn by His Highness Prince Esterhazy, at the old King's Court of St. James' Palace. We are not joking here. It is true. Yet we must not forget the extraordinary *caput*, or military cap, of these original Sharpshooters. It was really a curiosity of its kind: we declare we have never seen the like of it in any regiment whatever in this world, though many of them we have seen. It was made, no doubt, with the *felt* of other hats or caps, but then it was fortified with plated black leather, surmounted not with any red or white looking feather, but with a tuft of real *bona fide* black horses hair—the horses' tails, it may be remembered, were rumped and woefully short at that time, which made some of the waggish urchins of the city to allege, that the hair thus worn in their caps by the Sharpshooters, were only sticks of "*black sugar-alley*." But while this queerish cap fitted the brow of the head to a nicety, and towered up nearly one foot and a half high, becoming broader and broader at the top, resembling or seeming almost as ludicrous in that respect, as the *crinoline* of the ladies' dresses of the present day, we ought to confess, that if the gentlemen held their *heads* so high with that fantastic cap more than forty years ago, we have probably no right to complain of the crinoline worn by our darling friends at this

present period, though really we are glad to observe that it is greatly going out of fashion—

“Small by degrees, and beautifully less.”

This we know, and can speak from *felt* experience of that wonderful hat, that it occasioned many drops of perspiration to trickle down many robust cheeks when engaged at hard drill. The clothing and equipment of that fine regiment, exceptionable though some of these last descriptions may appear, was the means of circulating, at least, £20,000 sterling, amongst the clothiers of Glasgow at that period; and many *snips* came hither from all parts of the country, and were then readily employed at high wages; some of them became *corks* and deacons, while others in different capacities rose to wealth, rank, and distinction, dating it from the day of their happy enlistment into that corps. The important *weapon* itself, viz., the Rifle, came down from London, by order of the Government, through the Duke of York. Fifteen hundred stand of arms, with upwards of one million of ball-cartridges, were now in the city at the disposal of these Sharpshooters. What Regiment of Revolutionary *Pikes* approaching hither, could stand these?

Thus drilled and equipped, ripe and ready for action, every man having taken the oath of allegiance to the King, the regiment by its respective companies, was now ordered for the first time to form into line, to show itself in its martial colours and united strength, on the Green of Glasgow, where many regiments since the days of Prince Charlie have been paraded, but broken up in other climes.

Memorable morning! Around and about Nelson's monument, in that still cherished place, where, by-the-

bye, the Molendinar Burn ran sweetly, but it is now covered o'er, the respective companies under their chiefs assembled. The roll of each company was duly called ; every man answered to his name and address. The good old jolly Colonel with his staff, stood stationed near the centre of the Green, ready to salute his assembled Volunteers, and thus come in official fraternity with them for the first time in that place. The Adjutant galloping up on his charger, made the salute and intimation to Colonel Hunter, that all the rolls of the company were now called, and the strength of the Regiment accurately ascertained. Rank and file on the ground, 1015 men ; with 37 commissioned officers, 39 sergeants, and as many corporals.

Forward to the newly assembled joyous regiment the Colonel with his Major and Adjutant slowly, but pleasingly rode. Taking off their hats, and respectfully saluting the Regiment, these were the short and first memorable *military* words of Colonel Hunter on this interesting occasion:—"My brave fellows! I am proud to see you. Never did such a Regiment stand on this Green. You will all, I am confident, *do your duty*. Won't you?" On that, they set up one inspiring shout, which was caught by the vast crowd of ladies and gentlemen witnessing the proceedings ; and another, and another louder shout of cheers were given.

"Attention, my lads! The Battalion will now prepare to form into line." Every man held his breath, as if his own fate depended on this the original formation of that line, and all most anxious to see it done in perfection. Many proud hearts then fluttered for the first time under their new military garb. The glorious *red* line formed a few years ago at Balaclava, still so fresh in our memo-

ries, could hardly have been surpassed for genuine affection, or throbs of kindred interest to each other, as was this first matchless *green* line developed shoulder to shoulder, on the civic plains of Glasgow. The ready *Bugles* now sounded for a moment or two; they ceased: and then with stentorian lungs, our loved Colonel gave the anxious anticipated word of command—"The Battalion will now deploy into line—*March!*" In an instant that line was formed,—straight as an arrow.

"Very well done, indeed," exclaimed the delighted Colonel; and then he put them through their facings somewhat in this manner:—Attention, my lads! Stand at ease—shoulder arms—support arms—ground arms—fix bayonets!—prepare for a general salute—shoulder arms. Then the thrilling words came—"Present arms!" Done in a moment; and in that act, the splendid band of the Regiment, glittering for the first time with their new trumpets and other instruments, pealed forth the King's Anthem.

Such was the *first* meeting of that Regiment on the Green of Glasgow. We now beg leave to give the names and designations of all the gallant *officers* that then and there assembled in proud array:—

ORIGINAL LIST

Of the Names and Designations of all the Officers of the Glasgow Regiment of Sharpshooters of 1819-20.

LIEUT.-COLONEL—Samuel Hunter, Editor of the *Glasgow Herald*.

MAJOR—Robert Douglas Alston, merchant, afterwards of Auchencreach, near Hamilton.

CAPTAINS—Robert Struthers, Esq., the eminent brewer in Calton, and brother-in-law of Kirkman Finlay, M.P. Robert Watson, Esq., of Linthouse, the celebrated banker in Glasgow, with his brotner,

Gilbert Watson. Archibald Bogle, Esq., of Gilmorehill. James Monteath, Esq., afterwards of Stoneybyres, Distributor of Stamps, Glasgow. The Hon. John Thomas Alston, Lord Provost of the city. Thomas Watson, Esq., manufacturer, another brother of the above Robert Watson, Esq., banker. William Smith, Esq., of Carbeth-Guthrie, afterwards Lord Provost of the city. Archibald Lang, Esq., writer, son of John Lang, Esq., Dean of the Faculty of Procurators. Alex. G. Shand, Esq., merchant, one of the Magistrates of the city. Samuel Coleman, Esq., merchant.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.—William Aitchison, Esq., writer. James A. Anderson, Esq., afterwards Manager of the Union Bank of Scotland. D. M. Craig, Esq., writer. Thomas Arnott, Esq., manufacturer. William Jack, Esq., of Messrs. Jack, Paterson, & Co. James King, Esq., of King & Campbell, writers. J. M. Ewing, Esq., writer. William Hamilton, Esq., of Northpark, afterwards Lord Provost of Glasgow. James Wilson, Esq., writer, in Oliver Cromwell's Land, Saltmarket. J. M'Nair, jun., Esq., of Belvidere.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS—Daniel Campbell, Esq., merchant. Andrew Rankine, Esq., of Gourrock, son of the Rev. Dr. Rankine of the Ram's-horn. John Bryce, Esq., wood merchant. Robert Muir, Esq., of Muir & Steven, writers. William D. Blair, Esq., Collector of Cess for the city. John Fisher, Esq., Extractor of the Burgh Court, Glasgow. J. R. Reid, Esq., of Reid, Robertson, & Brothers, who founded the Glasgow Arcade. J. C. Porterfield, Esq., of Duchill. Lawrence Craigie, jun., Esq., one of the Magistrates of the city. James Lindsay, Esq., one of the Councillors of the city. William Black, Esq., son of James Black, Lord Provost.

ADJUTANT—James Jones.

SURGEON—John M'Arthur. ASSISTANT-SURGEON—Dr. J. M'Leod.

QUARTERMASTER—Robert Spears, of the Stamp Office, father-in-law of Robert Thomson, Town-Clerk.

Alas! alas! The tears, we confess, are almost starting in our eyes, when we consider and reflect, that the whole of these thirty-seven once active and sprightly officers are dead and gone, with *four* exceptions; and of these four exceptions, two of them are still the surviving

ex-Lord Provosts of the city, regarding whom, and of two or three others, we took the liberty of making a singular reference in one of our previous numbers,—

“Where now those strains we heard when Hope was young,
When fancy first prepared her wing for flight,
When Hope around us first her mantle flung,
And pointed upwards to the golden light.
Ere cares or sorrows dimmed with tears our eyes,
Which ne’er as yet had seen but sunny skies ?

“Ah ! gone for ever, is each youthful dream
That urged us onward in our young career :
But as our bark still floats adown life’s stream,
Bright spots of former times our bosoms cheer :
They come like healthful messengers divine,
And round our souls their healing virtues shine.”

Truly, we may say, it was a most animating sight of a fine spring morning, to see that Regiment marching on its return from drill on the green-sward through the principal streets of Glasgow. Almost every window on the line of march was turned up; and the ladies—dear creatures ! just fresh and rosy from the morning toilettes, waving their pretty white handkerchiefs, and kissing their hands, and thereby recognising and saluting some of the young sprigs as they marched along. Every youth—every boy of spirit in the city, going to his class or school in the morning, ran first to the Green, or halted at the Cross at the statue of King William, to see the favourite Sharpshooters, and inhale the inspiring music of their brilliant and most charming band, which penetrated the hearts of the entire population, excepting always that small section who are ever ill-natured, or dull, or inanimate under any circumstances. It was martial music, we repeat, of the most charming description, never then surpassed in Glasgow by its strains; and it impelled, there cannot be the least doubt, the bosoms

of every officer and soldier who had the felicity of belonging to that memorable corps. Let us observe, that it was considered to be a great feat in those days to pierce at the distance of 70 or 80 yards the Rifle *Target* with the bullet through the bull's-eye in the Fir Park, (Necropolis now,) or at the Whinstone Quarry of old Provost James Mackenzie of Craigpark, or at Bowling, or at Mr. Smith's, at Jordanhill; whereas, the Rifle now is made to carry to the distance of hundreds of yards. And often when on duty all night in the Tron and St. George's Churches, it is the fact, that from those Churches there emerged in those times throughout the night, and at the end of every hour, armed *piquets* of 20 or 30 Sharpshooters, under the command of some officer or other connected with the Regiment, whose duty it was to patrol the streets, and report to the "Captain of the Guard" whether all was right. We cannot describe this better, than by quoting the well-known lines—

"Who goes there? stranger, quickly tell—
A friend: the word?—good night—*All's well.*"

We think we actually see the ancient stands of arms regularly piled up in dozens each in the lobby of those Churches, ready to be employed in an instant out of doors; while many of the congregated Battalion were stretching their weary limbs on the cushions of the Church seats—some bolstering their heads with their cartridge-boxes; and others wrapt soundly in the arms of Morpheus, enjoying that "sweet restorer, balmy sleep;"—not a few also were playing at whist or draughts, or blind hookey, so light were their spirits then in the midst of supposed danger.

On the memorable Friday to which we have previously

referred they were all to be put "through their facings"—publicly *Reviewed* on the Green of Glasgow, by the General Commanding-in-Chief, and his retinue, including Sir Harry Smith, the hero of Aliwal, &c., &c. It was a splendid day—a "great day," we should say, for Glasgow. All the rank, wealth, and beauty of the city and surrounding neighbourhood, crowded to the Green. The Sharpshooters, shortly before 12 o'clock, drew up in a compact line at the eastern side of Nelson's monument. To the right, there stood with grounded arms, the Rifle Brigade; and on the left, the 33d Regiment. The Sharpshooters had the post of honour, in the centre; and behind them in glittering armour, was the Glasgow Regiment of Light Horse, with the 7th and the 10th Hussars, and eight pieces of Flying Artillery. Any description of this scene would be superfluous. It may strike the imagination of some yet. But we cannot allow the opportunity to pass, without stating, that besides Sir Harry Smith, there were two remarkable men who held the position of subordinate officers in that Rifle Brigade in Glasgow, namely, Lieutenant Havelock, and Lieutenant and Adjutant John Kincaid. With a glow of pride we state, that the former was the very man who afterwards rose to such distinction in India, as the glorious Sir Henry Havelock, created a Baronet of Great Britain, by her Majesty; and the latter, who was one of Wellington's favourite adjutants at Waterloo, rose to the rank of one of the Knights-Commander of her Majesty's body-guard in St. James' Palace, where, in the "Colour Court," he had his residence as Sir John Kincaid. Some of his relatives are still alive in Glasgow; and surely, in connection with Glasgow matters, it may be pardonable for us to state, that we have frequently chatted with those

heroes in this city about many circumstances of the olden time, in the most affable and agreeable way.

Out of compliment to that Review of the Sharpshooters on which we have been remarking, the Lord Provost and Magistrates of the city ordered the city bells to ring from 12 till 3 o'clock, a rare and unexampled thing in Glasgow for any review of that description. But on this occasion, the Magistrates obviously desired to make a great military display, and to impress it on the citizens; and in that view it certainly succeeded, without accident or regrets of any kind. Scarcely had the clock of St. Andrew's Church struck the hour of twelve noon, than the General, Sir Thomas Bradford, true to his time, was seen advancing from Monteith Row, with a long and brilliant retinue of about twenty general officers and aides-de-camp, for there were more general officers at that time in Glasgow, than at any other period of its history—far more than had appeared with the Earl of Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings, Commanding-in-Chief in Scotland, about fifteen years previously. The general "salute" immediately given, was perfectly exciting. Then the *sham* battles, the charging by bayonets, the rapid formation into squares, and the repulse of the cavalry, &c., can perhaps only be appreciated by military readers. But after the Review, which lasted upwards of two hours, was over, the General and his aides advanced, and saluted Colonel Hunter, and addressed him in a most animated and affectionate strain, as was seen by all of us from the attitude and position of the General himself. In a few minutes, the sweating Sharpshooters were again formed into a more pleasing square, and Colonel Hunter thus addressed them—"My fine fellows! The General has just told me, that he is perfectly delighted with you

—(great cheering)—and I have just told him that I am perfectly delighted with you myself—(shouts of laughter.) Yes, stop, please, that laughing; (and looking and pointing his sword towards Cathkin hills, he continued,) I am also confident that if any *Treasonable* raggamuffins shall dare to approach the city, you will give them a *warm reception*." At the conclusion of these homely but spirited words, which could only be best appreciated by those who remembered the Colonel himself, the Regiment again gave three hearty cheers; and amongst with Lieut.-General Sir Hussey Vivian, and other general officers at their head, they returned joyously, if not triumphantly, through the city, to the marching tunes of their own magnificent bugles, which conveyed notes of warning, at the same time, to the most discontented, if any such were in the city, that they had better continue still in peace and quietness. The Sharpshooters were then all agreeably dismissed in St. George's Square; and many tea and dinner parties were given on the head of that Review, that afternoon or evening, in Glasgow. But Bugles called them again "*to arms*" on Monday morning. There was, we may remark, another great *Review* soon afterwards, in the same place, by Major-General Reynell—a brave British officer, who was ordered by Government to take up his *permanent* residence in Glasgow, such was the stirring military operations then amongst us, and the house which he originally occupied is that now forming the writing-chambers of Messrs. Moncrieff, Paterson, Forbes, & Barr, in West George's Street; but we will leave the General to give his own description of that Regiment, vouched by the subscription of Sir Harry Smith, the Brigade-Major, from a copy of it, which we took with some pleasure at the time, and

have preserved. But there are a few incidents connected with that Review in Glasgow, which we may as well give. The colours of the Regiment originally belonged to the still more ancient corps of Volunteers in this city, formed during the French war in 1803. These colours, of the richest silk, blue, and orange, embroidered with genuine golden lace, and displaying the city arms, were transferred in the highest state of preservation, and with every good feeling of affection, by the then few survivors of that corps, to their younger brethren in arms, in 1819. It is perhaps doleful to notice, that there are only *two* survivors of the olden corps in the land of living men, viz., Mr. John Pattison, of the old family of Kelvingrove, and Mr. Thomas Dunlop Douglas, of Dunlop, whose brother, Sir Neil Douglas, also a native of this city, commanded the 79th Regiment at Waterloo. He went into that battle with 800 effective rank and file, and every one of them was killed or wounded, with the exception of 96. Sir Neil was also Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, within the last thirty years; but long before that event, we actually wrote his marriage settlement with the beautiful Miss Robertson of Greenock. The veteran colours on the present occasion were carried by two of the tallest and most handsome men that ever stepped in shoe leather on the streets of Glasgow, viz., John Miller Ewing, Esq., writer in Glasgow, a gentleman connected with the Ewings of Keppoch, an ancient family in Dumbartonshire; and Laurence Craigie, Jun., son of the old Lord Provost of the same name,—all, too, away: but the colours themselves are, we think, safely deposited with other relics, in the Castle of Dumbarton. The Glasgow troop of Yeomanry, reviewed along with the Cavalry, were commanded, as already stated, by Charles

Stirling, Esq., of Cadder, the leading partner of the great house of Stirling, Gordon, & Co. He was called Captain *Cork-leg*, for he had been maimed by some accident in early life, and he wore a cork leg in reality; but he was one of the most expert riders and accomplished gentlemen that adorned the city. Under him as *Lieutenant*, was James Oswald, Esq., of Shieldhall, afterwards M.P. for the city, in the first Reformed Parliament, and of whom we may afterwards have a chapter; and the most active *Sergeant* of that Light Horse Regiment, was the late Mr. Stevenson Dalglish, brother of our present member, Robert Dalglish, Esq., M.P., who rode one of the most spanking grey horses then ever seen in Glasgow, and for which he was frequently offered 300 guineas and more. This Regiment was called the "Scots Greys of Glasgow," in compliment to the real Scots Greys, and because almost the whole of the horses belonging to it were of greyish colour, highly mettled and valuable, as the riders of them were all wealthy and spirited gentlemen. And since we have mentioned the Scots Greys, a regiment we all know, which has frequently and gloriously distinguished itself in the service of this empire, we take leave here to mention the singular and astonishing fact, that the Colonel who commanded it at Waterloo, and led it through some of its most brilliant and heroic charges on that memorable field, but *fell* at last, amongst the ranks of his slaughtered men, pierced with many wounds, but covered with glory, was originally a poor humble boy of this city; yes, actually born and bred in the Gallowgate of Glasgow, and his first extraordinary and most successful history, but subsequent lamentable fate, mixed up as it was with the still more lamentable history and fate of two of his *sisters* in this city, whom we silently buried

in Glasgow within the last twenty years; our only other attendants to their graves being but *three* solitary individuals, one of whom, we are happy to state, has risen to the highest military rank amongst the existing Volunteers of the city, and we will name him with the greatest pleasure, when we come to give the history of that brave officer and his sisters—it is full, we here take leave to say, of the most tragical interest—more so, perhaps, than that of any other family that ever existed in Glasgow. We shall tell it, we hope, with some propriety in another chapter ere long, and nobody is so well entitled to do it; because the original documents and papers connected with it, were sacredly committed to us under sad circumstances many years ago, and we have faithfully retained them in our possession ever since. They include, we may remark, some original letters of the private Secretaries of King George the Fourth and King William the Fourth, and there is one in particular, from the hands of the illustrious Duke of Wellington, who could not but feel warmly attached to the gallant Greys for what they did at Waterloo and other places. It almost looks like *Fiction*: but after we have presented our readers with the true story of Col. James Inglis Hamilton, entwined with that of his two broken-hearted sisters in Glasgow—proved beyond the shadow of a doubt—few will allege that these Reminiscences are idle tales, destitute of interest. They may be destitute of fine tinselled phraseology, to which we never aspired, but they are fraught we think, with plain sober and unsophisticated realities; and let us add, from a truthful and a fearless pen.

And to sober “realities,” we shall now again pass, by directing the attention of our readers for a few moments longer to the point we lately mooted, and to fix them on

the further dread doings in Glasgow, which, some will hardly imagine, and others will scarcely believe, actually took place on *Sunday*, the 9th of April, 1820. Not the gentlemen Sharpshooters, but the Rifle Brigade, with sections of the 7th and 10th Hussars, on the orders of the Lord Advocate, countersigned by the Sheriff and Magistrates, were ordered out from their Barracks as early as five o'clock that Sunday morning, to surround the houses of some of the best and most inoffensive of our fellow-citizens, and to seize those citizens when pointed out to them, and to escort them securely to the Jail, as charged with the capital crime of High Treason. Nearly one hundred citizens, we aver, were so seized, and thrown into prison that day on that charge. In fact, all the cells in the old Police-office, all of them in the old Bridewell, and the old Jail, were crammed nearly to suffocation in that manner, and on that day,—the most extraordinary Sabbath for *Jail* business ever seen in Glasgow. Besides those persons in Glasgow, many others, on different days and in different places, were seized or incarcerated, as disaffected persons, chargeable with Treason. The Castle of Edinburgh, the Castle of Stirling, the Castle of Dumbarton, were full also of "State" prisoners, so they were called at that time: and in those citadels the sentries were doubled or trebled on duty. The Jail of Paisley, in our neighbourhood, was perfectly full—so full, that a party of six or eight fresh taken prisoners were ordered to be sent down under a strong escort, to the Jail of Greenock, where, by-the-bye, the *press-gang* was rampant in former days. The escort, however, of those prisoners to Greenock, led to a most distressing and tragical occurrence. When they got the length of Bishopton or Port-Glasgow, the Paisley prisoners refused to go farther,

and a party of about eighty Volunteers belonging to Port-Glasgow, were called out to compel them to go on to Greenock. The Volunteers marched thither somewhat defiantly, with a drum and a fife at their head, which created an unusual stir at Greenock: the Volunteers were hooted and pelted, but they managed to lodge their prisoners at first, safely enough in Jail. They had, however, no sooner turned their backs on their way homewards to Port-Glasgow, than crowds of the Greenock people increased, and maltreated them with stones and other missiles to the danger of their lives. A most serious conflict ensued. The Volunteers in their own defence were compelled to fire; and four or five unfortunate individuals were killed on the spot, and many others wounded. The enraged crowds at Greenock burst open the prison doors, and in defiance of the Magistrates, liberated the prisoners, who speedily escaped, and were never more heard of in that place. But such was the alarming state of Greenock on that occasion, and the fears of a further slaughter between the Greenock and Port-Glasgow people, that an express went for the then Lord Blantyre, (who was Lord-Lieutenant of the County, and unfortunately killed during the Revolution at Belgium, in the year 1830,) and in obedience to his Lordship's commands, a troop of the 10th Hussars went down galloping from Glasgow, which had the effect of quelling all further disturbances in these places at the time.

In regard to the alleged Treasonable cases in Glasgow, we need not and cannot go into all the particulars of them in this publication. We shall therefore only refer to *three* of them, as bearing pretty accurately on all the rest. These were the cases of James Turner of Thrushgrove, William Lang, the printer in Bell Street, and

Alex. Rodger, the Radical poet of Bridgeton, formerly alluded to. Mr. Turner placed the following statement on record, with his own truthful name attached to it, long ago, and it was never contradicted. It was addressed to Joseph Hume, M.P., dated Glasgow, 1st March, 1821, and read by that faithful and indefatigable member in his place in the House of Commons. We have preserved a faithful copy of it for many years:—

“I was,” says Mr. Turner, in that letter, and mark now his words, “I was on Sunday morning, the 9th April, 1820, about five o’clock, awakened from bed by a tremendous noise, and the barking of my dogs. I opened my front door, and found that my house was surrounded by military. Mr. Salmond, the Procurator-Fiscal, and Calder, the Sheriff-officer, then entered the house. I asked them what they wanted? They said they were come to seize me. I desired them to come in and wait till I put my clothes on. Having dressed, I then asked to see their warrant, when they showed me a paper which they would not allow me to read, but which they called a warrant for my apprehension, and the searching of my house for papers and for arms; but at whose instance the application was made, or who granted the warrant, I did not know. They proceeded to search for papers, and found only two, which, upon examination by them, were deemed worthy of being indorsed, namely, the copy of a letter I had sent to Lord Sidmouth, in 1817, relative to a petition from Glasgow to the Prince Regent, for a redress of grievances; and a letter from some of the inhabitants of this city, about liberty to meet in my grounds at Thrushgrove, anent that petition. I delivered up my pocket pistols, which I use when travelling, my gun and bayonet, which I purchased from Colonel Cunningham Corbett, when I served as a volunteer under him in 1797; a holster pistol, and five ball-cartridges. These were the mighty store of arms, all of which had been in my possession for more than twenty years. I was taken first to the *Police-office*, where I was detained till about 11 o’clock on *Sunday night*, when I was marched with a guard of *horse and foot soldiers* to Bridewell, and locked up in a solitary cell, as if I had been the worst of criminals. I requested Bailie James Hunter, who accompanied me to Bridewell, that I might be indulged with the use of writing materials, to give directions respecting my business on the

following day, but he informed me that the Magistrates had no power to grant any such things. On Monday I wrote to the Lord Advocate, requesting the use of writing materials, and that he would accept of bail, or make my situation more comfortable, as I had only a stone floor, and no fire-place; but to this letter I received no answer. That morning, when my breakfast was sent by my own family, it was not allowed to get in to me. On the Tuesday, as if it had not been enough to deny me the use of writing materials, my pocket *pencil* was demanded and taken from me. On Wednesday nothing particular occurred, and I expected I would be immediately liberated. But it was not till Friday evening the 14th, that I was called to be examined on a charge of High Treason! I then answered every question put to me by Mr. Hope, the Advocate-Depute, and as I thought, to his satisfaction; notwithstanding which, I was remanded to my cell, where I was detained Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday; and at six o'clock that Tuesday evening, when I was brought up again for examination, I was informed that I might now probably be liberated on *Bail*."

It is the fact, that Mr. Archibald Speirs of Elderslie, the grandfather of the newly-elected M.P. for Renfrewshire, and his brother, Mr. Peter Speirs of Culcreuch, with Mr. Cunningham Corbett of Porterfield, who then enjoyed patrimonial estates to the value of upwards of £20,000 per annum, but they have since greatly increased in value, offered to become *Bail* for Turner and others; but that offer in the first instance was with contumely rejected! Mr. Turner goes on, in his letter to Mr. Hume, to state as follows:—

"From this brief statement of facts, I trust you will see that in my person the rights of a British subject have been grossly violated, and that I have been made a victim of tyrannical power and malignant persecution, for which it appears there is little or no chance of redress, and that merely because I have not concealed my being friendly to the cause of *Parliamentary Reform*, which I only sought to be accomplished by legal and constitutional means. I have taken the liberty of addressing you (Mr. Hume) on this subject, so that

when Lord Archibald Hamilton presents my petition, you may, if you think proper, be able to animadvert on the outrage committed on my person, and through me on every British subject.—I am, Sir, very respectfully yours,

JAMES TURNER."

The petition referred to in the above letter was duly presented to the House. It occasioned an interesting discussion, in which the Lord Advocate, Mr. Monteith of Carstairs, who then represented the Lanark District of Burghs in Parliament, Lord Castlereagh, then Marquis of Londonderry, and others, took part; and the petition of Mr. Turner was ordered "to be printed along with the votes." This was reckoned to be a great and unexpected triumph for him at the time; for the belief in Glasgow was, that his petition, like that of many others from different parts of the kingdom, would be scouted or pitched under the table of the House, without being listened to at all. We have the original notes of Lord Archibald Hamilton in our possession, written by his Lordship at the table of the House of Commons, when he presented the petition; but we need not transcribe them in this place. It is sufficient to observe, that Mr. Turner and his friends in Glasgow obtained no redress. They were all liberated from prison some time afterwards, on Bail Bonds, exacted under the penalty of £150 sterling, to appear for trial within six months' thereafter. We have a copy of one of those original Bonds in our possession, written by John Leslie, Esq., then of the Sheriff-Clerk's office in Glasgow, still alive, at Hamilton, and whom we are proud to call our friend, under many vicissitudes, of at least forty years' standing. All these prominent persecuted prisoners in Glasgow, have gone to the place "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest;" but in vindication of

the characters of the whole of them in Glasgow, we venture to assert that they left their cells or came out from their prison gates without the slightest stain either on their *moral* or *political* character.

Yet a great *farce*, as we may call it, was enacted in the city and suburbs on the Monday morning after these seizures and commitments to prison were made on Sunday. This was a "search" by the Magistrates and Town-officers, with the military, including the Sharpshooters at their backs, with their Rifles and bristling bayonets, for "*pikes, clegs, and arms, or other munitions of war,*" alleged by the false and deceitful Spies to be secreted in Anderston, Calton, and Bridgeton, and other Radical departments of Glasgow. It was ludicrous in the extreme, as we then saw and now view it. Yes, we actually *saw* the Sheriff-officers and the Town-officers, with our own eyes, taking off their coats, and folding up their shirt-sleeves, ere they *degged* with their hands into the water-troughs or tubs of all the blacksmith shops they entered, fishing for pikes and clegs at the bottom of them; not the living animals that creep in other places, but the supposed *iron* monsters manufactured by the Radicals, and therein concealed! But to the credit of Glasgow, few, if any articles of the kind were really discovered in the premises of any respectable citizen. Many were discovered in other suspicious places, but how they got there, no one could really tell. We may mention this startling fact, however, which we proved long ago, and it was never contradicted, namely, that Mr William Aiton, the then flaming but most unpopular Sheriff-Substitute at Hamilton, who first seized Wilson, and was his implacable foe, insomuch that the Judges on the trial *rejected* one of Aiton's declarations,—he actually attempted, in

company with his subordinate, Mr. Dugald M'Callum, Fiscal of the place, to seduce Mr. Alexander Ross, a decent respectable blacksmith, at Sandford, near Hamilton, by getting him to manufacture a quantity of pikes about that period—pretty work for a Sheriff-Substitute to do! but the honest smith at once rejected the base and reprehensible proposal, and he had the spirit to come forward and subscribe an explicit declaration to that effect, charging those functionaries with that disgraceful attempt to ensnare or suborn him in his duty as a faithful subject of the King, which declaration was published during the life-time of those functionaries, but they never once ventured to deny or contradict it. We retain a true copy of the original declaration of Mr. Ross in our possession. So much for some of the pikes and elegs, and other things, under the Spy system. All these villanous implements of Revolutionary war, being then thought to be secured and captured, and the city itself remaining perfectly quiet, and the Mail Coach from London coming peaceably home, as it always did, the Lord Advocate returned to Edinburgh, and from thence he proceeded to London, to attend to his duties in Parliament. Sir Thos. Bradford and Sir Hussey Vivian, also left Glasgow. The Dumbartonshire Yeomanry, and the Midlothian Yeomanry, and the Ayrshire Yeomanry, also went home. The 80th Regiment returned to Edinburgh Castle; the 10th Hussars proceeded to Piershill Barracks; but Glasgow was still left with the 13th and 33d Regiments, the Rifle Brigade, the 7th Hussars, and the Artillery.

If we are not fatiguing our readers, we may here give them a few amusing specimens of some *written* "elegs," or paper pellets, as Sandy Rodger the poet, called them, which he manufactured out of his own ready brains soon

after he got out of *limbo*, and was rattling or screeding away at Lords Sidmouth and Castlereagh, &c., &c.,—

What howlings are these from that huge lofty dwelling, (Bridewell)

As if some fell sorc'ress were struggling with death ?

'Tis bedlam corruption lies cursing and yelling,
And tainting the air with her putrified breath.

She curses the fate of her Spies and Informers—

She wails o'er their efforts so fruitlessly made,

When they prow'd through the land for the blood of Reformers—
Seduced the unwary—then basely betrayed.

She called on her Reynolds, so famous for murder,

Her Oliver, Castles, and Richmond most dear ;

And dubbing them knights of the Spies' noble order,
Bestowed the insignia they henceforth should wear.

Hence, nothing was heard of but plots and seditions,

High Treason, rebellion, and blasphemy wild ;

Because that the people had dared to petition

In plain honest language, firm, manly, and mild.

The laws were suspended—the prisons were glutted—

Indictments preferred, and Juries enclosed ;

But mark ! by her own wicked efforts outwitted,—

Corruption at once is defeated—exposed !

For truth must prevail over falsehood and error,

In spite of the Devil, Corruption, and Spies ;

Who down to their dens shall be driven in terror,

While man to his scale in creation will rise.

These, we say, are some rough specimens of the "*written clegs*" of Alexander Rodger, the poet, who himself nearly suffered martyrdom for Treason, in 1820 ; but he was no more a traitor in any sense of that word, than is Mr. Tennyson, the poet-laureate of the present day.

King George the Fourth had now fixed his birth-day to be celebrated on Monday, the 24th of April, 1820, instead of Saturday, the 12th of August, which was the proper birth-day. We leave the *Chronicle* of the above

date to describe the celebration of it in Glasgow, as follows:—

“Yesterday all the troops in the garrison, with the Glasgow Yeomanry and Sharpshooters, assembled in the Green for the purpose of firing a *feu de joie* in honour of his Majesty’s birth-day. The line consisted of Horse Artillery with four field pieces, strong detachments of the 7th and 10th Hussars, the Glasgow Yeomanry, the Rifle Brigade, the 13th Foot, and the Glasgow Sharpshooters; the whole under the immediate command of Major-General Reynell. Precisely at twelve the whole troops were wheeled into line and presented arms; then fired three rounds from right to left, and gave three hearty cheers. The troops afterwards performed a number of evolutions, and marched past the General, first in ordinary and then in quick time. They were then marched homewards. At this time the Green presented a spectacle which we have seldom seen equalled. The whole surface appeared to form one conglomerated mass of human beings, all mixed pell-mell together. Indeed we never recollect to have seen a greater crowd. The Radical assemblages were probably never one-tenth so numerous. The fineness of the day added greatly to the beauty of the scene; and except one poor woman who had her leg broken in consequence of a boy falling out of a tree upon her, we have heard of no untoward accident. During the afternoon and evening, strong piquets of Hussars patrolled the four main streets forming the Cross, for the purpose of repelling any riot that might occur; but we rejoice to learn that on this occasion the birth-day passed off without any of those depredations that disgraced the mob on the 4th of June last year.

“The greatest number of carriages filled with the beauty and fashion of the town, as well as of the surrounding counties, ever remembered to have been seen in the Green at one time, gave an interest to the scene not easily described. At the termination of the review, the drive down the water side was crowded with carriages, from the phaeton to the coach-and-four, with numerous equestrians. It was new, and as the company passed the new Court House, excited great interest.”

What changes on the Green since then!

But we leave the Major-General to give his own account of another Review of the Sharpshooters, &c., as

follows—doubting whether any such flattering account has appeared in modern times?

GLASGOW VOLUNTEERS.

“Brigade-Major’s Office, Glasgow,
11th May, 1820.

“WESTERN DISTRICT OFFICE.

“Major-General Reynell was highly gratified this morning by the soldier-like appearance, silence, steadiness, and style of movement, of the Glasgow Light Horse and Sharpshooters, commanded by Captain Stirling and Lieut.-Colonel Hunter.

“Since he has been in the service, he never saw troops of this description so neatly and so uniformly dressed, so well mounted, and so well appointed.

“The Cavalry executed their movements with great spirit, and generally in very compact order. The manœuvres of the Infantry were of no ordinary cast, and were performed in a very masterly manner: several would have tried the skill and discipline of old-established regiments.

“It is impossible that such results could have been produced, in so short a time, without much talent and good method on the part of the Commanders, and laudable attention and perseverance on the part of those they commanded.

“In fact, all that the Major-General observed on the Green this day, more than confirmed the favourable anticipations he had formed, and has given him a confidence in these local troops, that cannot fail to be a source of particular satisfaction, should circumstances unfortunately require their services upon any serious occasion hereafter.

“H. G. SMITH, Lieut.-Col. & M. B.”

With this we close our account of the Sharpshooters, and their cessation for a long period of time. We may bring, after the lapse of nearly a century, the scattered remnants of them under the notice of our readers, as a connected link of Glasgow history at another time. But we cannot quit the subject now without giving our readers an amusing sketch of the Colonel’s *Horse*, written by one

of our old companions-in-arms, and it may help to raise their risible faculties after some of those graver details—

“A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.”

We can vouch for the accuracy and perfect fidelity of what follows:—

COLONEL SAMUEL'S HORSE, OF 1820.

(BY AN OLD SHARPSHOOTER.)

In discoursing on the regiment of Glasgow Sharpshooters, and the component numbers thereof, it would be most ungenerous, if not sinful, to pass over without comment one individual of the force, which had a very laborious duty to perform. We allude to the Colonel's horse. Yes, just the horse of the worthy Colonel. Some inconsiderate people may be apt to indulge in cacchination, and object to the introduction of such a subject. Let them do so. That would not have affected the equine martyr very much while in life, far less now, when he has experienced the sad reality of the tan-yard. The Bucephalus of Alexander the Great has been recorded in history, and why not the charger of Samuel, who was also *Great*, in fact far more so than the Macedonian hero?

There is some obscurity regarding the birth-place of this regimental steed. Circumstances, however, strongly point to Mull or Skye, and the probability is, that he arrived in the low country as a member of one of those uncombed, unshod, and shernified assemblages, commonly called “droves.” Be that, however, as it may, one conjecture would seem not altogether unfounded, that at the time he sprang from his mother's womb, his parents could hardly have contemplated that a military episode was in store for their offspring, or that he was destined to assist Glasgow in the demonstrations of loyalty, for keeping King George the Fourth on the British Throne.

In point of appearance, this horse of the Sharpshooter-Colonel was not what would be called a showy animal. But beauty is not always associated with merit. We see instances of that every day. There was a tailor in Trongate, who had the most unprepossessing visage between this and Japan, but for beauty of fit was unrivalled. The colour of our four-footed friend was what would be termed a dirty

brown. He belonged to the class technically called "howe-backit." Originally of a spare habit of body, that constitutional feature did not forsake him in after life, though uncharitable people may have hinted as a reason that there was no filling him. The head was not of Arabian mould; in fact some thought it rather partook of a bovine character, while the countenance wore a peculiar stot-like expression, not lessened by the presence of tufts of withered hair, which every puff of wind caused to flicker over it. The body was long, the belly baggy, resting on legs somewhat skranky, and by no means patterns of symmetry. The tail had met with an accident, and was hairless, resembling a rounded elongated peat, or a thumping black-pudding. He had a rather ungraceful habit of stretching out his neck and yawning, and a curious way, when anything discomposed him, of slowly shaking his head and giving a gape.

Such was the animal selected to carry the Glasgow Colonel. How that honour came to be conferred is doubtful. The beast was generally thought peaceable, and that may have had its own effect. He was not, however, the Colonel's private property. He belonged, in the flesh, to a then well-known stabler in the High Street, who was unfortunate enough to have had his nose bitten off by an inconsiderate horse, either in a paroxysm of rage, or an agony of hunger. *There* did this remarkable quadruped dwell, when off duty.

Now, although a horse lent out for the saddle by the hour, to tailors and other respectable civilians, desirous of an airing, to Cross-myloof, Lodgemyloons, or Camlachie, may contrive to get through *that* sort of duty without much difficulty, it becomes a very different thing to be suddenly transmogrified, without any edification, into a war horse, to cut capers in front of a battalion of armed men, with a Colonel on his back. Besides, it must be remembered that the gallant chief was not what is called a light-bob. On the contrary, he came fully up to the ancient description of Eglon, the King of Moab, or to come farther down the stream of time, he had a fair share of the bodily proportions of that respectable member of society, the late Mr. Daniel Lambert.

Under all these circumstances it need hardly be wondered at, that the Colonel's steed was somewhat uneasy, and out of sorts, when he took the field, caparisoned for military duty, with holster pistols stuck on his shoulders, the gaucy Chief of the Sharpshooters bestriding the small of his back, and the scabbard of a huge sword jingling against

his ribs, and every now and then smiting his hind quarters. It was a trying case, and full allowance must be made if he did not exactly come up to the behaviour of other war-horses with which he became transiently acquainted.

The great scene with him was at a review in the Green. On these occasions the Sharpshooters were brigaded with the troops of the line quartered in the barracks. Some of these fine corps, the writer well remembers, especially the Rifles, (to which Sir Henry Havelock, then only a Lieutenant, belonged), the 13th and 33d Regiments, and 7th Fusiliers. The Rifles took great interest in seeing us manoeuvre, as we were drilled by some of their own sergeants, and our exercise and movements the same as theirs. One of these sergeants was a smart little fellow, named Anthony, who will be well remembered by many an old Sharpshooter. He was stationed in Hougomont at the battle of Waterloo, and fought nobly on that ever memorable day. When in line, the Sharpshooters stood at the extreme left, the Rifles next, and the red-coats at the right. Cannon were placed at the flanks, and squadrons of Hussars, the splendid corps of the Glasgow Light Horse, so highly complimented by George IV., at the review on the sands of Portobello, when he visited Scotland in 1822, and several corps of Yeomanry Cavalry, completed the scene. The District Field-Officer was Colonel Smith, since immortalized as Sir Harry, the hero of Aliwal. The Commander-in-Chief of the Forces was General Sir Thomas Bradford, before whom the review took place, attended by a brilliant Staff.

Imagine all this imposing array on the Green of Glasgow, the whole of the officers splendidly mounted, and the Sharpshooter's-Colonel sitting quietly on our howe-backed Mull friend, in the heart of the group. It was funny to observe the latter attempting to scrape acquaintance with some of the sprightly chargers near him, and to notice the effect which the dashing by of others produced. He would make a long neck, and try to lick theirs, Highland fashion, a liberty which they did not deem very anxious to encourage, for reasons best known to themselves; while, as some of the field-officers galloped swiftly past, he would start, shake his head, gape, and finish with a somewhat unearthly he-he-he. As for himself, *he* never by any chance galloped when on duty, but contented himself walking about demurely, with strides having a singular affinity to those of a cow.

Then commenced a series of beautiful military movements. Each

colonel manœuvred his regiment. We could hear the sharp clear word of Northcott, who commanded the Rifles, ringing far above the deep bass of our own Sam. We formed squares; prepared for and received charges of cavalry, and did many other things. But we never could get our Chief to step inside the lines of gleaming bayonets for protection from the supposed enemy, as the other Colonels did. No doubt he had his own reasons, and so had his horse, for avoiding our squares. The latter gazed moodily on the scene, and was evidently a good deal bamboozled. All this time there had been no firing; but suddenly the whole troops were ordered to prime and load. The cannon began to thunder; the infantry rattled in platoons, accompanied by the spitting fire of the skirmishers; the cavalry discharged their carbines and pistols, and dashed along, with the heavy trampling and jingling incidental to their movements, while the shrill notes of the signal-bugles rang sharply over the field. It was an exciting spectacle.

But, O ye powers of pea-straw, how did the Colonel's horse acquit himself in this emergency? Did he enter into the spirit of the thing? Did he briskly prick up his ears when he smelt the powder, and cry ha, ha, among the trumpets? Not a bit of him. He would far rather have been deep in the bean-poke in the High Street, or taking a quiet rive from Sandy Leith's hay stack. He became dumfounded and angry. At the first bang of the artillery he gave a tremendous jump, and as round after round, and platoon after platoon were fired, his Mull blood got fairly up. He first tried to throw the Colonel. Vain effort. The gallant man sat deep in the howe. Plunging was impossible. Rearing equally so. What then was he to do? He tried to lie down, but a touch from the spur, and an admonition from the military curb in his mouth, prevented that donkey-like expedient from being carried into effect. But it is wonderful what necessity will drive both man and beast to do. He commenced a new process. He ran round and round, like a dog after his tail, or a gin-horse in a tile work. The good-natured Colonel patted his neck, and probably said a conciliatory word in Gaelic, for Samuel was at one time in a Highland corps. But no; his four-footed bearer would have none of him. He shook his head, and then by an effort slewed it round, and looked straight into the Colonel's face, as much as to say—What in the name o' hen's meal and bran, div ye mean by a' that whigma-leeries and siccan a deevil o' a hullabaloo? Am I brocht oot here to

be murdered, and the very hide flypit aff the banes wi' swurds, and steepit in Wattie Peat's tannerie? Come doon aff the howe o' my rigging this minute, or I'se gie ye're koots a crunsh that'll gar ye loup, and steek ye're keckle.

Verily, Balaam himself was scarcely more hardly pressed. The Colonel had no alternative. Dismount he must, and dismount he did, with some difficulty, assisted by his orderly, Watson, an old Peninsular hand, who however got his hat bashed for his pains. It is perhaps needless to enlarge on the effect of this interesting spectacle on both officers and troops. The facetious Chief himself used to remark that his horse did not agree with firing!

Other cases might be brought forward to illustrate the noble qualities of this remarkable brute. But enough has perhaps been said to show that he was no ordinary quadruped; and it may, with considerable truth, be affirmed, that if Colonel Hunter had not, like Wellington, a Copenhagen to carry him, unflinchingly, on the field, he at all events bestrode an animal unmatched in any menagerie, and one which would have gladdened the heart, and made the teeth water of the Laughing Hyæna, and other good judges of horse flesh, in the caravans of Wombwell, Polito, and other collectors of beastly rarities throughout the United Kingdom.

Having thus disposed of the Colonel's charger, we may tell this amusing anecdote of a Glasgow scribe about another horse. He wanted one to take him on some grand expedition to Paisley. He therefore went to the livery-stables of James Fraser, of the Eagle Inn. "Mr. Fraser—Mr. Fraser, I say; I want a horse *the length* of Paisley!" Mr. Fraser eyeing him jocosely—"Deed, my man, we ha'e plenty o' horses, but nane sae *lang* i' the back!" He got a horse, however, to fit him nicely, as he thought; but he fell with it, and broke its knees, which caused him to empty his purse "*the length*" of £18 sterling, to Mr. Fraser.

There were some merry young wags amongst those Glasgow Sharpshooters of the year 1820; none more so, than our excellent venerable and surviving friend, Mr.

Sheriff Barclay of Perth, then a full private with ourselves in the 6th centre Company. His wit was as keen then, as his judgment is ripe and lucid now. Often have we split our sides at his elbow. One morning the Regiment was much annoyed in going to take up its usual position for exercise on the Green. The *washerwomen* of the city had been there at an early hour before them, spreading out their blankets and linen sheets, their silks, and cotton hose, &c., &c., and in deference to them the Regiment had to move forward to the well-known "Flesher's Haugh." Next morning on parade, the bleachings were still there. The *amazons* were civilly asked to have the Green cleared on the *third* morning of parade; some of them consented; a few old surly ones refused to budge. Very well, says the Colonel, just take the consequences; and at some of the evolutions, supposed to be pursued by Cavalry, the Regiment was obliged to go right bang over the bleaching clothes, shirts, stockings, and all. The enraged *washerwomen* ran helter skelter, for they had no great liking to the bristling bayonets, any more than to the reeking powder now peppering almost at their very noses; but they returned to their own camp, as they saw the retreating march of the Sharpshooters to another quarter of the Green. Such *tongues* they then gave!—and such salutes they received in reply, both from officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates. But some of the smarter young damsels had their revenge; for at the wicket gate leading to the entrance and egress from the Green, near the then new Court offices and Justiciary Court, through which the Sharpshooters required to pass on their dismissal from parade, a swarm of these damsels drew up to rewash in their boynes or tubs, their soiled habiliments, and were *kilted to the knees* in doing so, as

all the washerwomen of Glasgow generally were, in olden times: the sight though now out of fashion, was by no means unnatural or unpleasant; yet on this occasion, the kilted damsels all of a sudden scattered their soap suds most plentifully on the backs of the green jackets of the 6th Company in particular, just as the latter turned the corner of the Green. The enraged youths, besmeared with soap suds and ashes, instantly wheeled round—the damsels leaped out of their tubs, and ran on their bare shanks screaming and yelling: their tubs and their suds were soon turned upside down. But the Colonel expeditiously appeared on his Rosinante. “What the deuce is the matter,” he asked, “with the lads and the lassies?” “The matter! Colonel,” said private Barclay: “Don’t you see? we have been at the Battle of the BOYNE!” “O yes,” retorted the witty Colonel in reply, “I see from the state of your trousers and jackets that you have really passed the *Boyne* water.”

One night, when on guard in the Tron Church, a very conceited fellow of the corps, who was eternally boasting of his pedigree, and so forth, fell soundly asleep, and snored vehemently. He was prostrated in the pew, No. 8, of that church. It was known he was to mount guard at six in the morning. During his sound slumbers, his face was daubed over with the burnt end of a cork by some young conspirators, who were determined to bring him, by some means or other, to his appropriate level. Difficult it was for them to subdue their risible faculties when he arose from his hard bed in the morning, to prepare for the coming inspection. He yawned, and better yawned, but the oftener he yawned, the greater the laughter of these tricksters became. At last, thinking there was something in the wind to laugh about, he

commenced to keep time with his comrades, and laughed nearly as well as they did. "Silence, lads! silence!" said the corporal of the guard, "the Inspecting Field Officer is approaching—silence—attention!" Nothing, however, could repress the laughter. At last Sir Harry Smith appeared, in his full regimentals, at six in the morning. He received the "present arms." "Egad!" he exclaimed, eyeing our black-faced friend, "have you got any black d——d rascal amongst you?" and he ordered him to the rear. The discovery about the cause of the laughter was soon made, but the object of it got so enraged, that we do believe he would have sent his bayonet through the body of his *painter*, could he have hit upon him at the time. But one of the sergeants silenced and subdued him by the remark, that as he was always boasting about his blood and pedigree (no better than any of his comrades), he should just go away and wash his face, and say nothing more about it. This led to one of the most *recherche* dinners ever given, at that time, in the Prince of Wales' Tavern, in Glasgow, at the cost of one who was well able to give it, at his own expense: it resounded through the city, to the inexpressible laughter of the whole body of *Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons*, and stamped one of their *Diplomas*, at least, with a degree of merriment never surpassed, and which we will probably bring forth to their remembrance at another time. We are confident the "pestle and mortar," still redolent about it, will shake the sides of the youngest practitioner in the Faculty at this day. We will here only narrate one other story, out of the many we could give, about our old Colonel, Samuel Hunter. One evening he was going to a fine Ball in the Assembly Rooms, dressed in his regimentals; and he went in *State*, namely, in a Sedan Chair,

made purposely for himself, and to be carried by two stalwart Highlanders. Sedan Chairs, we may remark, were the grand vehicles of ladies and gentlemen in times gone by, ere noddies or cabs were dreamt of. On the present occasion, the two Highlanders, before commencing their duty towards the Assembly that evening, had stepped into an ale-house to get a little drop to sustain them in their burthen, which they knew was never a light one with the Colonel: his weight, indeed, was tremendous, exceeding that of any other gentleman in all the city. Some wags connected with the Sharpshooters, seeing the Sedan Chair ready, contrived to place beneath the Colonel's seat, two leaden shop weights, of 10 or 15 lbs. each, which they easily borrowed from a friend in an ironmonger's shop in the neighbourhood. The precious cargo was now all safely on board, and the two Highlanders trudged on, with the spokes of the Sedan Chair adjusted in their belts, bound direct for the Assembly Rooms. They had not, however, gone many yards, till they felt themselves obliged, strong as they were, to call for a rest! Again and again they moved: but again and again they rested. "Bless me," says Dugald to Donald, "what the deil can be wrang wi' our cornal the night,—he be awfu' heavy?" The Colonel sat still with patience, for he had a great stock of patience always about him. At last he knocked at the window of the Sedan, and demanded to know why they were making so many stoppages, and marching so slowly. They were wiping their heads, by this time, with the tails of their coats. "Get on," says the Colonel, "in *double quick*;" and they made the attempt, and in making it he struck his heels against the concealed weights. "No wonder," says he to Donald and Dugald, "no wonder that you are

wearied, for you never carried such weights in the Sedan before. Confiscate the rascals, or sell them for old metal, if the smugglers don't appear, and there's something extra to yourselves, in the shape of two bobs"—two shillings newly from the mint of George the Third—for there was a new issue of silver coinage at that time, the first that had been seen in Glasgow for half a century.

Our friend the Colonel, we may remark, had a most faithful foreman in his old printing-office, then in Bell Street, of the name of Lindsay Anderson, who never was absent from Glasgow a single day, during the long space of forty years, and it was with the greatest difficulty Mr. Hunter could prevail upon him to put his foot on board a steamer at the Broomielaw, to see Dumbarton Castle, and have a *dip*, for the first time, in the "saut water," on the shores of Helensburgh. We heard this from Mr. Hunter himself, long after the Sharpshooters were disbanded, for we had the pleasure of seeing him frequently, and enjoying much of his company. Somehow he took a fancy for us, and although he *hated* our youthful politics, as we on the other hand disliked his, yet he was always in a most agreeable and playful mood with us—some substantial proofs of which we may narrate at another time, when we come to speak of the droll characters that reigned in Glasgow within the last forty or fifty years, not hitherto noticed in print as they ought to be. But if Mr. Hunter was blessed with such a steady man as Lindsay Anderson, above alluded to, he was at times sorely annoyed and tormented by an old clerk, who, like Mr. Marshall, the accountant of the Ship Bank, was desperately fond of his "*twal* hours"—that is, his meridian of rum and water exactly as the clock struck twelve. Samuel never grudged him the allowance if he

kept pointed to the time, and was steady at his desk; but this *rum* clerk, (he was truly so in the ludicrous sense of that word), had a knack, sometimes when he transgressed the score, of resorting to the peppermint dodge, like his friend, accountant Marshall, in order to conceal the smell of his rum when he exceeded his "twa glasses" of that beverage. We remember a rich scene with the Colonel and this clerk, in the old office in Bell Street. We happened to be sent to pay a pretty good account, and Mr. Hunter, as usual, received us most graciously—the clerk absent, but Lindsay Anderson standing sentry at the door, looking out eagerly for him. At last the *rum* gentleman made his appearance, reeling rather much to one side of the small apartment, but he seized the index of the ledger, and was fumbling over and over it for the name of the account. Mr. Hunter did not like this at all. He snatched the pen from the back of his own ear, where he often carried it, and began to look at the index himself. This brought him into direct collision with the *rum* clerk; and the Colonel, smelling all about him, broke out with the following philippic—"Now, sir, I shan't stand these drinking manœuvres in the middle of the day, any longer. You need not attempt to hide them from me. I have stood the carvie-seeds, sir, crunching in your mouth for many a day to divert the smell; and the sugar-candy, sir, and the sugar-auley, and the peppermint-drops; and even the burnt oatmeal cakes: but I'm d—d if I can stand *thae* onions. The smell, sir, of raw onions over Jamaica rum is most infernal! Get out; get out!" But what afterwards became of the discomfited clerk, we really cannot tell. We only give the burst of rhetoric as it occurred; and *Punch* himself might make not a bad figure of it in later times.

It ought to be more dignified and pleasant to us, as it really is, to relate the circumstance most perfectly true, namely, that Field-Marshal M'Donald, one of the best and bravest of Napoleon's Generals, about whom such fears it may be remembered, were entertained in Glasgow and other places, at the time of the Treasonable Address—that he was coming to encamp on Cathkin Braes with 5000 troops to aid the Provisional Government, and to Revolutionize this kingdom—did indeed make his appearance in the city of Glasgow; but he came not in a war-like, but in the most amicable and peaceful spirit. He came for the first time in the course of his chequered but brilliant life, to visit the land of his forefathers. He came to trace their fatal but courageous footsteps to the field of Culloden, where some of them had shed their blood in 1745,—

“Is there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
This is my own—my native land.”

He glowed, although he was a born Frenchman, with all the warmth of a real Scotchman. We had the pleasure of seeing him at Gartmore House, near Aberfoyle, where he sojourned with the then W. C. C. Grahame, Esq., of Gartmore, for several days.

At last the base and bloody proceedings, some of which we have been feebly, but truthfully describing, began to *open* the eyes of the middle and upper classes of society; and when the middle and the upper classes of this or any country, unite together on one righteous common cause, varied as some of their antecedents may be, it is sure to be sooner or later accomplished and carried into effect. We dispute not the power of the working-classes. It is entitled to every consideration, as some of these writings

of our own sufficiently show; but the working-classes are not the sole depositories of power in this realm. It would be false flattery to them to say so. They are merely the component parts of a great nation, represented by Queen, Lords, and Commons, and therein is the power of the British Constitution displayed. It is, therefore, most pleasant for us here to notice the important fact, that *the City of Edinburgh* took the lead,—as it well became the capital of Scotland to do,—in protesting to the nation against some of those flagrant proceedings in Glasgow and other places, and this was done at the special instance of some of the most distinguished men that ever graced the capital of our country.

On the 16th of December, 1820, upwards of 3000 independent citizens of Edinburgh met there, in the Pantheon—the Lord Provost of that city, however, had actually *refused* to convene it, notwithstanding of the most civil and respectful requisition presented to him: but the meeting was presided over by Sir James Moncrieff, Baronet, father of the present Lord Advocate, and the *Resolutions* thereof were moved, seconded, and eloquently supported by such men as Francis Jeffrey, Leonard Horner, John Clerk, Henry Cockburn, J. P. Grant of Rothiemurchus, John Archibald Murray, James Gibson Craig, and others—names not surpassed for the highest sense of honour, and the loftiest spirit of independence.

We only beg to direct the attention of our readers to two or three of the resolutions of that meeting—unanimously and enthusiastically carried, because they most strikingly touch, if they do not attest the perfect truth of many things we have been writing about, and may still do from old recollections.

Mark, then, the following RESOLUTIONS, *inter alia*,

unanimously carried at that time in the City of Edinburgh :—

Resolved, 1st,—That His Majesty's present Ministers (George the Fourth) have entirely lost the confidence of the great body of the people of this country ; and, by a series of injudicious and reprehensible measures, have deservedly become the objects of such general distrust and aversion, as to be no longer capable of conducting the affairs of the Nation with safety or advantage.

Resolved, 4th,—That they have at all times shown an unconstitutional and distempered aversion to all popular rights and privileges ; and have on many occasions imposed unnecessary restrictions on their exercise and enjoyment.

Resolved, 7th,—That they have struck an alarming blow at the morals of the people, and have invaded the private security of every class of subjects, by employing, encouraging, and protecting an unprecedented number of *Spies and Informers, who are proved in many cases to have been themselves the instigators of those disorders for which others have been exposed to prosecution and punishment.*

Resolved, 11th,—That by the late proceedings against Her Majesty the Queen, of which they have been the avowed and responsible advisers, they have manifested such an utter disregard for the sense and wishes of the Nation, the dignity of the Crown, the honour and interests of the House of Brunswick, and the peace and safety of the country, as to have subjected them to general contempt and reprobation.

Resolved, Finally,—That an humble address be therefore presented to His Majesty (King George the Fourth), expressing our sincere and unalterable attachment to His Majesty's person and Government, and to the principles of that happy constitution which placed His Majesty's family on the throne : and humbly entreating His Majesty to remove from his Majesty's presence and Councils those individuals by whose suggestion his Majesty and his subjects have been involved in so many calamities.

That His Grace the Duke of Bedford, the Earl Grey, Lord Holland, and Lord Erskine, be requested to present this petition and these resolutions to His Majesty.

(Signed) JAMES MONCRIEFF, *Preses.*

Do not these Resolutions stamp our history of "the Spy system" with some weight or authority? But we will establish it before a higher tribunal still, namely, in an important trial some years afterwards, in which we were personally engaged, in His Majesty's Court of Exchequer, in the Guildhall of the city of London, and before a London Jury upon their oaths, which trial was presided over by a venerable Peer of Parliament, who still survives, and we name him with some pleasure, viz., the Right Hon. Lord Wensleydale, then Baron Parke.

We have referred frequently, too frequently, perhaps, as some may think, to the Treasonable Address posted on the streets of Glasgow, on Sunday morning, the 1st of April, 1820. It is gratifying to us here to state, that since the first series of these Reminiscences went to press, we have laid our hands on the *original* written manuscript copy of that Address, printed by Fulton, on the employment of the *Spies*, as formerly stated. It is certainly a curiosity of its kind as seen now, and perhaps we may be induced to give a *fac simile* of it by-and-bye.

But we come now to another "ADDRESS" of a very different description, which made a vast sensation in Glasgow, equal almost in point of effect, but assuredly much more agreeable in its nature than the Treasonable Address so often dwelt upon. It, too, as if to put that previous one to utter shame, was posted on the streets of Glasgow on Saturday night; and it ran like wild-fire through the city on Sunday, and greatly startled and alarmed the Magistrates and civic authorities towards the end of that same memorable year 1820.

We avow ourselves to be the *author* of it—yes, the only living and responsible author of that extraordinary

“Address” about to be laid before our readers, and we shall frankly and fearlessly give the names and designations of all the “*Provisional Government*,” as we may here smilingly call it, who acted along with us about it, and who ran the risk, and were in great peril of being punished, not exactly for High Treason, but for downright SEDITION against the King who then reigned, viz., George the Fourth.

We must here humbly throw ourselves on the kind consideration of our readers, respecting some of the personal delineation which follows, since it will disclose to them in a way perhaps many of them never heard of till now, the *first*—yes, the very first extraordinary and daring act of Political Treason or *Sedition*, or, political turpitude, or call it what they please, which we ever committed in this life; and they will judge after they have fairly read what follows, what *punishment*, if any, we now deserve in their estimation, for so doing.

QUEEN CAROLINE'S TRIAL—ADDRESS TO HER MAJESTY—THE RIOT ACT, &c., &c.

With profound affection, and most dutiful respect, we must here call, in the first place, to our aid, then a plain, but now a very noble, distinguished, and illustrious man, —none other than the venerable HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX, with blessings still upon his head.

“Few events,” says Lord Brougham, in the introduction to the volume of his splendid and remarkable speeches, “few events have excited a more deep and general interest among the people of these kingdoms, than the arrival of Queen Caroline in London, in June, 1820, and the proceedings which the King, her husband,

immediately compelled the Earl of Liverpool and his Ministers to institute against Her Majesty, for the purpose of degrading her and dissolving the Marriage. Nor was there much, if any, real difference of opinion in the country, whether among those who sided with the Queen, or those who blamed her most, upon the injustice and intolerable cruelty of this conduct on the King's part. No one pretended to doubt, that from the time of her first coming to England, and her marriage with the Prince of Wales, she had been treated as no wife before ever was; and that after a few months' permission to reside nominally under the same roof, but without enjoying any other rights of a wife, she had been compelled to live apart from her husband, and had even received a written notice from him that this separation must be considered as for life. That every engine of annoyance had been set in motion to render her life miserable, was also universally known, and every one was aware that after all temptations had been thrown in the way to seduce her from her conjugal duty, that a pretext might be obtained for justifying the continued ill-treatment of which she was the victim, she had triumphed over all these arts, escaped these snares, and been declared guiltless by a secret tribunal appointed, in 1806, to try her behind her back, without any one present on her part, and composed of the political and personal friends of the Prince."

The good old King, George the Third, wrote to her the following letter, which Mr. Brougham afterwards produced and read in the House of Lords:—

WINDSOR CASTLE, *Nov. 13, 1804.*

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER-IN-LAW AND NIECE,—Yesterday, I and the rest of my family had an interview with the Prince of Wales at

Kew. Care was taken on all sides to avoid all subjects of altercation or explanation; consequently the conversation was neither instructive nor entertaining, but it leaves the Prince of Wales in a situation to shew that, whether his desire to return to his family is only verbal or real (a difference which George the Third never knew, except in others)—which time alone can shew. I am not idle in my endeavours to make enquiries that may enable me to communicate some plan for the advantage of the dear child (the Princess Charlotte) you and I with so much reason must interest ourselves in; and its effecting my having the happiness of living with you is no small incentive to my forming some ideas on the subject: but you may depend on their being not decided upon without your thorough and cordial concurrence, for your authority as mother it is my object to support.

Believe me, at all times, my Dearest Daughter-in-law and Niece, your most affectionate Father-in-law and Uncle,

GEORGE R.

Wherefore, when it was subsequently asserted that, during her residence on the Continent, whether she had, by a continuance of the same persecution been at last driven, her conduct had been watched and found incorrect, all men said, that if blame there was, a far larger share of it fell on her royal husband than on herself. But when it was found that he, the wrong-doer, was resolved to vent upon his victim the consequences of his own offences,—when it was known that he, whose whole life, since his marriage, had been a violation of his marriage vows, was determined to destroy his Consort, after deserting and ill-using her, the public indignation knew no bounds, and all the people, with one voice, exclaimed against a proceeding so indecently outraging every principle of humanity and of justice. An attempt was made to hurry the House of Commons into the consideration of the subject before time could be given for that expression of feeling in the country which the King's friends were well aware must speedily become loud and

general. But the Queen's friends were not to be thrown off their guard. Messrs. Brougham and Denman, her Attorney and Solicitor-General, were fully prepared for this sudden movement. It was by them most signally discomfited. The temper and disposition of the House on this memorable occasion was observed to be anxiously watched by the King's friends; and the Duke of Wellington sat the whole night, under the gallery, an attentive listener, and with frequent communications to and from those more immediately engaged in the conflict. But the counsels of inferior men prevailed, and it was determined that a bill of pains and penalties should be introduced into the House of Lords, with all the influence of the Crown, for the purpose of dissolving the marriage, and degrading the Queen Consort from her exalted station.

It would be needless to enter into the details of this unparalleled and most disagreeable affair. It is sufficient to say, that the House of Lords appointed a Secret Committee, to whom papers, in a notorious green bag, were delivered, and, after examining these in secret, they reported that a Bill of Degradation and Divorce should be brought in, which was accordingly done. It was read a first time on the 5th of July, 1820,—and the case against Her Majesty was proceeded with on the 17th of August, and subsequent dates, by the examination of a swarm of foreign witnesses of the *non mi ricordo* style, which we need not stop to designate farther.

While almost every town and city of any note in the Empire were moving in this matter, and transmitting to Her Majesty their addresses of warm sympathy and support, the great City of Glasgow was alone remaining *mute*, or apparently silent and passive. The Magistrates,

as was very well known, were perfectly frantic in favour of the King, and consequently against the Queen, and few dared publicly to attempt to thwart or oppose them. The very circumstance of the TREASONABLE trials, which we have been writing about, threw a cold shade on many minds; yet, nevertheless, in such circumstances, five or six young spirited lads, hardly out of their *teens*, but imbued with warm and generous chivalry for their persecuted Queen, met one evening, by appointment, in the Library Rooms of Messrs. John Boyd & Sons, in Hutcheson Street, and popular rooms these were in their day, though there is no trace of them now, and these young fellows discussed the important point among themselves, whether they would not break the ice in Glasgow, and boldly launch an address from this city, uttering its sentiments in favour of the Queen. They became earnest, perfectly decided, and most enthusiastic on the subject. But, like sensible fellows, they discreetly agreed to think over, or rather to sleep over their resolutions for one night, and, if agreeable, to meet again on the following evening, in the same place, each then bringing with him a draft of the proposed address, in terms suited to his own fancy, and if any difference of opinion then arose amongst them, the address to be adopted should be submitted to, and meet with the approval or final decision of old Mr. Boyd, the experienced Librarian. Well, the young men referred to, and whose names and designations we now bring upon the tapis with some emotion, were—first, Mr. Alexander Henderson, then a clerk, but afterwards a partner, in the eminent house of Messrs. Grahame & Mitchell, writers, now represented by Messrs Mitchell, Allardice & Mitchell—second, Mr. Robert Kay, then a favourite clerk in the eminent house of Messrs.

M'Grigor & Murray, now represented by Messrs. M'Grigor, Stevenson & Fleming—he went to India, and died long ago—third, Mr. Alexander Scott, afterwards Procurator-Fiscal of Dumbartonshire, long since dead—fourth, Mr. Malcolm M'Coig (from Campbelton), a law student from the Baron Bailies' Office in Greenock, long since dead—fifth, Mr. Alexander M'Neil, Advocate, who was then studying for the bar, but lately dead, and of whom we have some circumstances to mention at another time—and, sixth, Peter Mackenzie, the author of the present *Reminiscences*, and of many other things besides, who was then a humble clerk in the office of Mr. Æneas Morrison, writer, Miller Street, Glasgow—the very spot wherein we are spared to revise these sheets. Mr. Æneas Morrison was a very clever man, and a keen Whig. He had himself been, in early life, the first law clerk in Edinburgh, of John Clerk, afterwards Lord Eldon, and many droll stories he used to tell us of Edinburgh law-pleas and other things. We may observe that our old esteemed master, Mr. Æneas Morrison, was the grandfather of the present Mr. Archd. Robertson, Manager of the Royal Bank of Scotland, in Glasgow, and without charging ourselves with any undue vanity, we may truly say that we enjoyed his undivided confidence, and warmest personal friendship, uninterruptedly, to the latest hour of his life. It is probably another piece of egotism for us to remark, but such, truly, is the case, that of all the six addresses from the pens of those six youths, old Boyd gave his preference for the following one, which was unanimously adopted; and we venture to submit this, our first early bantling, now to the view of the public, undismayed by all the carpings of critics, who may tear it to pieces if they please, as they have done with other things already,

but they cannot extinguish the feelings which somehow or other we still cherish about it.

THE ORIGINAL ADDRESS OF THE CITIZENS OF
GLASGOW,

WRITTEN BY PETER MACKENZIE, IN THE YEAR 1820, TO QUEEN CAROLINE,
AND SUBSCRIBED BY UPWARDS OF 35,000 CITIZENS.

MADAM,—We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Burgesses, and other inhabitants of the City of Glasgow, whose names and designations are hereunto subscribed, beg leave to approach your Majesty, and to tender to your Majesty the expression of our sincere sympathy, for all your manifold wrongs and sufferings.

We would also, and with due humility, condole with your Majesty upon the loss of so many illustrious personages of your Royal House, especially of your Majesty's faithful guardian and protector, our late venerable and virtuous sovereign, George the Third, and of your beloved daughter and dear child, the amiable Princess of Wales, on whom the fondest hopes of the Nation rested.

We behold, on the other hand, with mingled feelings of sorrow and indignation, the numerous insults and indignities to which your Majesty has been subjected since your return from self-exile, again to this country. In particular, we lament to observe that the same infamous *junto* which persecuted your Majesty at an earlier period of your eventful life, are again raising their hydra heads, and by the foulest agency, and most glaring perjury, attempting to degrade your Majesty, under an execrable Bill of Pains and Penalties, at once derogatory to the Crown, and repugnant to the benign laws engrafted on the British Constitution.

We pray your Majesty to be encouraged and sustained under this most severe and unexampled trial. It is our hope—our very ardent hope—that his Majesty, our sovereign the King, who had sworn to love, cherish, and protect your Majesty, will soon avert his eyes from those evil and wicked councillors by whom we fear he is surrounded: and that the nation itself will speedily bring them to deserved punishment.

Be assured, Madam, that, in spite of every danger, you command the heartfelt sympathies and warm support of the great majority of the Burgesses and inhabitants of the City of Glasgow. In this, our

nation of gallant men, where Wallace fought, and Bruce conquered, we shall not famely submit to see your Majesty ignominiously dethroned. We call to mind that your gallant brother, the illustrious Duke of Brunswick, shed his blood on the plains of Waterloo, to secure the Liberties of Europe; and we unfeignedly assure your Majesty that we are ready, and determined, at all hazards, and to the utmost of our ability, to assert and defend your Majesty's just and constitutional rights as Queen Regnant of this realm.

With these sentiments, we fervently commend your Majesty to the Protection of Almighty God, by whom we are taught to know that King's reign, and Princes decree Justice.

Any Treason or wicked Sedition, think you, dear readers, in that Address? But please attend to the marvellous *fate* of it, which we are now to give. The question naturally arose amongst our youthful companions, how, or in what manner it should be promulgated to the citizens, or submitted to their approval or rejection? The idea of a public meeting of the citizens on such a subject, was utterly and absolutely out of the question, because the Magistrates had previously set their faces sternly against any such things in the city. Therefore, the youthful squad above-named, formed the bold resolution on the evening of Friday, the 15th of September, 1820, that they would get the Address as above quoted, immediately printed and published; and that the Old Tron Kirk Session-house, near the Cross, occasionally engaged for less important purposes, should, if possible, be now secured for receiving *signatures* thereunto on Monday morning, commencing at nine o'clock, and till nine of the evening. The *expense* of all this contemplated movement became now the serious question; but whenever there is a will, as we have often remarked, there is a way; and so these young fellows, with little money to boast of amongst themselves, came down at once each with their two

guineas, to defray the supposed necessary expenses,—twelve guineas in all.

Well; and of course inwardly pleased with our own adopted effusions at that early period of our life, we repaired with some of our companions on Saturday morning to the offices of almost every master-printer in Glasgow, to get it expeditiously printed; but not one of them would have anything to do with it for love or money. In particular, old William Lang, the *Radical* printer, as he was called, shrugged his shoulders at it. Chapman and Curle peremptorily refused it; David Prentice of the liberal *Chronicle* office, just begged to be excused. They, and others, all said, it was pretty well written; Mr. Prentice even praised it, and said it was creditable to the *spirit* of the youths who waited upon him; but somehow or other, they all appeared, as already stated, to be absolutely *terrified* about it, and on no account would any of them have anything whatever to do with it. In fact, some of them plainly intimated that it would be dangerous and *ruinous* for them to set it up in type; while others made the terrifying statement that it was Sedition all over, if not almost as *Treasonable* in some respects, as the previous address under which James Wilson, and Hardie and Baird had so recently expiated their lives on the scaffold!

Nothing daunted with such rebuffs, and not overwhelmed exactly with such fears, we found out a young journeyman printer, who had just become a *cork* for himself in Nelson Street, opposite the Post-office. His name was James Stark. With some persuasion, and the ready offer of *three guineas* at once paid down to him, (more liberal than was paid for the *Treasonable Address*,) he set to work; and we revised the first printed copy of the

Address on large broadsides, ere the twilight approached of that Saturday. This done, we went rejoicing with it in our pockets to old John Robertson, the Beadle of the Tron Kirk, and the keeper of its Session-house. He was, as we heard and knew at the time, a bit of a *black-neb*, that is an ardent Reformer to a rational degree, so we showed him the Address, and he put on his spectacles, and read it pretty carefully on the Saturday evening. "'Tis the very thing (he said), young gentlemen; it's capital; it's to the point, and to the purpose. 'My certes,' he said, rubbing his hands with some exultation, 'it will *rooze* the citizens, and please the Queen—God bless Her Majesty.' "

All right with the Beadle now, we thought. "Well, John, will you please to allow us to get the Session-house, on Monday morning, at eight o'clock, till Saturday, if we require it, for receiving signatures of the citizens to the Address?" "Certainly, my lads—certainly—with the greatest pleasure." "Well, John, what must we pay you for the use of the Session-house for this purpose?" Scratching his head a little—"just *two guineas*, if you please, kind, dear gentlemen:" and the sum was instantly placed in his hands. "Now, John, see that all is right; and please give us a receipt for the money, and say that it is paid for the liberty of using the Tron Kirk Session-house for signatures to an Address from Glasgow to Her Majesty the Queen." He gave the written receipt accordingly, and bowed and thanked us over and over again most kindly, but a different result was soon to happen.

Pleased with this arrangement at the Tron, and satisfied from James Stark, the printer, that he would have copies of the Address duly posted on the streets of Glas-

gow that night, with the intimation that it would be found for signature in the Tron, on Monday morning; and perfectly sensible of the arduous work now swelling upon our hands, we hastened to the dwelling-house of our old worthy master, situated in one of the three first solitary houses then built in Bath Street,—it still forms No. 81 of that now great and beautiful street,—and, without telling him anything whatever of the business on which we had now ventured to embark, we simply and respectfully took the liberty of asking him for leave of absence from the office on Monday, and till the end of that week. “Certainly, certainly, take a tumbler if you like, and go away.”

We took no tumbler, but went rejoicingly to our lodgings; got up and dressed on Sunday morning, and went to hear, as we always did, one of the sermons of Dr. Chalmers. We were somewhat amused, and chuckled in our sleeves that morning, as we beheld many of the most respectable citizens, going and returning from church, reading our effusions, as displayed on the front of that printed Address, conspicuously posted on the leading streets of Glasgow. Our cheeks sometimes flushed, and at other times we were almost confounded at some of the observations made upon the printed Address in our own hearing. Yet it gladdened our hearts to notice, that almost every respectable married lady of the city, who, with their pretty daughters, condescended, *con amore*, to stop and read the Address, regarded it apparently with some satisfaction; but there were others of the opposite grade, who damned it unsparingly; and, more than that, we soon learned that the Magistrates, on the afternoon of Sunday, assembled to deliberate about it—resulting in an order by them to the

Police instantly to tear it down in every place where they saw it placarded, and with a resolution amongst themselves, but which we did not know till afterwards, that they would meet again early on Monday morning, to try and discover "the wicked and damnable authors of that infamous Address." Those were their words.

To our own quiet beds we went, right early, that Sunday evening, hoping to get up refreshed for the work before us on Monday morning; but we tossed to and fro till broad day-light, meditating on the fate of that Address, signed, or not to be signed, in the City of Glasgow. And thus we were literally periling our own fate

"Upon the hazard of a die."

No sooner were the doors of the old Tron Kirk Session-house opened, at six o'clock on Monday morning, than hundreds of the citizens were seen already waiting, and pressing forward to sign the Address. This was, indeed, something like marrow to our young bones. One of the first who cordially saluted us that memorable morning, was Mr. Adam Ferrie, a venerable citizen, who was scowled at and tormented by some of his own friends, for his liberal principles, and, on that account, he soon afterwards left the city and settled in Canada, where he became a leading Member of the Honourable Legislative Assembly. He was one of the champions about the great Harvie Dyke Cause, involving the liberties of the Banks of the Clyde, some of the papers concerning which are in our possession; and we had the pleasure of a visit from him on his casual return to Glasgow, a few years ago, at the great age of 90 years, hale and hearty. Stark, the printer, who published the Address, was *persecuted* in so many ways for doing so, that he deemed it neces-

sary to retire also to Canada, where, we are happy to say, he made a comfortable independence.

Some of the above details, though apparently trifling, will show the importance of what follows. It had been arranged on Saturday night, that three of us, afterwards y'clept "*the conspirators*," viz., Kay, Scott, and Mackenzie, should faithfully meet, as early as seven o'clock on Monday morning in the Tron, where John, the beadle, was to be in attendance with a plentiful supply of pens, ink, and paper, for the business of the address. Our faithful friend, M'Neil, afterwards the great rising advocate at the Scottish Bar, had gone out to Hillend, near Airdrie, the seat of Walter Logan, Esq., of Fingalton, father of the celebrated Miss Logan, acknowledged on all hands to be the greatest beauty of the day that shone in Scotland. She was then courted by Lord John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyle, father of the present Duke; and he agreed, there can be no doubt, to marry her, but he resiled for some reason or other, and married Miss Glassell of Long Niddry. For this breach of promise, and in order to quash proceedings at law, it was understood that Lord John paid down out of Miss Glassell's portion, and with her consent, £10,000, with the stipulation of a farther sum of £10,000, if he succeeded to the dukedom of Argyle, which he did in 1839. Whenever Miss Logan appeared in the old magnificent Theatre-Royal, then in Queen Street, the audience rose, and the house rang with plaudits in her praises. On one occasion, we remember of seeing her when the *dramatis personæ* consisted of John Kemble, the elder Kean, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Glover, John Young, Charles Yates, &c., actors, perhaps, never surpassed before or since, upon the British stage. We believe Miss Logan afterwards married a dis-

tinguished officer, and went to Bath, where she died. This brings us back for a moment to Mr. Alexander M'Neil. He faithfully promised that he would return from Mr. Logan's at Hillend, by the Prince Regent Coach from Edinburgh, and join us in the Session-house on Monday, to see how the address was getting on, and take his share of superintending the subscriptions, &c., &c.

Between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock of that to us memorable morning, who should appear in the Tron Session-house, but two notable officers, perfectly known through all the city, for they were prominent characters of their day, viz., Mr. Alexander Calder, Sheriff-officer, and Mr. Alexander Taylor, Town-officer, dressed in their red coats and official costume, and with trusty batons, or cudgels in their hands. Pressing through the crowd, and getting near to the table of the Session-house on which the address lay, they demanded to know in the name of the Sheriff, Lord Provost, and Magistrates, *who* it was that dared to publish such a diabolical Address, and to superintend it in that place? We at first gently chatted with them in reply; but this would not do. Calder, the Sheriff-officer, began rudely to lift the Address, obviously with the intent of taking it away. "Stop, sir," we energetically told him; "you have no right to touch the Address." "Oh very well," says his coadjutor, the Town-officer, "You, now taking charge of this Seditious and Treasonable document, are hereby summoned and required to go with us instantly, to attend a meeting of the Magistrates, and to answer to them for your conduct. The Magistrates are assembled, and sitting now, in the chambers of Messrs. James and Robert Watson, bankers, in the Old Post-office Court. So, come away with us in custody this moment."

On this we are sorry to remark, our friends Kay and Scott at once *bolted*. We were left alone, as we may say, in our glory, either to fly also, or attend that meeting; or allow those officers to smother, *burke*, or destroy that Address on which our whole hearts had been so eagerly engaged. Fortitude of some kind or another at once induced us to go away in custody of the officers to face the Magistrates. Indeed, we had no other alternative, without bringing cowardice or disgrace upon ourselves. The astonished crowd flocking around the Session-house, and perceiving this extraordinary intervention of the Magistrates, looked unutterable things at each other, but they cheered us pretty heartily as they heard us telling John, the Beadle, to stand true. Forward, therefore, we went to the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Magistrates, with some palpitation we do confess, but supported with a strong sense of public and private rectitude, and that always gives one some courage, even in times of the greatest peril.

Present at this scene:—Gilbert Watson, Esq., acting Chief Magistrate of Glasgow; Daniel Hamilton, Esq., Sheriff-Substitute; Archibald Lawson, Esq., Magistrate; Stewart Smith, Esq., Magistrate; Ebenezer Richardson, Esq., Magistrate; James Cleland, Esq., City Chamberlain; Andrew Simpson, Esq., Procurator-Fiscal. A pretty formidable array, certainly, on one side; but not a soul was present to give us the least aid in our now deserted and apparently forlorn condition in that crisis.

Examined and interrogated by the Fiscal, after taking down name and designation, and all about it, &c., &c.

Where do you reside, sir?—I reside in the house of Mrs. Cumming, widow of the Relief minister of Errol, No. 37 Glassford Street, next door with Bailie William

Lang. (His son, by-the-bye, Wm. Lang, Jun., was afterwards the respected editor of the *Glasgow Argus*; we were particularly friendly with him all along; he died in the States of America some years ago.) The examination continued in this wise:—

Fiscal—Are you in the corps of Gentlemen Sharpshooters?—I am.

Fiscal (now recognising us, for he was a Sharpshooter himself)—Oh! are you the young fellow that put the ball through the bull's eye at Jordanhill the other day?—The same, I believe. Have you any ammunition left?—Yes, I think I have 40 or 50 rounds of ball-cartridges in my lodgings. Now, sir; what tempted you to meddle with this most disgraceful and abominable business—this flagrant and Treasonable address?—We answered—a sense of duty.

Magistrate (loquitur)—Now, young man, take care of your hand, and no insolence. I ask, did you take the oath of allegiance to the King when you joined the Sharpshooters?—Yes, I did.

Magistrate—Then, sir, how can you reconcile your oath to the King with the address *to this strumpet*?

At these last words, our young blood, we confess, became heated and aroused, and forgetting all judicial restraints, we indignantly in language somewhat like this, broke out upon them:—

“My Lord Sheriff, and Gentlemen,—I think I best discharge my allegiance to the King, by extending it also to Her Majesty the Queen, his lawful wife; and I emphatically, but respectfully say, that you are the enemies of the King by defaming his wife.”

Fiscal—Will you give up the address at once, sir, and no more of your *gab*; and destroy it and get away?—

No, I will not give up the address, except by force and violence. I will go through with it in the way undertaken.

Magistrate—You deserve to be tried sir, by a military court-martial, and shot by G—d!—Well, please your Honours, if you shoot me, you may as well shoot almost the whole Regiment; for, to my certain knowledge, a goodly number of them have already signed the address this morning, and Captain Coleman of the 3d Company was signing it and congratulating me about it just before you brought me here in custody.

At this last statement, some of the Magistrates looked amazed and spoke lowly with each other. Finding that they could not turn us from our purpose by *threats* of the above kind, Dr. Cleland, with whom we were afterwards, and in his declining years, on the best of terms, and he often mused and chatted with us on those extraordinary proceedings—Dr. Cleland began now to *coax* and wheedle us, and to get, if possible, the address quietly surrendered. This was his *cue* at the moment; stroking us gently on the head—“Oh, do, Mr. Peter; do give up the address at once, or you’ll be ruined for life: your master will turn you adrift from his office, for the Magistrates are resolved to go from this and to wait upon him, and get you punished: therefore, do consent, like a good obedient lad—give it up, give it up; and the Magistrates will thank you.”

Not all the Magistrates in the world could have prevailed on us to surrender the address at that time, in such a manner. We would rather have been shot through the body. So they ordered us to go away, vowing that they would “*soon clear the Session-house of its Treason,*” and telling us to proceed with the address if we longer

dared, at our utmost peril. The news of this seizure, and encounter with the Magistrates, created a perfect ferment in the Old Town Tontine Coffee-Room, where all the *elite* of the city were wont to congregate. There was no Royal Exchange in those days. The spacious streets, all the way from the Tron Kirk to the Old Post-office Court, where the Magistrates had assembled, were occupied with the busy heavings to and fro of human beings, discussing what should next be done; but when the stripling youth was seen to emerge skaitless from the sittings of the Magistrates, and from the gripe of their officers, and recognised as the veritable author of the address, he was embraced rather rudely, in one sense, but carried shoulder-high, by the admiring throng, and literally seated in triumph at the table of the Tron! But the triumph in that place was not to last long. The Magistrates had positively determined to clear out the Session-house, and to lock it up *via factis et armis*. They summoned the alarmed *Beadle* to their presence. They strongly remonstrated with him for letting it for such a purpose at all; but the honest man told his plain, artless story—"that he did not see how, in all the world, he could now *steek* the door, and drive the young gentlemen out, after they had made a distinct bargain with him, and had paid him down the *two guineas*." Failing, therefore, to overcome the blunt integrity of the worthy *Beadle*, a real type of Nicol Jarvie, they sent for Dr. Dewar, the then respected Minister of the Tron, and got him to interfere, and absolutely to take away the key from the hands of the *Beadle*; and the latter, of course, was now obliged to succumb or lose his situation. Within a few minutes afterwards, a strong posse of *Police officers*, headed by

old Captain Mitchell, made their appearance at the Tron, to clear the place, they said, "in obedience to the order of the Magistrates." This appearance of the *Police*, to interfere with a quiet constitutional proceeding, for such it was, whether we regard it in the light some may now do or not, greatly incensed the populace, and inspired them with fresh chivalry on the side of the Queen. The indignant crowd soon buffeted back the Police,—actually chased them to their own quarters in Bell Street: and the citizens now became perfectly inflamed for the Queen. Huzzah for the Queen! was the watchword and the reply; and, in good sooth, the Police themselves, at that particular period, had no heart to go against the peaceful crowd, shouting, as they saw they did, in that way for the Queen, and sympathising, like Scotchmen, on her hard fate, and cruel sufferings. But what did the Magistrates next do? To show the strong feelings, and firm determination by which they, on the other hand, were actuated, they committed what we must here say was a reproach to themselves and a scandal on the administration of justice. They speedily brought up a company of the 33d Regiment, from the Infantry Barracks in the Gallowgate, and at the point of the bayonet they cleared that Session-house.

Gracious God! Did we really live in such times—and did we see and experience such conduct—or were such scenes really enacted in this city, and civilized land? Aye, indeed. But what followed? Driven out of the Session-house by sheer military force; but with the address itself carefully wrapped up and secured, and held firmly or desperately in our possession like an officer, we shall say, with the flag of his regiment around his body in battle, rather than lose it, we were most unexpectedly

but kindly saluted by the Rev. Mr. William Turnbull, the then popular Relief or Burgher minister, in Campbell Street, who happened to be in the Tron Kirk Session-house at the time, signing the address. He instantly offered to place his Church and Session-house at our disposal, for further signatures to the address, remarking that the Magistrates surely had no right to meddle with him for doing so. At that critical juncture, our faithful friend, Mr. Alex. M'Neil, made his appearance; and we entrusted the address and relative papers to him, and ran away as fast as our legs could carry us, not from our pledged duty, but to the office of James Stark, the printer, and got him on the receipt of other "Three guineas," to print large placards, intimating that "the Address would now be found in the Rev. Mr. Turnbull's Session-house." Thousands upon thousands flocked to that place to subscribe it; and early in the twilight Mr. Calder the Sheriff-officer again appeared.

"By the living God!" exclaimed M'Neil, "if any man shall dare, without lawful warrant to seize this address, and take it away, I will blow his brains out on this spot, and take the consequences!" and suiting the action to the word, he pulled out from his pockets, and laid them on the table beside him, where the sheets of the address were now lying, a brace of loaded pistols! We do believe that if Calder had attempted to snatch or destroy the address at that moment, that M'Neil would have shot him, and we are afraid we would have been accessories, art and part to the deed. But Calder prudently sneaked away, and did not afterwards appear. He doubtless reported to his superiors what he had seen and heard. But Calder's visit at that late hour, did not disconcert us nearly so much as another visit of a very different descrip-

tion at a later period of that same memorable evening. We beheld coming into the Session-house, with eyes of amazement, our dear worthy master, Æneas Morrison, Esq., accompanied by the following gentlemen, viz., old Robert Grahame, Esq., of Whitehill, (formerly referred to) afterwards Lord Provost of the city; Alex. M'Grigor, Esq., of Kernock: his firm then was Messrs. M'Grigor & Murray, (Mr. Patrick Murray, father of the present Crown Agent for Scotland, was his son-in-law), the firm is now M'Grigor, Stevenson, & Fleming; and Dr. Richard Miller, Professor of Materia Medica, in the University of Glasgow—all staunch Reformers and genuine Whigs of the olden time. We thought we were now fairly caught and doomed. "Bless me," said Mr. Morrison, advancing, and holding out his hand, "I thought you had asked me for liberty to get away somewhere from home." Old Mr. Grahame with the most benevolent and smiling countenance, now took speech in hand. "Do you know," says he, "that a deputation of the Magistrates have this day waited on your master here, to get him to take this address from you, and to turn you out of his office. Now, dear *Master* Peter, you have fairly affronted us all; you have taken the shine out of us seniors; we should have done this work long ago, but we have come to encourage and cheer you on; and do you know, I have told Mr. Morrison, and repeat in his presence, that if he really dismisses you from his office, by desire of the Magistrates, I will find room for you in Grahame & Mitchell's office, and give you a rise of £20 a-year on your salary." "And I," says old Mr. M'Grigor, "will be glad to get you on the same terms, if friend Morrison *wheels* over to the Magistrates." "Me *wheel*," exclaimed the hearty old cock, with an oath: "No, never! go on, Mr. Peter; you

must not turn your back now, like Lot's wife—go a-head, keep your ground; and I have told Archie Lawson, the Bailie who has importuned me, that I will write to my old friend, Lord Erskine, and let him tell the Lord Chancellor Eldon, what the Glasgow Magistrates have dared to do this day. I see the subscriptions are getting on favourably. So stick fast. Here are ten guinea notes, in case you need them; and on Saturday at half-past four, you will just come and take your dinner, and we will then talk over this business, and see how you get on."

Never was a poor devil so joyously released. Bristling up with renewed spirit, we told them frankly and truly, that we had snatched a few minutes in James Stark's printing-office that afternoon, to write a hurried letter to Lord Archibald Hamilton, then at Arran, in his brother the Duke's favourite shooting quarters, letting his Lordship know what the Magistrates had done, and all about it; and with this statement, our kind patrons were all apparently very well pleased.

In returning to our lodgings that evening, we were struck to find our landlady, good old creature—(some of her grandchildren are now in high position in Canada)—wringing her hands, and in a state almost of mental perturbation—"What's this, what's this," she said, "Are ye really guilty of Sedition and Treason, my dear Mr. Mackenzie; and are they going to *shoot* you to-morrow morning? O fly," she screamed, "fly, instantly, for the Adjutant has been here, and the Town-officers have been here, and they have broken open some of your drawers, and rummaged your books and papers, and carried away your sword and rifle, and belts and other things; and they say they will make a terrible example of you in Glasgow—that you are in the hands of the Philistines!"

We began rather to stare, and then to *smile* at her ; and “yet,” she continued, seriously, “dear me, I cannot think *that* of you; you are so quiet and regular (self-laudation here, some may think). I told them that I never saw anything in the least degree resembling *Sedition* or black Treason about you, in your outgings, or your incomings, by morning, noon, or night. But this is an awful city. Those horrible *executions!* preserve us all!” and she threw herself down on the sofa, and began actually to sob!

We soon gave the good amiable lady the most perfect assurance that we had really done nothing wrong—that the head and front of our offending was, this address to the Queen—a printed copy of which we took from our pocket, and gave it to her to read. She did so with alacrity. She really read some parts of it oftener than once, and became wonderfully taken with it on the whole. She was, in fact, a Queen’s woman! and we continued to be favourites with her in those lodgings till we came to enjoy better ones of our own.

The threat, however, of being tried by a court-martial, was no joke. Some alive yet may remember, that King George the Fourth, by the advice of his Cabinet and Privy Council, had *erased* Her Majesty’s name from the Church Liturgy. They refused—they absolutely denied the prayers of the Church for the Queen! But the Rev. Wm. Gillespie of Wells, who happened at that time to be Chaplain of the Kirkeudbright Yeomanry, put up his prayers for Her Majesty, and for so doing, he was actually placed under *arrest* by the Colonel of the Regiment; a fact which any one may see, by turning up the files of any of the Edinburgh papers of August and September, 1820.

After this long preamble, we must remark, that it was rather a happy thought of our own, as it afterwards proved to be, to write to Lord Archibald Hamilton, in the way we did. His Lordship was then the popular representative of this great County of Lanark, in Parliament; for although we call it a great and mighty county, as so it is, and still prodigiously on the increase, there were then only about 160 *Electors*, or paper freeholders, in it altogether: and out of that small number, Lord Archibald and his friends could only reckon on the very slender majority at most, of some *ten* or *twenty* individuals; whereas, the Electors of Lanarkshire, amount now—(thanks to the Reform Bill)—to upwards of 5000: and thanks also to the present member Sir Edward Colebrooke, they are legitimately on the increase. The city of Glasgow itself, as we think we have previously often enough remarked, was a mere nonentity at that time, as regarded the political representation, having only, in common with Rutherglen, Renfrew, and Dumbarton, the one-fourth share of a member, and that member was a keen *Tory*—dead set against the Queen: whereas, Lord Archibald Hamilton from his eminent position and well-known liberal principles, and cherished regard publicly expressed by him in favour of the Queen, was the very best personage we thought, who if otherwise agreeable to him, should take charge of presenting this Glasgow Address ultimately to her Majesty in London. We knew that his noble brother the Duke of Hamilton was then vigorously speaking and faithfully voting on her Majesty's side, in his place in the House of Lords. We further knew that his noble sister, Lady Ann Hamilton, was then one of the Ladies-in-Waiting on her Majesty, and had been her Majesty's most faithful servant and companion

at home and abroad for many years. We therefore frankly, and without the least reserve, acquainted his Lordship of our humble and rather perilous position and prospects in regard to the address. In particular, we explained all about the violent interposition of the Magistrates; our rough and extraordinary examination before them that morning; the state and feelings of the city; and we enclosed printed copies of the address and relative placards that had been posted over the city under our own direct agency. In short, we concealed nothing from his Lordship respecting the whole affair, and gave him a rapid but faithful history of it down to the moment of our despatch, expecting at that same moment, and at every moment for some time afterwards, that we would be seized on some warrant or other of the Sheriff or Magistrates, or Lords of Justiciary!

We must here make the remark, strange as it may seem to be, that none of our liberal *newspapers* then in Glasgow—no not one of them, would either venture or condescend to publish the Address to the Queen, in any shape or manner of way; nor would they venture to publish one single syllable in reprobation of the conduct of the Magistrates, most glaring and flagrant as that conduct was. The *Scotsman* of Edinburgh, was the only paper in all broad Scotland that "*cheeped*" about it in the following terms, under date Saturday, September 23d, 1820:—

"The Magistracy of Glasgow, we learn, drove a body of individuals out of the Tron Kirk Session-house, on Monday last, where they were subscribing an Address to Her Majesty the Queen. The room had been taken for the purpose, by three gentlemen, on Saturday evening. No riot nor disturbance could be alleged, to afford a pretext for this interference, which it is impossible to view in any other light than as

an insult to the citizens. One scarcely knows whether to feel mere contempt for the paltry spirit that dictated such an act, or indignation at the flagrant partiality it displayed. Had the object been to address the King, the same men would, no doubt, have thrown open every public building in the city. Their petty efforts, however, will only expose their own littleness, and will have no effect in preventing the inhabitants from expressing their opinions on a great public question. The number of names is said to be immense, and the pressure of individuals to get their names put down altogether unprecedented."

Several days had now elapsed, but no answer from Lord Archibald Hamilton, which rather disheartened us. But still the address was getting on famously with subscriptions in the Old Relief or Burgher Church. Hundreds and thousands were subscribing it, and their numbers still increasing. One intrepid *Hatter* in the Trongate, but only one, his name was Hollgate—Thomas Hollgate, we think—whose shop was at the west corner of the Stockwell, had the temerity or the bold courage in defiance of the Magistrates, to place copies of the address within his windows. It resulted in this, that crowds flocked to those windows, and he became the most popular shopkeeper in all the Trongate. He was called "the Hatter of the Queen," and long afterwards he used to joke and tell us that we had placed the best feather in his cap he ever had. Hollgate's hats and beavers became all the go. We believe Mr. William Morrison is now the oldest successor of that line in Glasgow; and we are mistaken if he did not witness and will not corroborate some of those remarkable proceedings.

At last, the postman brought us a letter, franked, from Lord Archibald Hamilton, in the following terms:—

BRODICK CASTLE, ARRAN, *Sept. 25, 1820.*

SIR,—Your letter of the 18th did not reach me till this morning, as, in consequence of the rough state of the weather, there has been no postal communication with this island for several days.

I have read your interesting statement, with the papers you have done me the honour to send me, and I conceive you have acted with commendable spirit and propriety. I am, indeed, much surprised that the Magistrates of the City of Glasgow should have interposed in the way you have described.

I will, with much pleasure, forward the Address to Her Majesty. If I cannot go to London myself, I will, with the leave of the gentlemen interested, entrust it to the care of Mr. Joseph Hume. I hope to be in Glasgow on Monday, the 2nd of October, and will be glad to have an interview with you, at the Buck's Head Hotel, soon after my arrival. I have written to Mr. Brown, at Hamilton Palace. My sister, Lady Ann Hamilton, still attends the Queen, and I will take care to let her know your movements in Glasgow, which I am sure will afford Lady A. no small pleasure.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your faithful and obedient servant,

A. HAMILTON.

You required to make no apology for addressing me.

To Mr. PETER MACKENZIE,
7 Miller Street, Glasgow.

How strange, we may remark, that a letter going in those days by post from Glasgow to Arran, took seven or eight days on the journey, as the above shows; whereas, by the rapidity of the railway and steamer traffic, we can now have despatches to and from Arran in a very few hours. The fact having transpired, that Lord Archd. Hamilton had cordially sanctioned and approved of the address, sent it again ringing like a marriage bell throughout the city; and the *Chronicle* for the first time spoke out as follows:—

“We understand that the address from this city to her Majesty the Queen, has obtained 35,718 signatures, which in point of numbers, far surpasses any address that has ever yet left Scotland. It is to be presented to her Majesty by our worthy representative, Lord Archibald Hamilton. His Lordship we understand, passed through this city yesterday, on his way from Arran to Hamilton Palace.”

We had the honour, the very great honour, as surely we may call it, of a long interview with Lord Archibald Hamilton, in obedience to his letter, in the Buck's Head Hotel, on Monday. The Duke of Hamilton's carriage with four splendid horses, and servants, &c., in State liveries, drew up at the door; and when the noble Lord shook hands with us, in presence of the assembled crowd at parting, and again expressed his delight with all we had done in this business, we own, we returned to Mr. Æneas Morrison's office, proud as Lucifer—probably the very proudest youth that day in all the city.

Our steady and unflinching friend John Leslie, Esq., recently alluded to, yet alive, who with his old friend and companion, the late James M'Hardy, Esq., did all, or at least the greater part of the business of the Sheriff-Clerk's Office in Glasgow, which office was then situated in the south-east corner of St. Andrew's Square, was pleased in his own easy playful manner to dub us at that period with the title of the Queen's *Attorney-General* for Scotland. Here comes, they would say, as we entered the Courts, the Queen's young Attorney-General; and really if we had stuck fast to the Law, instead of running away headlong after *Politics*, which we have done now for nearly a century, we do not know how far up in the legal ladder we might this day have been, which some have reached with little trouble and less anxiety.

But "pleasures are like poppies fled." We need not pursue the quotation; and without murmuring, return to our theme.

Shortly afterwards, we had the further honour of receiving the following letter from Lord Archd. Hamilton:—

HAMILTON PALACE, *October 16, 1820.*

DEAR SIR,—I have the honour of forwarding to you the gracious reply of Her Majesty the Queen, to the Address from the Burgesses and citizens of Glasgow, which Address you did me the honour to entrust to me.

As I mentioned to you, I wrote to Mr. Hume, and confided the Address to him; and I enclose for your satisfaction a private note I have received from him, as also one from Lady Ann H., which indicate the pleasure this Address has given in London. You will please return these notes to me, under cover. If all goes well, it is probable the Duke will invite Her Majesty to this place next summer.

I remain, dear Sir, yours very truly,

A. HAMILTON.

To Mr. PETER MACKENZIE,
7 Miller Street, Glasgow.

We then with rejoicing hearts, waited on Mr. Prentice, the editor of the *Chronicle*, and showed to him these (to us) most precious documents. He was now polite and affable in the extreme; for although he had previously *refused* point blank to print the Address to the Queen, his eyes glistened with admiration at the sight of her Majesty's gracious answer; and he most gladly and willingly agreed to publish it in his very next paper, which was all indeed we wanted him to do. Accordingly the following appeared in the *Glasgow Chronicle*, under date 24th October, 1820:—

GLASGOW ADDRESS.—The address from this city to her Majesty the Queen, was presented to her Majesty at Brandenburg House, on the 11th current, by Joseph Hume, Esq., M.P., and the following is Her Majesty's most gracious answer, which has been communicated by the Right Hon. Lord Archibald Hamilton:—

“CAROLINE R.

“I am unfeignedly obliged by this loyal and affectionate address from the inhabitants of the city of Glasgow. When I consider that this address is signed by more than thirty-five thousand names, or

more than a third part of that great, opulent, and enlightened city, I may be permitted to rejoice that the generous sentiments which it breathes, are so widely diffused, and so fearlessly manifested.

“I cannot charge any of my wrongs upon the nation, I charge them upon that selfish junto, which, when it might have redressed them, only made them the means of gratifying their lust of domination. If those who are now my enemies, but were once professedly my friends, had not sacrificed me to their love of place, the conspiracy of 1806 would have been so entirely suppressed, and the authors of it and the agents in it so completely exposed, that the present conspiracy would never have dared to rear its head. This last conspiracy has been nurtured by the impunity of the preceding.

“It is only generous natures that are capable of confessing the errors they have committed, and of repairing the wrongs they have done. My enemies are not of that stamp. They are not made of such noble materials. With them the sentiment of duty has vanished, without leaving any great portion of the principle of honour to supply its place. But notwithstanding this dearth of moral feeling in my adversaries, I repose a firm confidence in the virtuous sympathies of the nation. Those sympathies have been my solace in the most afflicting circumstances.”

Admirable document! We can almost salute it now with joyous but mellowed tears. With the view, however, of counteracting this Address to the Queen, the Lord Provost (J. T. Alston,) issued circulars to some particular friends on the opposite side of the question, requesting a meeting in the Town Hall, at the Cross, to promote an address *in favour of his Majesty George the Fourth*, and his Ministers; and to supplicate the King to sit for his portrait to be placed in the Town Hall of Glasgow, at the expense of the citizens! This was rather too much in the excited temper of the city: and long before the hour of meeting, the Hall was crowded by many sturdy and indignant citizens, headed on the occasion by old Robert M'Gavin, and by Thomas Muir of Muirpark, who still survives, resident at York Terrace, Regent's Park, London,

and to whom we think we may safely refer with some confidence on this and other topics, not yet touched upon. When the Provost appeared in the Town Hall to broach *his* resolutions, the hooting of the meeting was excessive, and all but unanimous against him. On the other hand, three loud and hearty cheers were set up for the Queen, seeing which, the Provost abruptly left the chair, and retired with some of his colleagues to another room, where they adopted what was called "a hole and corner address to the King," and the Provost went off with it to London; but no portrait of the kind contemplated, ever appeared in Glasgow: nor is this to be regretted, for George the Fourth was not a pattern of virtue or morality. Very different are some of his successors.

Her Majesty's trial in the House of Lords was now rapidly advancing to its final close. It may be interesting to know, that the Queen made the following most solemn asseveration in a message to the House of Lords, on the 7th of October, 1820, which inspired many with fervent awe in her favour:—

"The Queen most deliberately, and before Almighty God, asserts that she is wholly innocent of the crimes laid to her charge; and she awaits, with unabated confidence, the final result of this unparalleled investigation.

(Signed) "CAROLINE REGINA."

The evidence against her Majesty being concluded, Mr. Brougham, as her leading advocate, made one of the most splendid orations in defence of her Majesty which he ever made. We hope our readers will excuse us if we give the following concluding portion of it:—

"My Lords, I pray you to pause, I do earnestly beseech you to take heed! You are standing on the brink of a precipice—then beware! It will go forth as your judgment, if sentence shall go against

the Queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who give it. Save the country, my Lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe; save yourselves from this peril; rescue that country, of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer, when severed from the people, than the blossom when cut off from the roots and the stem of the tree. Save that country, that you may continue to adorn it. Save the Crown which is in jeopardy—the Aristocracy, which is shaken. Save the Altar, which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred Throne! You have said, my Lords, you have willed, the Church and the King have willed, that the Queen should be deprived of its solemn service. She has, instead of that solemnity, the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplications at the Throne of Mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people in a larger measure than the merits of its rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice.”

At last the House of Peers, on 10th November, 1820, came to a division upon the Bill of Pains and Penalties, as follows:—

For the third reading,.....	108
Against it,.....	99
<hr/>	
Majority,.....	9

We quote from the newspapers of the day as follows:—

“This division was received with the loudest cheers from the opposition benches.

“While strangers were excluded, and the Lords were voting, *seriatim*, the Queen’s Counsel were on the steps of the Throne, and kept account of the votes, so as to see how the majority of 28 on the second reading was affected by it. As soon as they had ascertained that it was reduced to nine—the very number of the Cabinet—they declared that the bill was only saved by the votes of those persons who had avowed themselves to be parties; and they went out to lay this statement before her Majesty while the Lords were dividing. A message was immediately prepared, and, being signed by her Majesty, was carried to Lord Dacre in the House. As soon as the numbers

on the division were declared, viz., 108 to 99, Lord Dacre rose, amid very vehement cries of "Order;" and as soon as the Peers had taken their seats, he observed, that he had been entrusted with a petition from her Majesty, praying to be heard by counsel against the passing of the bill. (Much cheering.) It was, we understand, and to this effect:—"That her Majesty having learnt that the third reading of the Bill of Pains and Penalties had been carried by a number of votes equal to the number of those who avowed themselves to be parties against her, she desired to be forthwith heard against the passing of the bill.'

"The Earl of Liverpool (Premier) rose immediately, and said that he apprehended that such a course would be rendered unnecessary by what he was about to state. (Hear.) He could not be ignorant of the state of public feeling with regard to this measure, and it appeared to be the opinion of the House that the bill should be read a third time only, by a majority of nine votes. (Much cheering.) Had the third reading been carried by as considerable a number of Peers as the second, he and his noble colleagues would have felt it their duty to persevere with the bill, and to send it down to the other branch of the Legislature. In the present state of the country, however, and with the division of sentiment so nearly balanced, just evinced by their Lordships, they had come to the determination not to proceed further with it. It was his intention, accordingly, to move that the question that the bill do pass be put over this day six months. (The most vehement cheering took place at this unexpected declaration.)

"Earl Grey rose as soon as the Earl of Liverpool had resumed his seat, but the confusion did not subside for some time. His Lordship complained of the whole course Ministers had pursued with regard to the bill, which, after the declaration of the noble Earl, could scarcely be said to be before the House, but which was still before the country, and would long live in its memory. (Hear.) He charged the servants of the Crown with the grossest neglect of duty, in the first instance, in listening only to *ex parte* evidence, and giving a willing credence to the most exaggerated and unfounded calumnies. (Loud cheers.) They had thus for many months agitated the nation. They had produced a general stagnation of public and private business—and they had given a most favourable opportunity, were it desired, to the enemies of internal peace and tranquillity. They had betrayed their King, insulted their Queen—

(continued cries of 'hear,' from all sides)—and had given a shock to the morals of society by the promulgation of the detestable and disgusting evidence, in the hearing of which the House had been so long occupied. (Hear.) His Lordship concluded by assuring noble Lords on the other side, that the people of Great Britain would not be satisfied with the mere withdrawing of the measure, but would demand a strict inquiry into its foundation and origin. (Great cheering.)

"The question was then put from the Woolsack, on the motion of the Earl of Liverpool, that the question 'that this bill do pass,' be put 'on this day six months.' It was carried *nemine contradicente*, and almost by acclamation.

"Order having been once more re-established, the Earl of Liverpool moved that the House should adjourn till the 23d of November, the day on which the Commons meet. It was also carried, and their Lordships immediately separated."

The news of her Majesty's virtual acquittal by the abandonment of the Bill in the House of Lords on Friday, reached Glasgow by the Mail Coach sometime on Monday. It created the liveliest satisfaction. All London was said to be in a furor, preparing for an Illumination, and the Queen was arranging with the Lord Mayor to proceed to St. Paul's to return thanks to Almighty God for her preservation. In Glasgow there was no bounds to the joy that Monday evening. Tar barrels were readily procured and lighted up in many parts of the principal streets; countless windows in the most prominent places of the city were spontaneously lighted up, while all along the crowded way was jubilee and loud huzzah. But this was too much for our then Magistrates. They could not brook it at all; so the *Dragoons* were called out, and with the aid of the Police, the blazing tar barrels, harming nobody, were soon extinguished. But this did not and could not smother the strong feelings of the citizens. On the following even-

ing, viz., Tuesday, the illuminations were renewed. On the Wednesday evening, they were renewed again, and became almost universal throughout the city. The following is the account given of some of those things in the *Glasgow Chronicle*, timid as it was, to speak out at the time: but it was the only newspaper amongst us that mooted the word Reform at all:—

THE ILLUMINATIONS.—We mentioned on Tuesday the manifestations of joy which took place on Monday, in consequence of the failure of the bill against the Queen. An account of the proceedings on Tuesday evening will be found in a succeeding page. Last night the illuminations might be said to be general. Many houses were brilliantly lighted up. Hutcheson Street was particularly luminous. Carlton Place, Clyde Street, and George's Square, presented splendid spectacles. Panes of glass, in a very few instances, were broken; but in general the populace did not interfere with those who abstained from exhibiting lights; nor were any other of the outrages of the preceding night repeated. The Dragoons were in the streets, and whenever a bonfire was attempted to be kindled, or a tar-barrel was brought into the streets, it was seized and extinguished. Baulked in these attempts, the lieges resorted to flambeaux, with which they headed the crowd, with the view of parading through the city; but they were repeatedly compelled to seek refuge in closes by the troops. The noise of fire-arms, squibs, and crackers, was incessant. Some of the windows contained devices. The Assembly Rooms displayed above 200 variegated lamps. The Riot Act was read early in the evening, and the Magistrates were in readiness at the Black Bull Inn. Two bonfires were kindled in the Green; one at the Monument, and another at Greenhead. The last was extinguished by the military about 11 o'clock. About 12 the watchmen took their stations, and the streets were afterwards as quiet as usual. Besides the bonfires in the Green, there were others in the suburbs. Along the whole road from the Cowcaddens, Port-Dundas, and places adjacent, the houses were brilliantly illuminated. Placards were posted up stating that the Riot Act had been read, but happily the disposition to please, and be pleased, prevailed over the love of mischief. As a proof of the general good humour that pervaded the mass of beholders, we ma

state that numerous parties of respectable ladies and gentlemen were all the time freely promenading the most crowded streets.

Thus for three days and three nights, the citizens were in the most joyous state of excitement and enthusiasm for the Queen; and the Glasgow Address penned by the same hand, which, thank God, is still spared to narrate those things, and bring them to view before his kind and indulgent readers, was printed afresh and extolled in other quarters, in a way our vanity, exuberant as some may think it to be, will not permit us to describe; and this is all we here intend to say about it.

But mark, kind readers, the above statement of the RIOT ACT being read by the Magistrates, and on such an occasion! Was there really any *Riot* in the true sense of the word? Not in the least,—nor any thing approaching to it at that time in Glasgow. Yet we can testify and depone to the fact, that we saw the *Dragoons* with their drawn swords, charging the masses—the unoffending citizens—men, women, and children, through the streets of Glasgow, because they were glad and peaceably rejoicing for the victory of the Queen! Yes, we saw the unoffending citizens with their wives and children, literally *tortured* into alarm, and running shrieking and crying, and endeavouring to escape into shops, lanes, and closes, in the Trongate and Argyle Street, from the galloping charge of the Dragoons. In particular, we saw one most frightful charge made by the Dragoons from the Buck's Head onwards to the Cross. We were standing near the spacious tenement in Spreull's Court, the entrance to which, besides many other places, was crammed with agonized and distracted people seeking shelter, as they thought, for their very lives. On the return of the Dragoons to the head-quarters of the Magistrates, who were then giving

their orders in the Black Bull Inn, and on wheeling round to make another display with their drawn swords up Glassford Street, we beheld Major Smith, our once glorious Brigade-Major, the future hero of Aliwal,—whose name we have ever mentioned with profound regard in these and other pages,—we beheld him at the head of those Dragoons, and rushing forward to him, with hat in hand, and head uncovered, and saluting him in the most respectful manner, which he at once acknowledged, for he knew us well, in proof of which, we shall give one of his most affectionate letters to us by-and-bye, and stroking with some danger, at that exciting period, the neck of his prancing grey charger, we thus addressed him, “Good God, Major, are you really going to *sabre* unoffending people in this manner?” “No, my dear fellow,” was his prompt answer, “I won’t touch a hair of your head, at any rate, if your friends don’t pelt us with stones; but you see we are acting on the orders of the Magistrates, and we have peremptory orders to clear the streets, and they *must* be cleared. But I will pull up the squadron, to let you all retire; and for God’s sake, get away to your homes directly.” On rattled the *Artillery*, now at a slower pace, through those chief portions of the streets of Glasgow; and the city that night was hushed to silence by military power, but the feelings of its thousands and tens of thousands of inhabitants, were lacerated to the quick. Instead of doing any good to the Magistrates, or perpetuating their own reign in the city, it almost led to absolute revolt against them. It sounded the doom of the “Boroughmongers,” as they were then begun to be called in quarters formerly friendly to them. It led to a most important public meeting of the citizens soon afterwards. But before directing the attention of

our readers to that meeting, it may be interesting here to refer to some of the further proceedings against Queen Caroline in London.

Although the Bill of Pains and Penalties was abandoned against her in the House of Lords, in the manner above stated, the most oppressive and persecuting spirit was continued against her by her husband, the King—by his Ministers, and almost every one in official authority. She was denied access to every one of the Royal Palaces, whether in London or out of it. The doors of all of them were insultingly and deliberately shut in her Majesty's face; and she depended for a place of residence entirely on the generosity of Mr. Alderman Wood, whose eminent son is not the Master of the Rolls as we supposed him to be, in one of our previous numbers, but he is actually at this moment in the higher and more elevated position of Vice-Chancellor of England. The spacious mansion-house in Audley Street, London, was placed by Alderman Wood at the disposal of the Queen. She afterwards removed, we think, to Brandenburg House.

Parliament was fixed to be prorogued by Royal Commission, on Thursday, the 23d November, 1820. On that day, it was well known that Mr. Thomas Denman, one of her Majesty's Counsel, afterwards Attorney-General and Lord Chief-Justice of England, was to appear at the bar of the House with a Message from the Queen. With the view of smothering her Majesty's voice on the occasion, a most extraordinary scene took place in the House, as may be seen from the papers of that day, and it may interest our readers, as follows:—

“THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23.

“The Speaker entered the House at a quarter before two. The gallery was not opened.

“ After prayers were read, the Speaker inquired if any new members were waiting to be sworn.

“ Messrs. Lawley and Chaloner came forward, and a few minutes were occupied in administering the oaths.

“ Mr. Mann then moved a new writ for Westbury, and Lord Ossulston for Berwick.

“ Mr. Denman then rose, about five minutes past two, with a paper in his hand, which, he said, was a communication from the Queen. (Hear, hear.)

“ At the same time the Deputy-Usher of the Black Rod entered the House, and advanced to the table, amidst the loudest cries for ‘ Mr. Denman.’ With these cries were mingled shouts of ‘ Withdraw, withdraw,’ addressed to the Black Rod. Mr. Denman continued standing with the Message in his hand, and did not for a moment give way to that officer. Not a word the Usher said was heard. His message was drowned amidst the most indignant and vehement cries of ‘ Shame, shame,’ from all parts of the House. His lips moved, but no sound was audible. After this mummery, the Black Rod retreated, apparently much agitated. A pause ensued, when

“ Mr. Tierney (one of the ablest Whig members of the House) rose, and observed, that not one word of what had fallen from the Deputy-Usher had been heard; and, how, then, did the Speaker know what was the message, or whether he was wanted at all in the other House? (Loud cheering, intermingled with cries of ‘ Order,’ from the Treasury bench.)

“ The Speaker then rose, the uproar still continuing, and Mr. Bennet, M.P. for Wiltshire, exclaiming, with a loud voice, ‘ This is a scandal to the country.’

“ The Speaker then proceeded down the body of the House amidst the most deafening cries of ‘ Shame, shame,’ and loud and repeated hisses. Lord Castlereagh, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a few Ministerial members, accompanied the Speaker. Lord Castlereagh followed close to him.

“ A considerable proportion of the members remained in the House awaiting the Speaker’s return; but it turned out, contrary to all precedent, that no speech had been made by the Commissioners; and the Speaker did not return to the House of Commons, but went straight to his private apartments, leaving the House of Commons to collect as they could that a prorogation had actually taken place.

"On the Speaker's return from the House of Peers, as he was passing through the lobby, the Sergeant-at-Arms, who was preceding him, was, as is usual, about to enter the door of the House of Commons, when the Speaker called to him, and said, 'Mr. Seymour, there is no business to be done; therefore I cannot go into the House.' The Sergeant bowed, and the Speaker passed quickly into the avenues leading to his house."

Was there ever any thing, we may ask, so indecorous in, or discreditable to Parliament, within the memory of man?

But the country thrilled with the theme. Many most affectionate addresses were presented by deputation to her Majesty, but amongst them none more conspicuous than the address of the brave *Highlanders*, then domiciled in London, which we may be excused for referring to in this place. A dear departed friend, writing to us at the time, gives this interesting sketch of it,—

"The most novel, and by far the most striking of any addresses and deputations to Her Majesty at this time, was that of the *Highlanders* residing in London, and deputed from the Highland Assembly. The summons was—

'Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one.'

Their 'gathering place,' this morning, was the Crown and Anchor Tavern, and they were coming from an early hour

'All plaided and plumed in their tartan array.'

In the number were several gentlemen, of high rank in the army, and some connected with distinguished characters in the senate and at the bar. They were all in full Highland dresses, each having a tartan jacket and kilt, with the plaid in rich folds over the shoulder, hose, pouch, black velvet stock, and 'bonnet blue,' decorated with the 'eagle plume' mixed with ostrich feathers. A sort of collar of white silk was worn over the plaid, and a large rosette of white ribbon on the breast. The procession consisted of 12 landaus and four, all with white horses—the postilions having white small-clothes, waistcoats and hats, with white cockades and buff jackets, &c., &c.

“The scene presented, when all were assembled, was indeed a scene to make a Highlander’s heart swell with strong feeling. The powerful tones of the bagpipe excited ideas and feelings in his mind associated with all that is grand in moral courage, and all that is tender in domestic life. The strong impression upon every mind of the immediate purpose in view—the recollection that they were about to proceed with their congratulations to the presence of the calumniated and persecuted Queen; this feeling in every Highland breast gave indescribable pathos and meaning to the music of their native hills. It was joy mixed with sadness. They thought of the days that were past when her Majesty could indulge her fancy in all the brilliant and heart-delighting visions of affection and hope; the thought of the bitter reverse which fate made irrevocable, and they sighed for their Queen; but they thought again of the infamy, degradation, and misery, into which power, craft, and perjury would have plunged her; and they rejoiced in the unexampled escape of her Majesty. Such were the mixed emotions with which they proceeded to offer congratulations to their Queen. Two Highland pipers sat in the first landau, and at half-past eleven o’clock, when the procession moved forward, a pibroch ‘waked its wild voice anew,’ and ‘fir’d their Highland blood with mickle glee.’ A large flag of silk plaid, with sky-blue streamers, was carried in the same landau. The spectacle was in every respect most interesting. The crowd assembled to see this procession was very large, and seemed to participate cordially in the feelings of the Highlanders.

“At Hyde Park Corner, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hume, M.P., in their private carriage, joined the procession, and fell into the line immediately behind the landau in which the Address was carried. They were greeted with the warmest cheers along the whole line of their march from the Crown and Anchor to Brandenburgh House; they marched into the long gallery with colours flying and pipes playing. When all were regularly arranged, and while the pipes played ‘Scots wha ha’e wi’ Wallace bled,’ her Majesty entered, and immediately turned round, and most graciously recognised the Highlanders, who bowed with profoundest respect to the Queen. Lord Archibald Hamilton, Mr. Peter Moore, M.P., Mr. Waithman, M.P., and Mr. Hobhouse, (now Lord Houghton), were all present in full court-dresses. Lady Ann Hamilton wore a rich tartan scarf. Mr. Hume, in full court-dress, introduced the chairman and the mover of the

Address. The chairman presented the Address to her Majesty, who was graciously pleased to have it read by the mover in the Gaelic language. It was read with equal modesty and firmness. *This was perhaps the first time that any King or Queen of this country listened to an Address in that ancient language.*"

We need not give the address itself, but we cannot resist the temptation even at this remote period, of giving her Majesty's answer to it, a copy of which we made at the time, and have treasured it up for many a long day: and really it is impossible for us to read it now without feeling some emotion. The allusion in it to the death of her beloved and only daughter and child, the young Princess Charlotte of Wales, is like the poetry of Ossian, full of the most exquisite tenderness. We are therefore very hopeful, that our readers after perusing it, will not be offended at us for giving it, as follows:—

QUEEN CAROLINE'S ANSWER TO THE HIGHLANDERS OF SCOTLAND IN LONDON, DECEMBER, 1820.

"It is with unfeigned complacency that I accept this artless tribute of glowing affection and generous loyalty from an assembly of the metropolis, who are natives of that romantic region where the spirits of departed warriors still speak. I am well aware that they come from that land which is renowned for faithfulness to its chiefs; and that their fathers bled for a Sovereign who had no other claim to their support but that which grief gives to the faded cheek and the sunken eye. They are natives of that land where adversity attracts more regard than the smiles of fortune; where the houseless have a home, and the friendless never want a friend. I was sure that griefs like those which I have suffered, and persecutions like those which I have undergone, would not be objects of indifference to those who were born and reared in that district where the brave are sensitive, and the sensitive brave. Their minds could not contemplate with apathy a fond mother, roaming like an exile in a distant land, while her only child was in vain imploring her presence with that look of solicitude, and that gaze of importunity, that mark the parting hour.

The dark cloud of death soon covered her snowy breast! deep and general was the lament when her heart beat no more! Grief sat on every brow, and the face of the country appeared as if the desolating blast had traversed the land. Her remains needed no obsequies. Her tomb was the tomb of virtue. Affection sepulchred her memory in every heart.

“The years that are past, and are to be no more, are but as things that have only an ideal existence in the memory; but still they may cause the eye to stream with tears, or the bosom to heave with regret. The loveliness that has sunk into the grave is still lovely in the mind; and in that form in which virtue has made its abode, death is not lasting oblivion, but increased and permanent reminiscence. It is truth, it is integrity, it is benevolence, it is the amiable, the generous, the sincere,—or, in one word, it is goodness, pure and holy, that converts the mortal into the immortal, the dying into the ever-living, the shadow into the substance, the fugitive into the fixed,—time into eternity.”

When Parliament assembled on the 23d January, 1821, Mr. Wetherel (afterwards Sir Charles Wetherel,) moved that Her Majesty's name be restored to the Liturgy. Lord Castlereagh objected, and moved the previous question, which was carried by a majority of 260 against 169. On the 25th of January, Lord Archd. Hamilton made a similar motion with that of Mr. Wetherel, and a stormy debate ensued, when Ministers carried the adjournment of the debate by 310 against 209. On the 5th of February, the Marquis of Tavistock, afterwards Duke of Bedford, again took up the subject in favour of the Queen. Another animated debate arose, and continued till half-past six in the morning, when the House divided with nearly the same result. On the 11th of July, Mr. Hume rose and moved that an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, praying that he will be pleased to issue his Royal Proclamation for the Coronation of her Majesty; “thereby consulting the true

dignity of the Crown, the tranquillity of the empire, and the general expectations of the people." No sooner had the honourable member made his motion, than the Usher of the Black Rod made his appearance, and Parliament was again abruptly prorogued by Commission. The King's own Coronation, to the arbitrary exclusion of the Queen, was fixed to take place on the 19th of July. On the morning of that day the Queen proceeded to Westminster Abbey. She was refused entrance. On the 3d or 4th of August she became unwell. Her heart was broken; and on the evening of the 7th of August, she breathed her last, not without making her settlement, and giving to Lady Ann Hamilton and her other weeping attendants, her tranquil but solemn injunctions to carry her body to Brunswick, the place of her nativity, for interment, and to place upon the lid of her coffin this inscription:—*"Here lies Caroline of Brunswick, the injured Queen of England."* But even her Majesty's cold, lifeless, and unoffending body was not to be carried away without bloodshed. The King's Government commanded that it should proceed through London only by a certain route. The vast population turned out to pay their solemn respects to the shrouded coffin containing her Majesty's remains. They were ordered back; they were driven back; and resisting, by casting up barricades near Hyde Park, the King's Life Guards were ordered out upon them, and several civilians were slaughtered and wounded on the streets of London, for these open manifestations of sympathy towards their injured—*murdered* Queen.

What awful—what horrible times these were! One living now can hardly believe them,—but we must carry our readers back for a few moments, to other scenes in Glasgow.

Concurrent with the Address moved in *Edinburgh*, and already spoken about, a few of the leading magnates of this our own city of Glasgow, scarcely calling themselves Reformers at that period, but imbued with the most liberal principles, met together by private circular in the Black Bull Ball-Room, on Wednesday, the 13th of December, 1820, with the view of considering whether any, and what steps should be taken for the purpose of counteracting the fulsome Address to George the Fourth, then on its way from Glasgow to London. That meeting consisted of the following gentlemen:—James Dennistoun of the Glasgow Bank; Professor Mylne of the College; Robert Grahame of Whitehill; Charles Tennant of St. Rollox; Robert Orr of Ralston; James Murdoch of Auldbank; William Kippen of Busby; David Todd of Springfield; Alexander M'Grigor of Kernock; George Craufurd (father of our present Justice of Peace Clerk); Archibald Lamont of Robroyston; Dr. Richd. Millar; James Oswald of Shieldhall; John Douglas; James Hutcheson; John Fleming of Claremont; Henry Dunlop of Craigton; Thos. Muir of Muirpark; Æneas Morrison; William Mills of Sandyford; Adam Watson; Hugh Tennent of Wellpark, and a few others. They came, without much hesitation, to the unanimous conclusion, that the Address to the King, however laudable it might have been in other circumstances, should not go forth as the Address of the *citizens* of Glasgow—the meeting, with one accord, having all their sympathies in favour of the poor struggling persecuted Queen. And in order to test the strength of public opinion on this point, as between the Magistrates and citizens, it was resolved that a public meeting should be called on an early day, in one of the largest Halls that could be procured in the city.

“The accursed Gagging Acts” (as they were called) of Lords Sidmouth and Castlereagh, were in the most strict and repulsive operation at that time in the three kingdoms. Under those Acts no public meeting whatever *durst* be called, without the leave or license of two or more Magistrates; or only after the lapse of a written notice of six days’ served officially on the Magistrates. When some of the above most respectable gentlemen waited on the Acting Chief Magistrate, viz., Bailie Archd. Lawson—the Lord Provost, as already remarked, having proceeded to London, with his address to the King—he scowled upon them rather gruffly, though all of them were his equals or superiors in other situations in the city. He at once pointedly refused to call any such meeting, or to give it the slightest sanction. On the contrary, he plainly told the deputation that “they had better take care of their hands; they had some stake in the community, he was pleased to observe, but they had better not border on sedition or treason, for which some had lost their heads in Glasgow, and out of it, already.” At this, old Robert Grahame (the future Provost), waxed wroth. He said to worthy Bailie Lawson, that surely the Magistrates would allow the meeting to be convened in the Town Hall? “Not a bit of it,” he answered. Then, said old Mr. Charles Tennant, “we will get our own *Trades’ Hall*.” “Try, if you *dare*,” said the Bailie. “Tuts,” said Banker Dennistoun, “Come away friends, th re’s no use in *heckling* here with Bailie Archie Lawson. I know Willie Bankier the calenderer, (afterwards one of the Councillors and Magistrates of the city) he’s a braw youth, and manager of the Relief Kirk in John Street. I saw him in the Bank this morning, and he said he would easily get that kirk if other places failed.” Old Mr. Neil

Douglas, a celebrated preacher and character of his day in Glasgow, then holding forth in the old Andersonian University, and who, by-the-bye, had been previously tried for *Sedition* before the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh, (and we have a rich story to tell about him in another chapter,) had handsomely offered the use of his premises in case of difficulty, for the meeting. But the Relief Church in John Street was soon obtained as Mr. Dennistoun stated it would be.

This stern refusal of Bailie Lawson, acting in the name and behalf of the Magistrates, created another flare-up in the city; and we must now refer to the requisition itself, a copy of which we have preserved since the day of its date, with the names and designations of all the subscribers to it, being 318 in number, many of them interwoven with the very best interests of Glasgow, social and civil. In fact, we cannot go over that long list of names, as we did the other day, without emotion; for out of them all, we cannot fix on more than twenty living men. We had some thought of publishing the entire list itself, to show the sons, and daughters, and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of the present day, how their sires acted, and to take them to the very abodes where they dwelt in former times, now strangely diversified; but our space precludes us from doing it in these pages,—

“ Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise ;
We love the play-place of our early days.
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.”

Still, we may give the following faithful copy of the memorable requisition itself, with the *notice* attached to it:—

“To the Honourable the Lord Provost, or in his absence the Acting Chief Magistrate of the City of Glasgow.

“MY LORD,—We request that your Lordship will call a meeting of the merchants, bankers, manufacturers, and other inhabitants, to be held upon as early a day as is convenient, for the purpose of considering of the propriety of voting a loyal and dutiful Address to his Majesty, and representing the unconstitutional and pernicious measures adopted by Ministers, especially in the proceedings against the Queen, and the sudden prorogation of Parliament; and praying his Majesty to dismiss his Ministers, and to re-assemble Parliament without delay, that their advice may be taken as to the measures to be pursued for allaying the present discontent.”

“NOTICE.

“GLASGOW, 15th December, 1820.

“The above requisition was this day delivered to Archibald Lawson, Esq., the Acting Chief Magistrate of this city, in absence of the Lord Provost, but as he has declined to call the meeting therein required, notice is hereby given, that such meeting will be held within John Street Church, on Friday the 22d day of December current, at 12 o'clock, for the purpose mentioned in the said requisition.”

As the day approached for holding the meeting, the city became perfectly agitated from one end of it to the other. It transpired that the Magistrates had ordered the Infantry and Dragoons to be ready at a moment's notice; and further, that they had secured the services of two well-known scribes in the city, (Sinclair and Todd,) who were to appear and move resolutions against the Queen, and in favour of the King and his Ministers. Long before the hour of meeting, the capacious church was crowded to excess, and hundreds after hundreds had to go away. Whether owing to the perfect enthusiasm of the meeting or not, we shall not say, but undoubtedly the two gentlemen alluded to, whom we saw on the platform, did not rise to make any counter address; but we

distinctly saw Mr. Hugh Kerr, the then auxiliary Sheriff-Substitute, and Alexander Calder, the Sheriff-officer, and old John M'Callum, the Town-officer and Messenger-at-Arms, taking notes to detect anything which seemed to them to be seditious or treasonable; and we shall give an amusing specimen of their handy-work in that way, which fairly nonplussed the Lords of Justiciary, on another occasion.

We need not, however, occupy the attention of our readers with the speeches or resolutions of that remarkable meeting. James Oswald of Shieldhall, occupied the chair. Suffice it here to say, that the resolutions of the most spirited kind, were summed up in a petition to the King, condemnatory of the unconstitutional proceedings against her Majesty, and praying his Majesty to dismiss from his counsels and presence, his then advisers and Ministers:—

“ Upon the motion of Mr. Thomas Lancaster, it was resolved—

“ That His Grace the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl Grey, the Earl of Rosslyn, Lord Erskine, and Lord Archibald Hamilton, or any of these noblemen who may be in London when the petition reaches it, be requested to present the petition to his Majesty; and

“ That Messrs. Robert Thomson, Robert Orr, James Dunlop, junior, Dr. James Monteith, Messrs. Charles Tennant, Wm. Mills, Samuel Coleman, Hugh Tennent, David Todd, John Monteith, James Carrick, Thos. Muir, Peter Hutcheson, Hugh Smith, William Watson, James Hamilton, Walter Brock, junior, and Dr. John Baird, be appointed as a committee for taking the necessary steps for getting the petition subscribed in a proper manner, and transmitted to London.

“ Upon the motion of Dr. Richard Miller, it was unanimously resolved—

“ That the thanks of the meeting be given to Mr. Oswald, for his very able and impartial conduct in the chair.

“ It was further resolved, upon the motion of Mr. Geo. Craufurd,

that the thanks of the meeting were justly due to the gentlemen of the committee who had taken the trouble of making the preparatory arrangements for bringing them together.

“And, finally, it was, upon the motion of Mr. Cabbell, banker, resolved—

“That the proprietors and managers of this church are justly entitled to the thanks and gratitude of the meeting, for the accommodation with which they had been so liberally afforded.

(Signed) “JAMES OSWALD, Chairman.”

Copies of the Petition lie for Signature at the following places :—

The Bar of the Tontine Coffee Room ; John Street Church Session House ; Messrs. Charles Tennant & Co., Moodie’s Court ; Mr. William Shirly’s, Ironmonger, Trongate ; Messrs. Weir & Kennedy, Argyle Street ; Messrs. Slater & Geddes, Candleriggs ; Mr. John Gardner, Hosier, 4 High Street ; Mr. M. Spreul, Hutcheson Street ; Mr. Wm. Rae, Gallowgate ; Mr. James Wallace, High Street ; Mr. James Duncan, Saltmarket.

This address had its *effect* not then, but afterwards, as we shall show. We pass on to other matter.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OLD SHIP BANK OF GLASGOW—ROBIN CARRICK
—THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE PRESENT RIGHT
HON. LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF SESSION
IN GLASGOW—HIS CLIENT EXECUTED FOR FOR-
GERY, &c.

FROM political events, occupying so many pages of these *first* Reminiscences, we pass on to lighter and more varied events, occurring within the compass of our own recollection, and in some of which we strutted or played, our own little part at the time.

Next to the respected Mr. James Dennistoun, the oldest banker of any note in Glasgow, was Mr. Michael Rowand, of the Ship Bank, who departed this life about eight or ten years ago, in the 86th year of age. He was for many years Manager and Cashier, and ultimately partner of the renowned "Ship Bank of Glasgow," under the celebrated Robin or Robert Carrick. This Mr. Carrick was the son, we think, of a clergyman in Renfrewshire, "passing rich on £80 a-year." He came into Glasgow a comparatively poor boy in early life, but he established, or at all events he became the chief or leading partner of, the old Ship Bank of Glasgow, now merged as other Banks have been, with the present "Union Bank of Scotland."

Robin Carrick, for that was the name he was always called in our recollection, amassed an immense fortune, nearly a million sterling; but he was one of the greatest *scrubs* or misers in relation to money matters, that Glasgow ever saw. He died, a grim old batchelor forty years ago, without leaving one plack or penny to any of the charitable institutions of the city, in which city he had derived the greater part of his enormous wealth. But let him pass. "The beggar died;" and beggars sometimes die much happier than richer men, as the story of Lazarus implies. Mr. Carrick's housekeeper, viz., Miss Paisley, an elderly damsel, was also his favourite niece. They lived in the *upper flat* of the Bank premises, then at the corner of Glassford Street, whereon some spacious modern premises are now reared. The Bank itself was a dark dingy place; but a grand establishment of its kind in Glasgow sixty years ago; and while Mr. Carrick was famed for his vast banking transactions in the flat below, Miss Paisley was notorious throughout the city for the most niggardly management of his household in the flat above. She would *prig*, or higgie, or banter with the shopkeepers in King Street, then the chief provision place in the city, but now so deplorably deserted; she would try to beat them down to the value of a farthing about the price of beef, mutton, or veal. We have frequently seen her hurrying from the markets in King Street, with a sheep's-head and trotters in her basket, and a string of flounders or caller herring in her hands; and when she went to the higher station of markets in the Candleriggs, she invariably stipulated with the green-grocers in that place, that if any apples or pears should be left over at the contemplated dinner dessert of Mr. Carrick's table, they would just be taken back on the following morning to the place from

whence they came, and paid for accordingly. No wonder the old miser and his amazon amassed riches to an almost incredible degree, by this miserable mode of living, so unworthy of persons of the most ample means; and who in their *charities*, if they ever knew such, were equally, if not more stringent and parsimonious.

We shall here only narrate one or two veritable stories about him. We have others to tell about Mr. Rowand, whom we unfeignedly esteemed, and often chatted with. One of these stories came up our back the other day; and it almost made us indignant, and at the same time it affected our risible faculties; but if it does not please our readers when we proceed to narrate it, we will only say that we shall “break our reeds, and never whistle more” on the subject.

On one particular occasion, the old fellow, Robert Carrick, Esq., was waited upon by a deputation of two or three respectable citizens for his subscription to the Royal Infirmary, then in its infancy, or of some other institution of pressing importance. They expected that he being the wealthiest banker at the time in all the city, and knowing the urgent circumstances of the case, would head the list of subscribers with a pretty handsome donation. To their mortification and surprise, he would only come down with “*Two guineas.*” When they respectfully beseeched him to give something more, he waxed wroth, and was for drawing back his miserable pittance, but recollecting himself for a moment, he stated that he really could not *afford* to give them any more; and he literally bowed them out of his miserly room, encased as it was, with millions of money in the shape of bills or other documents. Not far from that bank was the warehouse of old Mr. John M’Ilquham, of

whom, besides the present, we have a good story to tell afterwards. Mr. M'Ilquham was then doing a good stroke of business in the tambouring and manufacturing line in Glasgow. When the deputation, who had just left Banker Carrick, approached Mr. M'Ilquham, he put on his spectacles, and glanced at the list of subscribers. He mused and commented on the trifling subscription of Mr. Carrick. Bless me! he said, has he only given you "*Twa guineas*" for such a benevolent purpose? Not more, they replied; and they made this statement to the old plodding but liberal manufacturer. Do you know, said they to Mr. M'Ilquham, when we pressed him for more, he sulkily told us that he "could not *afford* to give any more." What's that you say? and they repeated the words, very much apparently to his astonishment and ire. He rose from his three-legged stool with some animation. Jamie! said he, to his faithful cash-keeper and confidant—James Davidson, Esq., of Ruchill, father of the present esteemed Mr. Davidson, of that place—Jamie! bring me the Ship Bank-book, and a cheque, and the ink-bottle, and a pen; and with these materials before him, Mr. M'Ilquham filled up with his own hand, a cheque on the Ship Bank for £10,000 sterling, or a much larger sum, as we have heard it stated to be. But no matter what the amount. It was a large one, certainly. Now, Jamie, run down as fast as your legs can carry you to the Bank, and take care and be sure and bring that money to me, and the gentlemen of the deputation here will just kindly wait till you return. Of course, they agreed to do so, not knowing at that moment anything about the impending circumstance. The cheque was presented at the Bank table, and a queer place it was. Old Robin stared, and looked at it over and over again. Go back, said he, young man, to Mr.

M'Iquham, with my compliments, and tell him he has committed some *mistake*. What! said the old indignant manufacturer, when that message was communicated to him, "Will Banker Carrick not give me my own money; I've greatly more beside it in his hands—see the Bank-book with his own credentials"—and the clerk nodded his silent assent: "so, go back instantly, and tell Mr. Carrick from me, that there is no mistake whatsoever, on my part. The gentlemen here are still waiting, so *demand* the money in big notes." On this fresh, but imperative message, Mr. Carrick got rather *shakey* in his chair, and alarmed. There had been an understanding between him and his excellent customer, that when an unusual large supply of money was wanted from the Bank, a day or two's previous notice should be given, in order, as Robin remarked, that the wheels of the Bank might run on smoothly. So Mr. Carrick felt it now necessary to rise from his imperious seat, and to *steek* the door of his *sanc-tum*, (lock it up for the time,) and to trudge away over, musing unto himself, to the capacious warehouse of Mr M'Iquham. "What's *wrong* wi' ye the day?" said the Banker, as he now saluted his customer. "Wrong with me!" said Mr. M'Iquham, "Nothing in the least degree wrong wi' me, praise be blest! but I am dumfounded, and suspect that there's surely something very far wrong with yourself and the Bank; for, my friends, these douce decent gentlemen, sitting *ben* yonder, have assured me, that in your own premises, and out of your own mouth, you declared you could only afford to give them scrimp '*Twa guineas*' for this praiseworthy purpose; and if that be the case, I think it is high time that I should remove some of my deposits out of your hands." This led to a most agreeable result. "Robin," with some reluc-

tance—but he did it—scribbled down his name to the subscription paper, at the request of Mr. M'Ilquham, for the sum of *Fifty guineas*; and Mr. M'Ilquham on that, cancelled his cheque for the £10,000, and the gentlemen of the deputation went away amazed, and perfectly delighted with this reception.

Mr. M'Ilquham himself came to be engaged in a famous deputation to London, alongst with Col. Charles Walker, the old grocer in the Gallowgate, and Mr. Thomas Campbell, the Deacon of the Barbers, in Argyle Street, to Mr. Pitt, the Prime Minister of George the Third, in the first French war; and this deputation was to offer Mr. Pitt, the raising of a Regiment of 1000 men in Glasgow for the immediate service of the King. Mr. Pitt was mightily pleased with this deputation, but somehow or other he could not get his tongue on the proper name of Mr. M'Ilquham, as used in Glasgow. He saluted him as Mr. MacIlkum; and Mr. MacIlkum, for the nonce, was not very well pleased with the misnomer. The soncy Deacon of the Barbers tried to set the Premier right about the pronounciation of his worthy friend's name, but the Right Honourable Premier stuck fast to the word *MacIlkum*; while he became much amused with Deacon Campbell's plain, original conversation; so much so, that when the deputation rose to come away, the Premier, thinking that Mr. Campbell was the greatest man of the lot, took him aside, and offered to introduce him to the King next day, for the honour of being created a knight, if he had no objection. This staggered the deacon, and this was his immediate and ready reply to the Premier:—"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Pitt, for the offer; I'm very proud of it, indeed; but I can only accept of it on one condition." "And what pray, is that condition?" asked

Mr. Pitt. "You see, right honourable sir, that I am only Deacon of the Barbers, in Glasgow ; but if you get His Majesty to issue an order in Council, raising the price of shaving, in Glasgow, to *saxpence* the head, I could have the less objection to accept and meet the dignity." Mr. Pitt was convulsed with laughter; and we heard the deacon himself tell the story, in his own shop at the corner of Miller Street, where his brass plate dangled out on its pole. Say not, kind reader, that the trade of a barber is a lowly one. It was then as thriving and respectable as any of the other incorporated trades, and much more ancient than all of them. The surgeons took rank with the glovers, and others of a similar denomination only as barbers. They are mere offshoots of the barbers. Let others sneer at this as they may.

Returning for a few moments longer to Mr. Carrick. He on another occasion (but we could give many similar droll stories about him,) was waited upon by a rising spruce customer of the Bank, with a batch of bills for discount. They seemed all to pass current, with the exception of one, the largest in amount. Robin shook his head. "Oh, you need not hesitate about him, Mr. Carrick," said the proposed discounteer, "for he has started, and keeps his carriage." "Ou aye," says Robin, "but the question wi' me is, can he keep his legs?"

Talking of Banks, and referring as we have done to the old Ship Bank, we may observe, that its great competitor in those days, was the Royal Bank, then situated in the lower flat of the east corner house behind the church in St. Andrew's Square—the grandest square then in Glasgow, where the *elite* of the citizens had their residence. The Bank of Scotland was at that time located in a *brick* dwelling-house, up two stairs, in a lane in Queen Street,

behind Mr. Kirkman Finlay's house, now forming, as we have previously remarked, the site of the spacious premises of the National Bank of Scotland. The British Linen Company Bank, then first beginning to be known in Glasgow, was occupied as the dwelling-house of its worthy agent, old Mr. Wm. M'Gavin, "the Protestant," as he was called, a little further up, in the same street. Its fine pillars, the prettiest of their kind then seen and admired in Glasgow, are still observable in the same place, smiling almost like an old friend with a new face, to the gorgeous buildings now belonging to the British Linen Company, nearer the Royal Exchange.

In regard to the Royal Bank, then in the active but now doleful St. Andrew's Square, there were erected two wooden sentry-boxes on the right and left hand of the entrance to the Bank, for the accommodation of the *soldiers* on guard, doing duty for the Bank. This was a privilege or distinction, which the Royal Bank alone possessed over all the other banks in Scotland, till within the last quarter of a century. We remember perfectly well of Mr. John More, the early Manager of the Royal, who subscribed all its notes in Glasgow, with his own hand. He lived, some thought, extravagantly, fell behind with his cash, and suddenly lost his situation, to the great grief and dismay of the citizens; for he injured no one, except the Bank itself, who could well stand all his defalcations or misfortunes. Two of the Directors came out suddenly upon him from Edinburgh. They counted his cash, which was first deemed to be all right, from the labelled piles of notes before them. They counted it again, and found some of these piles to be fictitious—made up with feigned pieces of paper. He therefore was obliged to fly from Glasgow; and none of his relatives,

that we are aware of, now remain. But prior to this event, an interesting story may here be told about him, which paved the way for the ultimate success of some of the most eminent firms in the city of Glasgow. He had gone down to "the saut water at Gourock," by the ancient fly-boat, leaving Glasgow on Friday night, or at an early hour on Saturday morning, confidently expecting that he would be back to the Bank before twelve on Monday. Towards the afternoon of that day, the customers of the Bank had congregated in its lobby to a goodly number, impatient, and looking with anxious eyes to every corner of the Square, for the appearance of Mr. More, the manager. No bills could be discounted in his absence, for he had left no authority, and no authority was delegated to others in the Bank at that time to do so. At last, after the St. Andrew's clock (still to the fore,) had struck two, and was approaching to three o'clock, all hopes of seeing the manager that day were grievously diminished or expiring. Some customers were actually getting frantic, for they had other bills to meet in other places, and were depending on their wonted discounts in the Royal Bank, *per* Mr. Manager More—rarely, if ever absent, till now—but the few clerks, then in the Royal, could do no business of that kind without the manager. In this dilemma, and we heard this from the lips of one of the oldest customers of the Bank, viz., Mr. Walter Brock, father of the late Henry Brock, who became the first manager and projector of the Clydesdale Bank.—Mr. Brock, depending like others, for his necessary supplies in the Royal Bank that day, formed the bold, but happy resolution of going to the house of old Mr. David Dale, in the neighbourhood, who was one of the *Directors* of the Bank, and in early life its chief agent in Glasgow. He was a most benevo-

lent kind-hearted man; and there are a few yet who remember him with veneration and love in this city. Mr. Brock told Mr. Dale his honest artless story, and impressed him with the urgent nature of his requests about his bills of genuine value. "Just step awa' back, my dear sir, to the Bank, to Mr. Thing-um-Bob, the accountant, and tell him from me, to give you the discounts you want." The *word* of Mr. Brock was as good as his bill or his bonds any day. So the clerks in the Bank relying upon him, gave him the money. Seeing him successful, counting his notes at the bank table—"Bless me," said one of the agitated and almost distracted customers, "Bless me, how in all the world, Mr. Brock, have *you* succeeded in the absence of the manager." "I just went to Mr. Dale." Away, some half-a-dozen of them or more, ran to Mr. Dale's house. He recognised them kindly, and told them just to go back to the bank and tell the clerks "to do the needful." The clerks, however, laying their heads together, rather demurred to the responsibility about to be thrown upon them in this way; and they considered that they should have the written name of Mr. Dale himself on the back of those bills, ere they advanced any cash upon them. The palpitating customers flocked back again to Mr. Dale's house. "I cannot and will not," says he, "put my name on the back of any of these bills, because I have nothing to do with the transactions whether good or bad which they represent. But gentlemen," says he, "as I know you all, I'll not see you at a loss, if I can help it. How many of you may there be in the bank waiting for discounts?" "About a dozen or two." "Very weel, just go back, and I'll follow you in five minutes." And the good man, true to his word, made his appearance—all quaking, except himself. The clock was on

the eve of striking *three*, when the doors of the Bank behaved to be shut. "I see," said Mr. Dale, looking around him, "that you are all douce decent customers; and therefore," said Mr. Dale to the Bank clerks, "you will please discount the whole of these bills on my responsibility, and I will give you a line under my hand to that effect." Glad tidings those were, for they saved one or two customers from having their bills dishonoured in other places, if not from utter bankruptcy and ruin; yet their successors have actually risen to wealth and affluence in this city, for which they may bless David Dale, though they never saw him, and probably never heard of this true story till now. It is not yet closed about him. In a day or two afterwards, he began to reflect and think seriously on what he had done. The amount of those discounted bills was enormous, considering the times. The manager returned, and the figures and the discounts were cast up; but Mr. Dale had afterwards the great satisfaction of telling his friend Mr. Brock, that every one of the bills were paid, plack and penny, promptly and honourably, on the day they fell due. And therefore, does not this part of our Reminiscence resound to the honour and credit of Glasgow?

But we return again, for a few moments longer, to the old Ship Bank, as it stood at the corner of Glassford Street. Mr. Michael Rowand transacted the whole of its business, when he became connected with it, at a small fir desk, with a corresponding wooden stool for his seat,—nothing like cushions or sofas, or carpets, to be seen in the whole premises,—one or two of its rooms were more like the cells of a police-office, than anything else; and the ghost of Robin Carrick might stand petrified, if he beheld now some of the gorgeous furniture of modern

times. Mr. Rowand in his back *shop*—room it could scarcely be called—received and paid away all the money, with the exception of bills payable, the business of which was transacted in another small room to the front, by an old gruff man of the name of Allison, who counted the notes slowly and leisurely, and sometimes twice and thrice over. He would scarcely be tolerated in any banking establishment now-a days. Quick and sharp is the order of the present times. As for Mr. Rowand himself, he was also slow, but sure. He had about a quire of paper always at his hand. It was called “a blotter,”—nothing like a fine bound day-book or ledger, was seen near him, excepting those loose sheets of paper pinned together; and as he paid out the money, he lifted the lid of his desk, in which the money lay, placing the roller, which every school-boy knows, erect within, to keep up the lid of that valuable depository, ay, and until he had satisfied himself that the counting of the notes was all right; seeing which, he would remove the roller somewhere to his right hand, laying down the lid of his desk cannily, till he quietly entered the transaction in his “blotter.” Of course, these transactions were all carefully entered in the other books of the Bank.

It was the rule of the Bank in those days to close its doors between the hours of twelve and one o’clock, to afford the officials time to look over their forenoon’s transactions, to see that all was right, and to prepare leisurely for the business of the afternoon. This was what was called the “twal’ hours.” Precisely at one, the doors of the Bank were again thrown open by John, the old coachman of Mr. Carrick, for the miser really kept a cranking vehicle of that kind. John also acted as the Bank porter, and by him the doors were again finally closed for the

business of the day, exactly at three. That old man, the porter, had also been the sort of butler and faithful servant in other respects, of Mr. Carrick, for the long period of nearly fifty years; and when the millionaire died, it was confidently expected that poor old John would have been noticed handsomely in his settlement. He left him not a farthing—not even the gratuity of one year's wages—and all poor *coachie* got was some old clothes which had been worn almost threadbare by the great Banker, but miserable man, consisting of corduroy breeches, rig-and-fur worsted stockings, old spats, without buttons, and one or two old black coats, and shabby hats of the coarsest brim. In the foregoing numerous capacities, old John became a real Glasgow character. He knew every merchant and manufacturer in the city, and could tell all about them, with their kith and kin, to the bargain. He remembered and conversed with the great Virginia lords, when they walked towering in their pride of place, with their scarlet mantles, in the Trongate. He had carried in his arms, when he was an infant, the illustrious Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna, born in this city, to whom Mr. Carrick was distantly related; and poor old John used to tell us many interesting stories about Glasgow matters when we visited him in the Town's Hospital, many years ago, where he was enrolled as a pauper, and died; but he was always polite, and possessed a heart and disposition infinitely more agreeable than that of his great rich worldly master.

Those "twal' hours," in particular, were indeed glad moments to old Mr. John Marshall, the accountant of the "Ship;" for, when he got his summations accomplished, which he generally did in the space of a few minutes, he took staff in hand, and toddled over to Archie Ferguson's

tavern, at the head of the Stockwell, where he spent the remainder of the hour greatly to his heart's content. He had his glass, and sometimes his pint of rum, his lemons, and his limes. No whisky, or at least little of it, was tasted in those days, by the good people of Glasgow—all fine Jamaica rum—rum punch, and rum toddy, and for many years *rum* was the great liquor trade in Glasgow. We heard the late Mr. Wallace of Kelly say, that in early life his father derived upwards of £20,000 per annum alone, from his Rum Plantations in Jamaica; but when rum went out of fashion, and whisky became the order of the day, these rum plantations dwindled almost to nothing. But to our tale. On one occasion, but there were many occasions, we think, we see old Accountant Marshall coming statelily erect from Ferguson's tavern to the Bank's head-quarters. It was a summer day. The rum punch had settled in his head. He was fully six feet in his shoes and buckles, his personage lean and spare. He was venerable, however, for his years, and his powdered hair and silken tie, which gracefully curled almost down to the middle of his back, made him a most striking character at that period in Glasgow. His dress was not less remarkable. It may astonish the youths of the present day to be told of it. He had nankeen breeches, for be it observed, nankeen was fashionable for the old as well as the young, in the days of George the Third. Nankeen trousers and nankeen vests and jackets predominated for many seasons, and our aged hero appreciated them in his own person. Draped out in his nankeens, with white silken stockings on his spindle shanks, a white vest, with its flapping outside pockets, which came farther down than we need describe; a dark claret coat, which reached to his heels, while the neck of it for

thickness might have made a good bolster for any child, and with a proboscis for the largest quantity of snuff, our hero, for he was in truth a quiet man, proceeded to take up his wonted position in the Bank chambers. To do so, he behoved to walk through the dark lobby. He staggered to the left side, and held by the wall, and perceiving him in this rather awkward position, one of the youngsters connected with the Bank, offered to guide him to his stool, and in the most affectionate manner, said—"Hae, Mr. Marshall, hold your head, and open your mouth, till I put a peppermint lozenger in it, that will keep the smell of the rum from the nose of Robin;" meaning Mr. Carrick. This was not unlike the position of Mr. Samuel Hunter's clerk, already noticed. At that moment, it happened that Robin was keeking out of one of the apartments close at hand, and overheard the corollary. He saw how the land lay, at once. His anger was great. The body of the little man, round and portly as it was, quivered with rage. "You'll no deceive me with your peppermints any longer—pretending to go for your *twal' hours*, and coming back in this manner, reeling and stoving with rum, and bringing discredit on yourself and disparagement on the Bank. If you want to slocken your drouth, Mr. Marshall, at twelve o'clock, you must just be contented to step out to the pump-well at the back Court; but never let me see you sooking peppermints, and reeking wi' rum ony mair, in this Bank, at your peril." This finished the "*twal' hours*." The business of the Bank now went on without interruption, from 10 till 3 o'clock; and in winter days, the great establishment was lighted up with two or three penny candles in tin casements, which were only cleaned once in the week, on Saturday afternoon, after the tallow

upon them had gathered till they were no longer pleasant to the eye, nor creditable to the place. It was often alleged that Robin's coachman was carefully enjoined to collect the stumps of the candles, to grease the wheels of the old miser's carriage, and save him the price of the oil otherwise necessary for that purpose.

We ought to state, that the original partners of the Ship Bank at the time referred to, were the aforesaid Robert Carrick, Nicol Brown, Esq., of Waterhaugh, in Ayrshire, and John Buchanan, Esq., of Ardoch, in Dumbartonshire, Mr. Buchanan was a most serviceable, useful, and beneficial man to the Bank. He signed all the notes, in the first instance, followed by Mr. Marshall, the accountant. Mr. Buchanan, at the same time, was member for his native county of Dumbarton, in Parliament. He rebuilt the beautiful old Castle of Balloch, on the banks of Lochlomond, and his daughter married Robert Findlay, Esq., of Easterhill, long one of the most distinguished merchants in Glasgow. He was the *first* manager, we think, of the National Bank in Glasgow, and his family now enjoy the estate and Castle of Batturich, not far from the other Castle above noticed, which, since the death of old Mr. Buchanan, has passed into other hands. From his position as member of Parliament, he enjoyed the privilege of *franking* the letters of the Bank, to the extent of fourteen *per diem*. This was a great boon; it saved the Bank some hundreds of pounds per annum, for postages. It was, moreover, regarded as a mighty honour. None of the other Banks in Glasgow, rising as they were, to great repute, had a member of Parliament at their back, such as Robin Carrick's Bank could boast of; and it added to the halo of Mr. Buchanan, that he enjoyed the friendship, and was a great favourite of the then

Duke of Montrose, father of the present Duke, whose residence, *Buchanan Castle*, was not far distant. The old Duke wielded vast political power and influence at that time in Scotland. He was Master of the Horse to King George the Third. He also held the same rank under George the Fourth. He was a knight of the most noble order of the Garter; and a clever and sprightly man he was in his day. He had from his position as Master of the Horse, the privilege then of riding in the King's chariot, and driving with the King's horses, attended by his Majesty's grooms in royal livery; and therefore when he passed through Glasgow, on his way to or from London, and tarried at the Star Hotel, in Glassford Street, and made a visit to Mr. Buchanan at the Bank, the Glasgow youths of those days who had heard thrillingly of Prince Charlie and the '45, but had never seen *Royalty*, and had little chance of seeing London, or even crossing the Borders, ran in crowds to behold the royal carriage; and their demeanour was marked with the greatest respect. They invariably touched their hats to their superiors, who acknowledged them in return. The first five shilling piece we ever saw, was put into our hands in the burgh of Dumbarton, by James, Duke of Montrose.

A CHAPTER OF LIGHT INCIDENTS.

We have now to tell rather a ludicrous, but original story connected with the Ship Bank.

There were then no Athenæum Rooms, no Queen's Hotel, no Royal Exchange, in Glasgow, in those days; but there were Club-houses plenty. One of these was yclept the *Smoke*, being the Sun Tavern, on the east cor-

ner of the Stockwell, not far from the Ship Bank; and this was the favourite haunt of some of the Bank clerks, and others, their companions. The club met at seven of the evening, and when any of them told a wrong story, or committed any mistake, or incurred the censure of the President, he was fined in glasses round to all the company,—not exactly the best mode of fining, we should say,—but it was a jovial concern. One afternoon, in the month of February, the storm in Glasgow raged furiously. The chimney-stalks, and the cans on the house-tops were tumbling down in all directions. It was a frightful night; but the club met as usual. One of the truest and raciest of its members, was Mr. James Harvie, (from Greenock) who had the finest haberdashery shop at that time in the Trongate. He was polite, well educated, well informed, and clever; his wit was of the first order, and no man ever sat in his company for ten minutes, without being instructed and charmed by him. The famous Mr. John Douglas, whom Blackwood called “the Glasgow Gander,” never had any chance with him at all. It was a rich treat to see those gentlemen pitted against each other in the wit line. On this raging stormy evening, Mr. Harvie was nearly an hour beyond his usual time of arrival at the club. At last, he entered. The chairman, Mr. John Birkmyre, (originally from Port-Glasgow) saluted him. “Come away, Mr. Harvie, we were wearying for you, and your cracks; but we are glad to see you this terrible night. What news do you bring?” “News,” said Harvie, putting on his gravest face. “It’s indeed a terrible night, the EN (laying peculiar emphasis on the word), the EN of the Ship Bank’s blown down.” “Gude preserve us,” exclaimed George Lothian, one of the chief clerks of the Bank, sitting comfortably with his tumbler,

and starting to his legs, "that's most awful news;" and he fled out of the room, followed by two or three others, upsetting hats, great-coats, umbrellas, &c., to see the ruins! They returned to the club in a few minutes, dripping with rain, but burning with rage and indignation. "Now, Harvie," says Lothian, the bank-clerk, shaking his fist at him, "You are an infernal liar!" "What's that you say?" said Harvie, with the greatest composure. Lothian repeated his excessive strong expression. "Now," says Harvie, "you are either blind, Mr. George Lothian, or have taken too much toddy, or have gone to the wrong place, otherwise you would have seen that what I said was true; for I repeat again, in the presence of this company, that the 'Ex' of the Ship Bank is positively blown down. Sir, you have called me a liar; but ere this club breaks up this night, you shall retract that rash expression, and apologise to me, otherwise I shall pistol you to-morrow morning." Addressing the chairman—"Now, Mr. Chairman, if you will have the goodness, stormy as the night is, to put on your cloak, and go out with me for five minutes, I will satisfy you that my statement is correct, or you may fine me, or eject me from the club, as you please." They went out accordingly,—they glanced and they glowered. "There, now," says Harvie, "don't you see it? Look there"—pointing with his finger—"don't you see *that*?" and he touched the place above the Bank front door, where the letters or signboard of the Bank had been indented. Those letters were carved out, or rather stuck in by some cement, upon the wall; but the storm that night had been particularly fierce on the letter "N," and had blown it out of its ancient place, as Harvie had noticed, when he was passing on to the club. "Well now," says he,

“didn’t I tell you truly that the ‘EN’ of the Ship Bank’s blown down?” Rough as the night was, they could not resist the ready laughter at the clever ruse. Lothian enjoyed it himself; he apologised to Harvie, and was *fined* in glasses round to all the company—the chairman giving this appropriate sentiment, viz., “May we always be happy, but never rash in any of our sayings or doings.”

But our friend Lothian soon came to have his *revenge* on friend Harvie. The latter gentleman had realised from his business a sufficient competency—a comfortable fortune certainly, for any batchelor. Indeed, he never liked the haberdashery business. It was not suited to his taste at all; so he resolved to relinquish it, to sell off his rich stock, and enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*. For that purpose, he put printed placards in his grand shop-windows, headed with the following words:—

DECLINING BUSINESS.

“Mr. Harvie respectfully begs leave to inform his friends and customers, the ladies and gentlemen of Glasgow”—and so forth.

George Lothian, with some other wag, stepped into Mr. Harvie’s shop early one morning, when Mr. Harvie of course was absent, and with a painter’s brush, soon inserted the letter “A;” so that the grand placard was made to appear and read as follows:—

“A DECLINING BUSINESS.”

“Gudeſake,” said the braw ladies, peeping into the haberdasher’s windows, “is Mr. Harvie really *failing* in his business.” Others put the construction on it that the business was fast sinking,—in a rapid decline; and so the titter-tatter ran through the city about the unfortunate

condition of the elegant and accomplished James Harvie. He could not for a couple of days understand how the crowd was gathering around—some laughing outright in his face—some shaking their heads with rueful countenances, till at last he sallied out and beheld his own bills transmogrified in the above fashion. He soon shut up shop, but a sad misfortune overtook him in Jamaica Street. He fell on his own stairs, and fractured his skull; but his wit never forsook him to the last; for when some of his friends were calling to see him, and one of them was making the excuse that he could not remain longer, because he was busy, and it was the rent-day (Whitsunday.) “Yes,” said Harvie, “I’ve got my *wrent* (rent) here,” pointing to his wounded head, “and it’s the last I shall ever get.”

In addition to the *Smoke*, or the *Sun Tavern*, already mentioned, there was another one, where the *quid nuncs* of the city enjoyed their “*twal’* hours,” and other things, to great perfection, viz., the Prince of Wales’ Tavern, then in Wilson Street, the very spot whereon the Sheriffs’ Chambers, in the County Buildings, are erected. It was while sitting at a jovial party in that tavern, on the 5th of August, 1810, as we heard the late Mr. Stevenson Dalglish describe, how the master of the establishment rushed in to announce that Nelson’s monument, on the Green of Glasgow, had been shattered by a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning; and the monument was only repaired or reconstructed a few years ago. This gives us the opportunity to remark, that we have in our possession some of the original papers about the early erection of the monument, as also the one to the illustrious Sir John Moore, in St. George’s Square; but we are preserving them for another occasion, if we are spared to overtake it.

FORGED BANK NOTES—AND THE LAST EXECUTION
FOR FORGERY IN GLASGOW.

The passing of *Forged Bank Notes* was carried on to a great extent in Glasgow and its neighbourhood, fifty years ago. In particular, the *Guinea notes* of the old Greenock Bank, now swallowed up by the disaster of the Western Bank; and the *Guinea notes* of the Glasgow Ship Bank, now merged with several other banks in the great "Union Bank of Scotland," of whose *original* formation in Glasgow, and some singular circumstances about it, we perfectly remember, but the time has not yet come for speaking thereanent; and although *Guinea* notes of any bank are not to be seen now, there cannot be the smallest doubt, that they were the chief mediums of circulation in the West of Scotland, within the last 40 years. Golden guineas, and guinea notes, were the great emblems of currency, long before the One Pound notes; and the gold sovereign came into operation in a subsequent reign.

The forgery of the Ship Guinea notes, and the forgery of the Greenock Guinea notes about the same time, gave great annoyance and mortification to Messrs. Carrick, Brown, & Co., of the Ship; and to George Robertson and James Hunter, partners of the Greenock, and old Mr. Alex. Thomson, their manager, at Greenock, who, we understand, still survives in a green old age. His subscription was considered at the time, to be more elegant than that of any other Bank manager in Scotland. It happened that there was a most active messenger-at-arms at that period in Glasgow, viz., Mr. James M'Crone; and in the year 1809, he was specially employed by the above Banks to ferret out the *Forgers*, if possible; but above all

things, to secure the forged plates. For that purpose, he went to Ireland, with some of the Bank clerks, having reason to believe that the forgeries were actually perpetrated in Ireland, and chiefly in the town of Belfast, from whence the notes were easily brought, and disposed of in Scotland. Mr. M'Crone captured, as he supposed, some of the gang in Belfast, but they deforced and nearly murdered him; and he was obliged to return home to Glasgow without effecting the object of his journey. His activity, however, and courageous conduct on the occasion, attracted the notice of the then Duke of Athole, the great-grandfather of the present Duke, to whom the whole great Island of Man then belonged. His Grace in going to that Island, as he often did in the summer months, took up his quarters, in the first stage of his journey, in the Black Bull Inn, Glasgow, where he would rest "till the weather cleared up," when he would take his passage in the Isle of Man *smack*, moored at the Broomielaw, for the special conveyance of his Grace and retinue to the Island; or sometimes the *smack* would "heave-to" at Greenock, waiting for his Grace. The idea of a *steam-boat* going from Glasgow to the Isle of Man, was never dreamt of in those days. The Duke, therefore, had time to ruminate on Mr. James M'Crone's activity in Glasgow; and as the population of the Island of Man was then becoming great, and rather troublesome to his Grace; and his rents or tithes not very well collected in some parts of the Island, he sent for Mr. M'Crone, and soon engaged him to go to the Island of Man—there to take up his permanent residence, and act as the Duke's Commissioner for the whole Island. Government bought up the Island from the Duke's representatives at an enormous price, some time afterwards; and Mr. M'Crone died rather in a

tragical way, we think, but he left his family well provided for.

The appearance, however, of Mr. M'Crone in Belfast, on the mission first above referred to, though not successful in his own hands, had the effect for two or three years of stopping the supply of forged notes in Glasgow. But they made their appearance again most profusely in Glasgow and its neighbourhood towards the beginning of the year 1817. They became rife in Glasgow at that time, and people fingered and thumbed, and plodded, and examined, and re-examined every Bank-note, before they would accept it or give back the change for it. This greatly increased the annoyance in some of the Banks.

One day early in the spring of that year, there came into the old Ferry-house at Govan, two genteel-looking men, and asked for a bottle of porter, which was at once supplied to them by the servant-girl in charge. One of them took out a goodly bunch of notes from his pockets, and asked for the change of one, to pay the reckoning, which amounted to a silver sixpence. The servant-girl counted down to him the remaining change, which they pocketed, and went away, crossing the ferry to the Partick side of the Kelvin, where they soon arrived in safety. In a few minutes afterwards, the ferryman himself entered his house, and the servant-girl gave him the note. It was a Guinea-note of the Greenock Bank; and pretty notes those were; some of them were double notes, representing *two* guineas on the same paper. The ferryman began to entertain his doubts about the note. He showed it to a neighbour, who *doubted* with him. They then resolved to put the ferry-boat into immediate trim, and to sail in quest of the two men who had passed the note, in the simple way above stated. They soon espied, and

tracked them near to Clayslaps, on the road from Glasgow to Partick. Instead of stopping to see what was the matter, they took to their heels and ran, as fast as their legs could carry them; but the ferryman nimbler than they, overtook and caught them. They then offered him a real genuine guinea-note of the Thistle Bank, Glasgow,—a great bank once in its day, but it is merged now with others; and they also offered to give the ferryman five shillings to himself for his trouble, if he would only let them go; but he held by his grip till he was joined by some Glasgow gentlemen walking on the road; and the two prisoners were marched off to the Glasgow police-office, in Albion Street,—there was no such thing as a Station-office at that time, in or around Glasgow. The names of those two prisoners were James O'Neill, and William M'Kay, *alias* M'Coy, natives of Ireland. They were soon indicted for forgery. The Greenock Bank was determined to make an example of them; and it cost that bank many *hundreds* of genuine notes to do so. All the banks indeed, were interested in the result; and the Bank of England itself, whose *one pound* notes were then also forged and circulated to a large extent about that period, paid great attention to this particular Glasgow case. Their agent in Edinburgh, was Mr. James Gibson, afterwards Sir James Gibson-Craig, Bart.,—his firm was then Gibson, Christie, & Wardlaw, W.S.,—he revised the indictment, and consulted the Crown Counsel about it. The indictment itself was prepared by Henry Home Drummond, Esq., afterwards M.P. for Perthshire, and father-in-law of the late Duke of Athole. He took great pains with the case, and pled it ably against the prisoners, as Advocate-Depute in Glasgow, at the Assizes, 25th April, 1817. We remember the trial perfectly, for we were

present during the whole of it. The Judges were, Lords Hermand and Gillies. The case was duly called. Mr. James M'Crone, the Glasgow messenger-at-arms above referred to, was brought from the Isle of Man. He clearly identified M'Kay or M'Coy, as one of the parties who had deforced him in Belfast. The other evidence consisted of what we have already narrated.

We have gone into those particulars, and dwelt on this case, because we hesitate not to say, it was the direct means of bringing into notice, for the first time in Glasgow, a very remarkable man, who has risen to the highest pinnacle of fame and judicial power in Scotland, viz., the Right Hon. Duncan M'Neill, the present Lord President of the Supreme Courts; and we are very hopeful that his Lordship will not be offended at this notice, if he comes to see it at any time. He made a very powerful address to the Jury on behalf of the prisoners, which rivetted the attention of every one in the crowded Court; and he broke out into a strain of most impassioned eloquence towards the close of his address. He snatched up the puny tattered labelled note from the table, and twisting it in his hand, he asked the Jury whether they would take away the life of his unfortunate client for such a rag?

Old Hugh M'Lachlan, writer, of Messrs. M'Pherson & M'Lachlan, one of the most shrewd, respectable, and experienced agents, at that time in Glasgow—it was in his office that the late Mr. Sheriff Steele, and the present Mr. Sheriff Strathern, besides many others, were reared—happened to be in Court during the whole of Mr. M'Neill's address; and after it was finished, we heard him utter these words—“*That's a splendid speech; that young man will rise in his profession;*” and we believe it is the

fact, that he soon adopted Mr. Duncan M'Neill as his *junior* in the Court of Session, and afterwards made him his *senior* counsel in all the numerous cases, not merely of Messrs. M'Pherson, M'Lachlan, & Steel, but he became the favourite counsel of the majority of other agents in Glasgow, in consequence of the first powerful impression he made in Glasgow in that case.

But old Lord Gillies, with the sanction of the older Lord Hermand, soon took up the sledge-hammer, if we may so speak, and demolished the eloquent and impassioned speech of the young Counsel, in so far as the letter of the law, or the Court and Jury, were concerned. The Jury, without retiring from their box—an ugly ill-contrived place it was—acquitted O'Neill, who had not been identified at Belfast; but they unanimously found M'Kay *guilty* of uttering the note, knowing it to be forged.

The Advocate-Depute, Mr. Henry Home Drummond, then craved the judgment of the Court against M'Kay.

Lord Hermand proposed DEATH.

Lord Gillies solemnly sentenced him to be executed in Glasgow, on the 28th of May, between the hours of two and four of the afternoon.

The prisoner on being called to stand up and hear the sentence read, earnestly begged that their Lordships would have mercy on him, and transport him for life, as he had only uttered the one solitary note proved against him. His plea was disregarded,—he was executed at the time fixed.

Other two unhappy men were left for execution at these same assizes in Glasgow, but they were respited. In narrating the execution of M'Kay, the papers of the day stated—"He was a fine looking man, with an intelligent countenance, about five feet nine inches high, and

well-proportioned; and was about thirty-one years of age. He struggled very much for a minute or two, throwing his limbs in every direction. A strong detachment of the 40th Regiment was employed as guard."

Who can look back on some of those details, without horror? But, blessed be God, this was the last execution for *forged notes* in Glasgow. We have to relate a famous Bank robbery affair, and another Bank case to give, full of much greater interest than the above, and rather diverting; but we must take a fresh *peep* at some of our old papers, which we have sometimes been almost tempted to throw into the fire; and we dare say, there are some people "still to the fore," who would like very much that fire and brimstone could yet overtake them, before we put them on record,—

"But fraud must be shamed,
And cant and craft must fly,
And *Truth* stand forth
To meet the public eye!"

AN EXTRAORDINARY BANK TRIAL IN GLASGOW— AMUSING SCENE.

Brushing the cobwebs away from some of our own legitimate papers of the "olden time," and shutting our eyes from the *execution* of poor M'Kay, above alluded to, we now come to give the particulars of a trial, which will probably divert the attention of our readers, or amuse them with livelier interest. We have, as already hinted, some other remarkable *trials* to give; but this one comes rather pert on the Ship Bank affairs, and probably there are some yet alive, who may remember it well. We can vouch for the truth of its salient points, for we were witness to most of it.

Forty years ago,—one evening towards the end of the month of October, 1821, there came into the Eagle Inn, Maxwell Street, then a sprightly place, much frequented by the nobility and gentry of the West of Scotland, but now sadly dejected, a dashing sort of a gentleman, dressed in black, with his left arm apparently resting on a silken string across his breast, and his head finely powdered, as was the case with many of the nobility and gentry in those days. He announced himself as Sir Thomas Maitland, Baronet, Admiral of the Royal Navy; and he requested a suite of apartments, saying, that his valet would arrive from Greenock with his luggage on the following day. Mr. Boniface of the Hotel, viz., the late Mr. Daniel M'Lean, who retired from it with a goodly fortune many years ago, as did also his successor, Mr. James Fraser, was too glad to receive such a distinguished visitor,—

“ Down to the ground,
He bowed profound.”

And in the course of the evening, after participating in the good things of this life, which the Eagle bountifully supplied, the Admiral gave orders that a hair-dresser should be brought to shave and powder him pretty early on the following morning,—breakfast to be ready precisely at nine,—and that the very best carriage and handsome pair of horses in the stable-yard, should be brought to the front door of the Hotel, at eleven o'clock, to drive him through the city, &c., &c. Accordingly, not contented with any ordinary barber, Mr. M'Lean of the Hotel, went himself and engaged Mr. Ritchie, the portly *deacon* of the barbers, to come, and with his own exalted hands to shave and dress his Excellency, the Admiral; for the whilk, the deacon was handsomely rewarded on the

spot, with five shillings sterling, in place of sixpence, the lawful and usual charge. The breakfast to the Admiral was served up in perfection—every delicacy was there: and Mr. Boniface and his waiters afterwards declared that it might have whetted the appetite of his Royal Highness, the Prince Regent. At eleven o'clock, the carriage was called according to order. It drew up at the front door of the Eagle. The handsome postilion with his light blue silken jacket, and several rows of bright yellow buttons thereon—his velvet cap embroidered with tassels and lace—his tight buckskin leather breeches—and polished boots with silver spurs at the heels, &c., plainly indicated to the passers-by, that no small character was emerging from the Eagle. Mr. Boniface, the master of the Inn, was standing erect at his door uncovered. His chief waiter at his side, ready to mount the dickey of the carriage, and act as valet or guide to the Admiral, as was arranged in his projected tour that forenoon through the city; and in answer to inquisitive questions, sometimes naturally enough put by inquisitive observers, Mr. Boniface whispered to some of them that this was “His Excellency Sir Thomas Maitland, Admiral of the British Fleet, and Governor of the Ionian Islands, just arrived from Malta.” They quickly took off their hats, and stood uncovered; and as he entered the carriage and it rolled along, they gave him a loud and hearty cheer, which he politely acknowledged. The first place of his destination was to the Royal Bank, then in Queen Street, which we have previously described. Old Mr. John Thomson, who died recently in Edinburgh, after his severe struggles with the ill-fated Edinburgh and Glasgow Joint-Stock Bank, was at the above period the sole Manager of the Royal, in Glasgow. Our hero, the

Admiral, for such we may now call him, equipped in the above style, soon made his way into the interior of the Bank, and with the greatest coolness introduced himself to the manager, and presented to him a draft for £90 on his alleged Bankers in London, the well-known Messrs. Smith, Payne, & Smith, requesting to be furnished with the ready cash for it. Mr. Thomson was rather surprised at the moment with such an unexpected and distinguished visitor; but after putting some questions to the Admiral, he soon smelt a rat, as the saying is. There was, be it observed, a real Sir Thomas Maitland, then in existence. He was brother of the Earl of Lauderdale, and truly Governor of the Ionian Islands. Mr. Thomson, with some civility, remarked to the Admiral, that he understood some connections of the Maitland or Lauderdale family, kept an account with the Thistle Bank, in Virginia Street; and therefore that the Admiral had better go with his draft for the £90 to that place. Nothing daunted, but rather encouraged, it would seem, with this reception, away the Admiral drove in his carriage to the good old Thistle Bank, which bank, we may observe, afterwards amalgamated with Mr. Dennistoun's Glasgow Bank, which is, with several other banks, now incorporated with the Union Bank of Scotland. Mr. Richard Duncan, or rather in his absence, Mr. Robert M'Nair of the Thistle Bank—a shrewd active man, recently dead, who had as one of his colleagues in the bank, Mr. James Watson, then a young active gentleman, and now one of the revered members of the Town Council of Glasgow—and we wish all members of our City Council, present or future, could refer to their apprenticeships in early life, so creditably as Mr. Watson may well do. Mr. M'Nair (and we heard this from himself many years ago,) was

much taken up with the appearance of "the Admiral," and he eyed him from head to foot; but without casting any doubt on his credentials, civilly told him, "it was not convenient at that time of the day to cash the London draft"—a mode of excuse which Mr. Carrick of the Ship Bank invariably used to any of his dubious visitors who came to him with their drafts. Nothing daunted with this *second* refusal, away our hero drives to the next Bank at hand, namely, the Ship Bank itself, not many yards distant. The *sough* soon ran in that bank, fortunately for the Admiral and his purpose at the time, and it reached the ears of Mr. Michael Rowand, sitting methodically in his quiet inner chamber, that Admiral the Hon. Sir Thos. Maitland, Bart., had arrived near the front entrance of the Bank, and was stepping out from his carriage to do business within its walls. Mr. Rowand with some trepidation, but much civility, towards an Admiral, who was indeed a rare customer for any local bank in those days, as probably he is still, came forward and saluted the Admiral, that is, the banker lifted his hat from the crown of his head towards him—rarely done to any quiet honest customer in modern times; but still we are glad to say, that there are some bankers in our city contradistinguished from others, that can do the agreeable when necessary,—

"Worth makes the man,
The want of it the fellow,
And all the rest is leather and prunella."

Mr. Rowand, our old friend, for he was truly an old friend in many ways, had a rigid rule never to discount bills to any individual, however eminent he might pretend to be, without having an introduction from some known customer. "Did Sir Thomas know any Glasgow

gentleman, or could he refer to some one for inquiry?" "O yes," replied the Admiral, "I know the Rev. Dr. M'Lean of the Gorbals." "Very good," says Mr. Rowand. "Then, if you please to take the trouble and drive across in your carriage by the Stockwell Bridge, and just get the Doctor to put down his name on the back of the draft, you will get the money on your return, with much pleasure." Away the Admiral rattled in his carriage to the Gorbals, and rapped at the door of the Kirk Session-house, in Buchan Street. He knew very well that nobody was there at the time; so he ordered the horses of the carriage to be wheeled round, and take him to the Wheat Sheaf Tavern, in the neighbourhood, kept by Mrs. Paterson, and a famous tavern it long was in that part of Glasgow. The old sign of it may be seen on the same spot to this day; at least we eyed it with some pleasure, a few days ago. One of the best and most original *Whist* clubs of Glasgow exercised its dominion in that place for nearly a century; and from its windows in a fine calm summer evening, we have seen the salmon fry leaping in myriads, where now there is nothing but sludge and filth, and thousands of pounds expended to remove what is called the gurgling "weir." On getting into the Wheat Sheaf, the Admiral called for brandy and water, pen, ink, and paper, and these being supplied to him, and the reckoning paid, he stepped once more into his carriage, bound for the Ship Bank, where with the greatest politeness he soon presented his draft *de novo*, with the name of the Rev. Dr. M'Lean of Gorbals, purporting to be endorsed upon it. Mr. Rowand soon gave him the money, *minus* the discount, in the most agreeable way imaginable for both parties at the time, insomuch, that Mr. Rowand escorted the Admiral to his carriage at the

front door of the Bank, where gaping crowds were again waiting to behold that high and mighty personage; and away he was driven in hot haste, and amidst loud cheers to the Eagle Inn, where he was, of course, most graciously received by Mr. Boniface, to whom, without an hour's delay, he graciously tendered a braw new £5 note of the Ship Bank, and ordered a sumptuous dinner to be ready for two or three gallant friends, whom he said he expected to arrive at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, that being the then fashionable hour of dining in Glasgow. He went out, he said, to make a few other "shoppings." The dinner was, of course, prepared "piping hot;" but to that Inn the bold Admiral never returned.

During the course of that same afternoon, Mr. John Buchanan—a keen sharp-eyed clerk of the bank, not the director of the same name—but a lean lank personage, entirely in the confidence of the bank, while making up his London despatches, anent the discounted bills, as it was his especial duty to do, was much dumfounded or perplexed by the appearance of the draft for £90, discounted that day for the Admiral. It was, he thought, queerly written, and not at all accurately expressed, as coming from the pen of any Admiral. Some of the words indeed were grossly mis-spelt, as we shall show afterwards. Therefore an immediate consultation was held in the Bank parlour as to whether this could be a genuine draft or not from Admiral Sir Thomas Maitland. Mr. Thomas Falconer, the then well-known crusty, but legal scribe in Glasgow, connected with the bank, who was, besides, Commissariat Judge Advocate-Depute of Glasgow, and had all the ingredients about him of his client, Robert Carrick, Esq., was expeditiously brought from his office, at the head of the Stockwell, to advise in the momen-

tous matter of this consultation. He said it was as plain "as a pig-staff," that there was something fundamentally wrong on the very face of the draft itself; and at his suggestion, Dr. McLean of the Gorbals was soon visited by another clerk from the bank. The Doctor looked at the draft with some amazement. He said he really had not the honour of knowing in any manner of way such a distinguished personage as the Admiral; therefore the name on back of the discounted draft was not his. It was a forgery. On this discovery, all the beagles of the law then in Glasgow, were speedily engaged to go in quest of the delinquent Admiral, now called the "arrant impostor." Every inn and tavern in the city were searched for information about him; at last it was discovered that he had gone into the house of one Mrs. Cullen, who kept lodgers at the Broomielaw, where he had his head washed or displenished of the fine scented hair-powder put upon it by Deacon Ritchie; and that after some other adjustments, he had sailed in the Highland steamer that afternoon from the Broomielaw, bound through the Caledonian Canal, for Inverness. He was pursued thither, and actually caught in one of the links of the canal, then coming for the first time into travelling repute in Scotland, and brought back handcuffed, as a prisoner to Glasgow, and examined and interrogated in presence of Laurence Craigie, Jun., Esq., one of the Magistrates of the city, on the 4th February, 1822. In his declaration, he confessed that his real name was Donald Davidson—that he was not an Admiral at all of the British Navy; and never was, and never expected to be one,—but that he was a discharged soldier, or *sergeant* of the Rifle Brigade—that he had lost his left arm in battle, at the siege of Badajos, under Wellington:

and that he also fought and had a medal for the battle of Waterloo. His story was rich and interesting in many points, so far as it then appeared to be.

Under the above plain name of Donald Davidson, he was *capitally* indicted to stand his trial for *Forgery*, at the Glasgow Assizes, in April, 1822. The indictment against him was prepared by a young rising Counsel of that day, viz., Mr. John Hope, Advocate-Depute, son of the then Lord President, Charles Hope; and that young Counsel so often referred to, became afterwards Solicitor-General, and Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland. We have an original copy of the indictment before us. It runs as follows:—

Donald Davidson, present prisoner in the Tolbooth of Glasgow, you are indicted and accused at the instance of Sir William Rae of St. Catherine's, Baronet, his Majesty's Advocate, for his Majesty's interest, that albeit by the laws of this and every other well-governed realm, falschood, forgery, and wilful imposition, are crimes of an heinous nature, and severely punishable. Yet true it is, and of verity, that you the said Donald Davidson, are guilty of the said crimes, (passing over some of the other legal phraseology) in so far, as you did on the 30th day of October, 1821, feloniously write or fabricate, a bill or note, bearing to be drawn by Sir Thomas Maitland, Baronet, K.C.B., therein designed, Admiral, Royal Navy, for £90 sterling, conceived in the following or similar terms:—

£90 Sterling.

GLASGOW, 30th October, 1821.

At seight (*sic orig*) pay to me or my order the Sum of *Ninty* (*sic orig*) Pounds Sterling, which place to the *debeit* of my account.

(Signed,) THOMAS MAITLAND, Baronet, K.C.B.,
Admiral, Royal Navy.

And addressed to "Smith, Payne, & Smith, Bankers, George Street, Mansion-House, London," intending the said words to pass for, and be received as the genuine subscription of the Honourable and Right Honourable Sir Thomas Maitland, Knight Grand Cross of the Order

of the Bath, Lieutenant-General in the British Army, and presently his Majesty's, Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands and Governor of Malta; and also the words, "James M'Lean, D.D., Minister, Gorbals of Glasgow," as the signature of an indorser or cautioner for payment of the said bill, &c., &c.

This trial of the reputed Admiral, with other trials at the same assizes, which we shall shortly refer to, created uncommon interest in Glasgow at that period. The Earl of Lauderdale, his son Lord Maitland, Lord Douglas of Bothwell Castle, and others, sat upon the Bench.

After the examination of some official witnesses, Mr. Rowand, the chief witness, was called, and appeared with due solemnity in the box. Our own *treat* from our own original notes is now to come. The prisoner's counsel, we may here state, was Mr. Alexander Earl Monteith, Advocate, a young Glasgow gentleman, born in Glasgow, and connected with the Monteiths of Anderston, and Carstairs, &c. We knew him very well; but we had the misfortune, we confess, at an after period, to quarrel with him about some Free Church matters, which should be buried in oblivion for better things. Mr. Monteith lived to become the Sheriff-Depute of the kingdom of Fife, as it has been designated, but all his judgments were marked with equity and good feeling.

Our learned friend, Mr. Monteith, on the above occasion, was full of spirit. He had rather a swaggering gait about him; but he was always well-fortified in his facts, and concise in his language, whether he had the ear of the Court or not in his favour. When the chief examination of Mr. Rowand on the part of the Crown was finished, Mr. Monteith, after a mutual exchange of Glasgow civilities, began to cross-question him nearly as follows:—

Monteith—Now, with all respect for you, Mr. Rowand,

can you upon your oath, take it upon you to *swear* that the prisoner at the bar is the man who did those things?

Rowand—Rather puzzled, but looking earnestly at the prisoner, sitting in the dock with two sheriff-officers on each side of him.

Macer of the Court—Stand up, Sir Thomas, to be identified. (Here the laughter began.)

Sheriff-officer—Smiting the prisoner on his shoulders with their batons—Will ye no stand up, sir, to be identified by the decent witness? (The prisoner stoically kept his seat.)

Macer—addressing their Lordships—He'll no rise, my Lords.

Lord Succoth (to prisoner)—Stand up, sir; and obey the orders of this High Court.

Prisoner rose, and then politely bowed to the Bench, and *saluted* with his hand to his head, like a well-trained soldier to his commanding-officer. (The audience who had now a good view of the prisoner, became greatly amused and interested.)

Prisoner's Counsel (Monteith)—Now, Mr. Rowand, examine the prisoner well, from head to foot. (A pause.) Can you really swear to him?

Mr. Rowand—He wants, you see, the powdered hair. (Laughter.)

Advocate-Depute—Oh, we all *see* that perfectly well, I should think. (Renewed laughter.)

Mr. Rowand—He wants also, I may remark, the bushy black whiskers down to his chin. (Roars of laughter.)

(The prisoner, we may observe, had taken the precaution to have his head shaved, and his whiskers entirely removed before trial.)

Macer—Silence in the Court!

The Court, however, was convulsed with this interlude, and silence was not so easily obtained.

Lord Succoth—Silence, I say—silence, I command; else the Court must be entirely cleared.

A dead pause occurred on that threat.

Cross-examination resumed by Monteith—You say, Mr. Rowand, that the prisoner *counted* the notes when you gave them to him at the Bank counter. Now, sir, how could he count the notes when he wants the arm?

Witness (puzzled)—I did not know that. (Sensation.)

Prisoner's Counsel—Now, step down again, sir, from the box where you stand, and review the *Lieutenant-General* at the bar, where he sits. (Roars of laughter, in which the prisoner himself heartily joined.)

Macer—Silence in the Court!—(It was impossible, however, to suppress the loud guffaws, as Mr. Rowand stood eyeing the prisoner, and handling the stump of his left arm.)

Advocate-Depute (restraining himself, but scarcely able to do it, and putting on an air of great gravity as Mr. Rowand re-entered his box)—Have you any doubt, sir, in your own mind at this moment, that the prisoner at the bar is the man you saw and identified in the Fiscal's office?

Witness—I think he is; but he is greatly *altered* in his appearance. (Laughter.)

Prisoner's Counsel—And this is the man described in the indictment, (gravely reading it) as the Honourable and Right Honourable Sir Thomas Maitland, Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, Lieutenant-General in the British Army, and presently his Majesty's Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, and Governor of Malta? (Shouts of laughter, the prisoner himself again joining.)

Lord Succoth (scowlingly to prisoner)—Sir, this is no laughing matter for you, at any rate, as you may probably find, by-and-by.

The titter-tatter, nevertheless, continued.

Macer—Silence; I again say, in the Court. Will ye no keep silence there, if you please; you, in that side-gallery? (where some ladies were sitting and enjoying the scene.)

Prisoner's Counsel (again with considerable gravity)—Am I correct, Mr. Rowand, in stating, that you went out from the Bank, and saw the prisoner to his carriage at the door, bound for the Eagle Inn?

Witness—I did see him to the door. (Great laughter.)

Prisoner's Counsel—And after seeing him to the door, did you cordially shake him by the hand, and wish him great success back again to the Ionian Islands, he having at that time your £90 in his pocket?

Witness—Exactly so.

Prisoner's Counsel—I have no more questions, my Lord.

Witness retired.

As he left the Court, making his way through the crowded passage, he landed in the room to the right, wherein the meeting of the Magistrates and Town Council were wont to be held. He sat down on one of the old-fashioned mahogany chairs—relics they still are in that place of the 1715 and 1745—wiping his otherwise pleasing face from the drops of perspiration that were then exhausting him. Dr. Cleland, the City Chamberlain, stepped forward, and saluted him, and offered him a glass of Madeira, or of Burgundy; or a “cold caulker,” as he called it, of Brandy. The Banker would have none of those liquids. A drink of cold water, muddy though

it was, from the Dalmarnock or Cranstonhill pipes, was all he desired; and he got it from one or other of those establishments, for they were then the only water-works of their kind in Glasgow. Loch Katrine, now in its zenith, was never dreamt of, and scarcely anticipated by any human being in Glasgow, any more than the waters of the distant Jordan in those days, for the benefit and refreshment of the pure descendants of St. Mungo. We could almost stop here, and give a real genuine water toast; but we have a most dreaded *execution* on hand. Mr. Rowand, after recovering himself somewhat from his long examination, and felicitating himself on the kind and acceptable services of Dr. Cleland, the City Chamberlain, made this frank confession—"Bless me, dear Doctor, I would not for the best £100 note of the Ship Bank, have been badgered and squeezed in this way. *Will they HANG him, do you think?*"

Chamberlain—Indeed, Mr. Rowand, I don't know; but it looks very like a hanging case at present.

Returning to the crowded Court, Lord Succoth is charging the Jury in his ram-stam-and-jump way, furiously against the Admiral, who is now rather calm and collected. The Jury speedily found him *guilty* as libelled; and, according to our notes, the following occurred:—

Mr. Hope, the Advocate-Depute, craved judgment.

Lord Meadowbank, addressing his learned brother on the bench, remarked, that the panel had had a fair trial; and that in a commercial country like this, *forgery*, especially in the manner it was here committed, could not be forgiven. Some legislators had promulgated the visionary idea of extending mercy to persons guilty of the crime; but his Lordship desired it to be understood that that was not the opinion of his learned brother or him-

self. Therefore, the panel was sentenced to be executed on the 29th day of May, 1822.

That sentence—to his great credit be it said—filled the mind of Mr. Rowand with horror. He could not rest day or night about it; and with the great influence the Bank possessed, he importuned his friend and partner, Mr. Buchanan of Ardoch, M.P., and that gentleman got his friend, the Duke of Montrose, to intercede with the Government for Donald, the pseudo-Admiral; so there came a respite from George the Third, and the sentence of death was commuted to transportation for life. Nothing, for some time afterwards, created so much catchination, or annoyed the worthy Banker and the whole establishment of the Ship Bank so much, as to be asked, whether any of the *Admiral's* bills were at a premium? or how the clever rogue, their distinguished customer, was getting on at *Botany Bay*? No Bank, certainly, had any customers exactly like him in Glasgow; yet in process of time, other banks, and especially the Western Bank of Scotland, had far greater and much more reprehensible customers than Donald Davidson, without any *indictment* hanging over their guilty heads.

But in addition to the above case at that Circuit, there were others of a varied and remarkable kind. Let us sketch a few of them. Thus, there was the case of David Rankine, a young boy of about sixteen years of age, accused of breaking into the house of a widow lady in Portugal Street, Gorbals, and stealing from a chest of drawers, seven twenty shilling notes, and one guinea note, and a gold ring, set with pearls. The little urchin was doomed to be *executed* on the same day as Donald Davidson.

Thomas Donachy, for breaking into the cellar of Mr. John Bryce, timber-merchant, in Oxford Street, and robbing it of some bottles of port wine, claret, and Teneriffe, was also doomed to be *executed* on the same day.

John Campbell, for breaking into the dye-house of Mr. William White, near the foot of the Saltmarket, and stealing a drab mantle, was also doomed to be *executed* on the same day.

And another prisoner, viz., Patrick Campbell, was narrowly receiving the same doom for breaking into the dwelling-house of Mr. John Neilson, spirit-dealer, Whitevale; but the following scene occurred, which marvelously saved his neck. There came into the witness-box, to give evidence against him, an assistant criminal-officer of the Burgh Court of Glasgow, whose name was Dunn. He was obviously intoxicated; for he came reeling and staggering with some impudence towards the bar. The Advocate-Depute, Mr. John Hope, soon perceived his condition, as everybody else did. "Stand back, sir!" said Mr. Hope, in a tone of indignation. The drunken fellow gazed at first with the most muddled astonishment, but he became sober at last. "Sir," said the Advocate-Depute, "If you or any other officer of the law, shall dare to come into this Court in such a state, to swear to the character of any prisoner on trial for his life, you shall not escape without signal punishment." The indignant tones of Mr. Hope reverberated through the crowded Court, and found an echo in every heart. The worthless officer was committed to Jail for thirty days. Mr. Hope refused point blank to examine him as a witness; and this punishment had a most salutary effect amongst the lower class of beagles of the law, who then prowled about the Courts stoving with drink. Perhaps our readers will

hardly credit the statement we are now to make, and the *Temperance League* may hold up their hands in wonder at it; but it is the fact, that in those days, spirits, porter, and ale, with other things, were actually sold in any quantity, within the walls of the prison of Glasgow itself, by the Jailer and his assistants, under the connivance, and with the perfect approbation of the Magistrates; and large profits were made and transferred to the revenue of the city, by the extensive and notorious, and public sale of them! If anybody doubts this, we undertake to prove by a reference to the city books, which we saw and examined long ago, that upwards of 20,000 bottles of ale, porter, and brown stout, were sold in the Jail of Glasgow, in the course of *one year* alone, within the last forty years. We have some remarkable facts to state about the treatment of the *civil* prisoners in those days, and we may afterwards introduce the case of one poor factory girl in particular, who was actually imprisoned and kept in Jail for a lengthened period, at the instance of certain horse-leeches in Glasgow, who now hold their heads wonderfully high, for the balance of a debt of less than *one shilling*; yes, less than one shilling, after they had squeezed out of the poor creature by cruel arrestments and other proceedings, every penny she had in the world. It was one of the most outrageous and unfeeling cases of the kind we ever knew. We brought it under the direct cognizance of the then Lord Advocate, Francis Jeffrey, in his house, in Moray Place, Edinburgh. He held up his hands in astonishment and indignation, and we sent him at his own request, an authenticated copy of the commitment, under the hands of the Glasgow Jailer; while we had the satisfaction afterwards of knowing, that that case led to one of the most praiseworthy

alterations with respect to imprisonment in the law of Scotland, whereby none could be incarcerated for debts under the value of £8 6s. 8d.; and thus we may claim some of the original credit thereof, not perhaps, without leaving an authenticated copy of the above Jail document as a legacy to the heartless parties referred to, as we almost vowed we would do, long ago; for we observe that some of them now stand with pretty long faces at our church doors on Sunday, and for a pretence make long prayers, insinuating, at the same time—to gain credit with the world for their philanthropy, forsooth—that they are exceedingly kind and compassionate to the poor. “By their deeds, ye shall know them,” saith the Scriptures; and it is always satisfactory to us to refer to such unerring authority.

But to recur to the *criminal* case above referred to, Mr. Hope did a most graceful act. He restricted the libel against Campbell to an arbitrary punishment, whereby the miserable prisoner from the above fortuitous circumstance of the drunken beagle, escaped the gallows. He had sentence of transportation for life.

A most painful incident ensued at the same assizes, in regard to another case, which displayed the fine sensitive feelings of Mr. John Hope, although he has been accused of being a most severe and tyrannical Judge. There was brought up from her cell, and literally lifted into the dock, as we saw, a poor creature of the name of Helen Gorie, evidently in the last stage of consumption, accused of some petty theft. The Advocate-Depute shook his head as he eyed her with much commiseration, and he paused for a little. “My Lords! I shall not go to trial with this case. I consent to the *immediate* liberation of the prisoner.” The poor creature swooned and fainted

in the dock; and Mr. Hope went across to the seat of the Magistrates, and personally entreated them to see her sent to the Infirmary, and properly attended to. She died on the way thither.

Thomas Cook accused of *murdering* John Macfarlane, copper-smith, in Glasgow, at his shop-door in the Gallowgate, was found guilty of culpable homicide, and had sentence of transportation for life.

Two Gamekeepers, of the then Lord Blantyre, were also brought forward accused of murdering in the parish of Erskine, a notorious poacher, of the name of Orr. Mr. Henry Cockburn was brought out from Edinburgh on a special retainer for them. Not guilty.

But the thrilling case at that period in Glasgow, which we listened to, was the case of a beautiful young creature of the name of Helen Rennie, accused of *murdering* her illegitimate child by means of arsenic, on a Sunday afternoon. She was well educated, but had been basely betrayed or seduced, by a pert dashing scoundrel of the name of Jonathan Allwood, who was admitted into some of the best society in Glasgow, it being supposed that he had plenty of cash at his finger-ends, without virtue of any sort; and that is still, we are sorry to remark, the chief criterion of the present day. "If you have gold, plenty, you may plate sin with brass," &c.

She had given out her child to nurse, in the house of a respectable married couple in the Gorbals. It was thriving, and becoming a nice little prattling creature; and the mother appeared to be fondly attached to it; for she came almost every Sunday, during the course of four or five years, and settled punctually with the nurse for its board, and kissed the child tenderly. The villanous father for some of his other crimes, was obliged to fly

from Glasgow ; and it was supposed that the burthen of maintaining the child now pressed heavily on the unfortunate mother. She came, much in her usual way, one Sunday afternoon, and kissed the child apparently with all the affection she had ever shown to it. She said to the nurse, after the lapse of a little interview, that she would take out the boy for the first time in her own hand, and give him a nice walk to the banks of the Canal, in Eglinton Street, not far distant. She returned with the child very soon afterwards, and kissed it over and over again, in presence of the nurse, and the nurse's husband. She then hurriedly bade them good-bye, and went politely away ; but she had no sooner gone than the innocent little creature began to vomit and to scream vehemently, and fell into sore convulsion fits, and in a few moments longer, he died, to the astonishment and great grief of his nurse and her husband, who had no children of their own, and probably on that account they were more devoted to the unfortunate child. Suspicions began to be entertained about the now weeping and distracted mother. Arsenic was detected on the clothes of the dead child, and the unhappy mother was traced to some apothecaries' shops, where she had bought a mixture of sulphur and arsenic, or other poisonous things. She was therefore taken up on a warrant of the Magistrates, imprisoned in the Jail of Glasgow, and capitally indicted for trial at this Circuit in Glasgow, for the crime of *murder*.

No case, perhaps, created greater sympathy or compassion in the city, than did this one of this pretty but unfortunate girl. Long before the hour of trial, the Court was crowded to excess, up to the very ceiling of the old Justiciary Hall ; not an inch of standing room to

spare. The outward appearance of the Court is thus described by the *Glasgow Herald* of that day:—

“This morning, there was a most extraordinary anxiety to gain admission into Court, and the crowd collected was more like that assembled to witness an execution, than that brought together on a common Court day. A party of horse and foot paraded in front, and at the south end of the Jail, to preserve order, which they had very great difficulty in doing.”

The unfortunate creature, when placed in the dock, buried her face in her white cambric handkerchief, and sobbed aloud. She was dressed in deep mourning, and when she occasionally lifted her veil and her features were seen,—they were indeed beautiful, though pale as marble. We have often been unable to efface her from our memory, as she appeared in that dock.

The able Counsel engaged specially to defend the prisoner, was Mr. John Jardine, son of old Professor George Jardine, of Glasgow College—a most esteemed Professor he was for many long years in this city. The learned Counsel at the commencement of the trial went forward and shook his client most affectionately by the hand, while the tears in rapid profusion were seen trickling down her agitated face. Many shuddered at the bare idea that the lovely creature, so placed before them, would soon have her exquisite neck encircled by the hangman's horrid rope. She assuredly was no diabolical hardened *murderess* for gain unto herself. The bereavement was rather her own; or if murder it was, whether by accident, or in a fit of frenzy, for who can tell the *secrets* of the heart,—these considerations, undoubtedly, were felt keenly at the time. But we must only speak of the trial itself.

The Jury were sworn. The evidence for the Crown was

led; and as it proceeded, a most unexpected but remarkable scene occurred, which probably saved the life of the beautiful prisoner, when everything else seemed to be telling fatally against her. The like of it, we venture to say, never occurred before or since, in any criminal trial in this city. One of the witnesses was most severely questioned and overawed by the Bench. She was a respectable woman far advanced in pregnancy, which the Judges probably did not know; but the Jury had a better view of her. She became much agitated at one of the rather threatening questions put to her. It happened fortunately for that witness, but infinitely more for the prisoner herself, that there was upon the Jury, a well-known citizen of Glasgow, learned in the law, and moving in the first society of Glasgow, viz., Mr. John Douglas of Barloch, writer, in Glasgow, who afterwards, on the death of Mr. Richard Vary, became Clerk of the Peace for this great county; and to him on his death, Mr. George Craufurd, who now holds the office, succeeded. Mr. Douglas, though a bachelor, was always an ardent admirer of the fair sex, and he could not tamely submit to the line of examination he saw the decent unsophisticated poor woman of a witness exposed to. Mr. Douglas, we here may remark, was a most majestic-looking man. His very countenance commanded attention and respect. He arose in his seat in the jury-box, and *protested* against the treatment the witness was receiving. The Court snubbed the bold Juryman for his interference at that stage of the proceedings. He kept his position however, and retorted that he knew *his* duty as well as their Lordships knew theirs: and perform it he would, whether their Lordships liked it or not! On that independent sally of Mr. Douglas, the crowded Court, astonished with delight

at the courage he displayed, set up a loud cheer, with clapping of hands. The Judges became indignant. Lord Succoth started from his seat, sweltering with rage. Lest it may be supposed we are surcharging this part of the occurrence, we refer to the files of the *Glasgow Herald* of that date, which rarely found fault with Judges of any kind in those or any other days:—

LORD SUCCOTH, (vide *Herald*) with much energy, said, “I will never sit in a Court of Justice, and tolerate such behaviour as this ; and I *insist* that the police-officers or the *military* be called in to clear the Court.”

“Three or four soldiers (says the *Herald*) were accordingly brought in *with drawn bayonets*, who cleared all the gallery part of the Court.” Fancy such an occurrence at the present time!

Onwards the trial slowly proceeded in the then stinted Court; but in a short time it became as densely crowded as ever; for the sixpences and shillings, and half-crowns, or something better, slyly slipped into the hands of the Town-officers in those days, never failed to secure a pretty ready mode of access to the Court, if there was really standing room in it at all. Many affecting incidents respecting the prisoner, subsequently occurred on this trial, but we cannot here dwell upon them. Suffice it to say, that the Advocate-Depute himself, was deeply moved, and nearly overpowered by them. When the evidence was at last concluded, and as he rose at a late period of the night to address the Jury for the Crown,—you might have heard a pin fall in that crowded Court. We have seen him in many of his addresses, but his commencement on this occasion was solemn and affecting in the extreme. When he came to analyze one part of the evidence with reference to the proved affection of the mother to the

child, and the last kiss she was observed to give it on that fatal Sunday, he faltered and he failed. His lips quivered, and he burst into tears, and sat down on his seat, covering his eyes with his hands, and not able to proceed with his address for some moments. He at last recovered himself, apologising to the Court for the apparent weakness, seldom displayed, we may remark, by any Advocate-Depute in any case; but now rising with the occasion, and feeling the necessity of his own position, he went on with his renewed powerful address to the Jury *against* the prisoner. But the above incident led Mr. Jardine, the prisoner's Counsel, to whisper into the ears of her agent standing near him—" *The poor girl is saved! That touch of fine feeling on the part of Mr. Hope, must save her!*" The Advocate-Depute, in concluding his address, declared, that he found himself much exhausted; but he felt it to be his duty to lay the evidence in all its bearings before the Jury; and whilst he felt himself constrained to ask for a verdict of guilty at their hands, "he could conscientiously say before his God, that his heart bled for the unfortunate victim against whom he craved it."

Nobly did Mr. Jardine follow for his poor stricken client. He made a most affecting speech. But Lord Succoth began to charge the Jury most strongly against her, and throughout. He finished his charge at half-past one o'clock on *Sunday* morning; at which hour the Jury retired, and were directed to be enclosed, and return their verdict at half-past nine on Monday morning.

The following extract from one of the Glasgow papers of Monday, will show how the Judges spent part of their time in Glasgow that Sunday:—

“Yesterday, the Judges, Lords Pitmilley and Succoth, attended by the Magistrates, the civil authorities of the city, the Sheriffs, and a great proportion of the Counsel attending the Circuit, went in procession to the Cathedral, where divine service was performed by the Very Rev. Principal Taylor. The guard of honour consisted of a detachment of the 4th Dragoon Guards, and a detachment of the 77th Regiment of Foot. Colonel Sherlock, the Brigade-Major, Lieut.-Colonel Smith, and several other officers attended. The mounted Band of the Dragoon Guards added greatly to the solemnity.”

The following was read from the precentor's desk of every Established pulpit in Glasgow that Sunday:—

“Remember in prayer, five young men under sentence of death; and a young woman in great distress.”

The Judges, we may remark, after sermon on Sunday, had quietly driven out to Garscube House, the residence of Lord Succoth; the residence also of his father, the Right Hon. Sir Islay Campbell of Succoth, Baronet, formerly Solicitor-General, and Lord Advocate of Scotland, and finally, Lord President of the Court of Session—a slender well-built little man, then in greatly advanced years; but he was a giant for intellect in early days. He rose to rank, wealth, and distinction, mainly owing to the masculine pleadings he wrote, or the eloquence he displayed in the great Douglas Peerage case, the fame of which can never die in the annals of judicial procedure, either in Scotland, or the House of Lords. Lord Succoth, we may remark, had a fine promising son, viz., Mr. John Campbell, who had recently passed the Faculty of Advocates; and he appeared at the Glasgow Assizes for the first time on the above occasion, to assist Mr. John Hope. He afterwards became M.P. for the County of Dumbar-ton, in Parliament; and would probably have risen to great distinction in his profession, if his life had been

spared, for he was an able and fluent speaker; but he died suddenly soon after his marriage, leaving the present Sir Archibald Islay Campbell, his son and heir. It may be here interesting to note the fact, that Lord Succoth, had also two nephews at this Circuit, viz., Mr. Arthur Connell, son of the then Judge-Admiral of Scotland, Sir John Connell, who was also Sheriff of Renfrewshire, and Procurator of the Church of Scotland. Sir John Connell was a native of this city, and he married one of the daughters of old Sir Islay. Hence the connection with Lord Succoth. The other young Advocate referred to, was Mr. John Tait, the present venerable Sheriff of Clackmannan and Kinross, whose father was Mr. Crawford Tait of Harvieston and Castle Campbell,—lately acquired by Sir Andrew Orr. Mr. Crawford Tait had married another of the daughters of old Sir Islay, and by that marriage there was also Mr. Archibald Campbell Tait, the present Lord Bishop of London, who is thus intimately connected with Glasgow; for indeed, the Succoth family have been allied to it for centuries, and can even trace their pedigree through some of the female branches, up to Sir William Wallace. A daughter of Lord Succoth, who died the other day, was the Countess of Leven.

At nine o'clock on Monday morning, the 22d of April, 1822, the bells of the city began to ring anew, announcing that the procession of the Judges was coming forward from Garscube House, to finish the trial of Helen Rennie. The magistrates and military went out towards the Cowcaddens Toll, to meet and escort them with pomp and circumstance into the city. Precisely at ten o'clock, the Judges took their seats once more in the Old Hall. The Court was again surrounded by infantry and dragoons,

and every inch of it crammed by palpitating mortals, young and old, to hear the doom of Helen Rennie. The screams of many, nearly trampled to death, to get into the Court, were sometimes terrific. It was now, as they all knew, to be a matter of life or death—neck or nothing, for that unhappy young creature. The diet of his Majesty's Advocate for his Majesty's interest, was soon called, amidst breathless silence. The poor prisoner, more dead than alive, was carried up by the Turnkeys, through that awful winding stair, which still exists, and which many have seen for the first and the last time, with quaking hearts. She seemed to be utterly unconscious of everything passing around; in fact, the report was, that reason had fled its throne, and that she was now a maniac, beyond the power of the Court. The names of the Jury were deliberately called over, and they all answered to their names. In those days, it may be interesting to notice the fact, that it was the rule of law, in all capital cases, for the Jury, after being enclosed, whether for a long or a short period, to return a *written verdict*, under an envelope, duly signed and sealed by their Chancellor, who again was to deliver it into the hands of the Justiciary Clerk, sitting beneath the Judges, and by him communicated to their Lordships. If the verdict was a guilty one, the envelope containing it, was generally sealed with *black* wax,—if otherwise, conveying a verdict of not proven, or not guilty, as the case might be, the envelope had its seal of *red*—not bloody wax,—therefore, in many cases, it became a matter of the greatest interest and excitement for the friends or the foes of the accused, to get their eyes first fixed on the outward appearance of the seal. If black, the black cap was very soon to be at hand; if red, the prisoner and

his or her friends might get ready with their peons of congratulation. In the present instance, some confusion took place from the excessive crowd; and many stout hearts heaved to and fro, whispering, is she innocent or guilty? At last, the package itself was displayed, and the announcement made, that the Jury by a plurality of voices, had found the prisoner *not guilty*! What a cheering and clapping of hands, then took place. The bewildered creature screamed aloud. She looked, and she looked around her once or twice, but with one terrific glare. Tragedy itself could hardly excel this, as displayed most unaffectedly in the Justiciary Court. Her amiable Counsel tried to soothe her by some sweet words of congratulation; but she started from her seat tearing her ringlets, and crying for her child. All eyes with few exceptions, were then moistened with resistless tears.

But Lord Succoth, even *after* the verdict in her favour was recorded, continued to address her at some length, stating, that although this was the most interesting case he had ever heard, yet if he had been of the Jury, he would certainly have gone with the *minority* for a verdict of guilty. He took occasion to animadvert on one of the Jury, viz., Mr. John Douglas, who, there can be no doubt, ruled the verdict, and got it in favour of the prisoner, by a majority we think, of ten to five; but Mr. Douglas, we remember, kissed his own hand, and bowed to the Court in silent defiance. It is singular to remark, that whether owing to this trial or not, or to the appearance of Mr. Douglas in the way we have stated, the fact is, that soon afterwards, all writers, or practising attorneys, or law agents, were absolved from serving on Juries in criminal cases, and they were also debarred from acting as Justices of the Peace.

So much for some of our Glasgow criminal cases at that period. We have a few others to tell, of more surpassing interest; but we cannot overtake them all at one time, and perhaps we are fatiguing our readers. We have here simply to make the concluding remark applicable to the last one above noticed, namely, that Allwood, the heartless seducer, cheat, and scoundrel, was slain in one of his revelries on the streets of Calais; while Helen Rennie lived to become a virtuous wife and mother,—an ornament of society in other regions. We had a grateful letter from one of her relations not long ago.

THE MEMORABLE GLASGOW CIRCUIT OF 1822—AND THE FATAL DUEL OF SIR ALEX. BOSWELL, &c.

Another interesting, but much more important case, with reference to its results, than any of the cases above noticed, was also set down for trial at those same Assizes in Glasgow, in April 1822, namely, the case of Mr. Wm. Murray Borthwick, printer, accused of *theft*.

That case, strange to say, occurring in Glasgow, and under that charge of "*theft*," led to the memorable duel between James Stuart, Esq., of Dunearn, writer to his Majesty's Signet, and Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart., of Auchinleck, then M.P. for the County of Ayr—a duel which resulted in the melancholy death of Sir Alexander Boswell, and to the subsequent trial of Mr. Stuart, himself, before the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh, for *murder*.

No accurate report of that case of Borthwick's was ever published. The real history of it, indeed, was never given; yet after the lapse of forty years, when all the chief actors in it are dead and gone, we are enabled to

supply the desideratum from unquestionable sources. In fact, we are the living witness of the chief part of the narrative which follows, having seen it with our own eyes.

In the year 1821, a violent Tory newspaper was first published in this city yclept the *Sentinel*. Other papers have since been published under the same name, but the one referred to, was published by Mr. Borthwick, here standing accused of "*theft*," as above stated; and his partner in the publication, was Mr. Robert Alexander, under the firm of Borthwick & Alexander, or Alexander & Borthwick. It was of the same stamp as the more notorious *Beacon*, started and published in Edinburgh, about the same time. Politics, in those days rose to the highest pitch of excitement—nay, fury. A Whig would scarcely speak to a Tory; and a Tory would scarcely speak to a Whig, if he could help it. The rules of common civility were sometimes grossly invaded—to the spitting actually in each other's faces, as we have seen done in the Old Tontine Coffee-Room, leading to actions of damages, and assythment, &c. There appeared in the columns of that *Sentinel*, from time to time, violent attacks on the chief leaders of the liberal party in Scotland; and in particular, on Mr. Stuart of Dunearn, and his venerable and most inoffensive father; and also against Mr. James Gibson-Craig, afterwards created by the first Reform Ministry of Earl Grey, Sir James Gibson-Craig of Riccarton, Baronet, of whom we have had occasion frequently to speak, as we may still have, in these pages; and also against the amiable and accomplished Lord Archibald Hamilton, then sitting in Parliament, as we have already stated, for this great County of Lanark. A more upright liberal and enlightened nobleman, never sat in Parliament.

Scotland owes much to his memory, and much to the efforts he made in the Reform cause, when it was dangerous to speak about it. So groundless, virulent, and malicious were the attacks made on him in the *Beacon*, that Lord Archibald, from a sense of public duty, felt himself constrained to bring an action against its publishers, challenging them to prove some of its corrupt allegations. Mr. Gibson-Craig also raised a somewhat similar action against the *Beacon*; and Mr. Stuart of Dunearn, brought his against the *Sentinel* and its publishers in Glasgow. Those actions created the greatest interest, not merely in the Parliament House of Edinburgh, but the whole of Scotland; and they also attracted the attention of Parliament.

During the discussion of them, it so happened, that Borthwick and Alexander quarrelled between themselves, and went to law against each other; and there is a saying, that "when rogues cast out, honest men get their own." Be that as it may, Borthwick was thrown into Glasgow Jail, on or about the 22d of March, 1822, in virtue of a caption, for an old debt of £50, at the instigation, as he alleged, of his partner, Mr. Alexander. While thus in prison, he had time to muse and reflect on some of the scandalous libels, he, with Alexander, had published on Mr. Stuart and Lord Archibald. He wrote most penitential letters from prison to both of them. Lord Archibald Hamilton came in from Hamilton Palace to consult with his personal friend and steady political agent, old Mr. Alexander M'Grigor of Kernock, writer in Glasgow, the grandfather of the present gentleman of the same name, (A. B. M'Grigor, Esq.) A communication was soon opened up with his Lordship's Edinburgh agents, viz., Messrs. Young, Ayton, and Rutherford, W.S. They

consulted with Mr. Stuart, and also with Mr. Gibson, who were embarked in the same mutual cause of attack and defence; and it was unanimously agreed to send out a special commissioner from Edinburgh, to see Borthwick in Glasgow Jail. That commissioner was Mr. Wm. Spalding, S.S.C., with whom, and with some of his relations in Glasgow, we had the pleasure of being most intimately acquainted. We accompanied him to the Jail to see Borthwick. In one of his first interviews with Borthwick in that place, the latter gave Mr. Spalding reason to understand that the libels written against Mr. Stuart, Mr. Gibson, and Lord Archibald Hamilton, were so written, not by Borthwick himself, or his partner either, but by persons of high rank and estate in the land. This startled or astonished Mr. Spalding; but in proof of what he had stated, Mr. Borthwick went on to declare, that if he could only get out of prison for the £50 debt, he would soon secure the original manuscripts themselves, for they were all in his own desk, in the printing-office, in Nelson Street, Glasgow. He refused, however, at that time to disclose the names of the authors, or any of them, saying, he would only do so, after he was fairly out of prison; and when that was accomplished, he would not only deliver up the original papers, but subscribe any palionade or apology that might be required for publishing them. On that statement, Mr. Spalding speedily went back to Edinburgh, and a consultation was immediately held with Mr. John Clerk, advocate, afterwards Lord Eldin, and Mr. James Moncrieff, advocate, afterwards Lord Moncrieff, the leading counsel for the parties more immediately concerned. They intimated to Mr. Spalding, who was present at the consultation, that it was of the greatest importance, in their opinion, to secure

the documents through the hands of Borthwick himself, at all hazards, and to have them lodged, if possible, in the hands of the Clerk of Court, in Edinburgh, on Monday or Tuesday, at latest, when some important motion referable to the cases, was to be heard before the Lords Commissioners of the Jury Court. Accordingly Mr. Spalding returned to Glasgow on Saturday night. We again saw him. Mr. Stuart followed, and took up his quarters in the Tontine Hotel. It was too late to renew the negotiations with Borthwick on Saturday night, because the prison doors were then shut against all visitors. But they opened from nine till ten o'clock on *Sunday* morning; and again from one to two o'clock; and in the evening, from six till eight o'clock, when they finally closed for the night. Such was the rule of the Glasgow prison in those days. Visitors, we say, of every description, were freely admitted to see civil debtors at the hours we have specified; and they could have ale, porter, and brown stout served out to them in any quantity by the Jailer, if they only paid for the liquor. One may think that this was greater desecration of the Sunday within those prison walls, as so it was, than the running of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway now-a-days,—but it was permitted “by authority.” This we only give by way of parenthesis. When Mr. Spalding went down to the Jail on Sunday morning, with the £50 in his pocket, to liberate Mr. Borthwick, old Mr. John M'Gregor, the Jailer, who was a very particular sort of a man about hornings and captions, refused to finger the money on that day. He would vend his porter and ale in any quantity, but to take the money for a *caption* on the Sabbath-day, was a thing he had never done, and would on no account do, without a special order from the Magistrates, or their

Town-Clerk, Mr. Reddie. In this emergency, Mr. Spalding repaired to the spacious house of Mr. M'Grigor, the writer, in Queen Street, whereon the Clydesdale Bank was originally built many years afterwards; forming now the Chambers of the Inland Revenue Department of Glasgow. Mr. M'Grigor was as reluctant as any of his brethren at that time in Glasgow, to do business on Sunday; but this was a case of "pressing emergency," and away he went to the house of Mr. Reddie, the Town-Clerk, then in Gordon Street, on the very spot where the handsome new buildings of the Commercial Bank of Scotland are now reared. Mr. Reddie had a very great respect for Mr. M'Grigor. The regard was mutual; and although Mr. Reddie was somewhat surprised at this visit of his friend on such a day, he soon wrote a holograph note to old M'Gregor, the Jailer, telling him to take the £50, and give up the caption, and set Borthwick immediately at liberty. This had the desired effect. Mr. Borthwick with his traps or paraphernalia, left the prison between the hours of six and eight on Sunday evening, and went over to the Wheat Sheaf Tavern, in Gorbals, near the Gorbals Church, kept by Mrs. Paterson, already described, where he made his quarters good for that night, pledging himself to meet Mr. Spalding opposite the doors of the Post-office, in Nelson Street, at seven o'clock precisely, on Monday morning. Lest our memory should have failed us in any respect, at this important point of the case, we made it our duty not very long ago, to get access to the old Jail records, from which we made the following queer and perhaps unexampled extract in the handwriting of the faithful old Jailer:—

"(Sabbath) 10th March, 1822.—William Murray Borthwick . . . Liberated. Having consigned £50 sterling by Mr. Alex. M'Grigor,

writer, being the amount of debt for which Mr. William Borthwick was incarcerated, as marked on said caption, Mr. M'Grigor having given his letter to free and indemnify the Magistrates and Keeper of their Tolbooth, occasioned by said Liberation."

Accordingly, early on Monday morning, at the hour appointed, Mr. Wm. Borthwick made good his word, by appearing at the Post-office, in Nelson Street, within a very few yards of his own printing-office in that street. One of the printer's *devils*, as he may be called, appeared as usual with his keys, to open the office doors, and brush up the desks, &c. He was rather astonished, but agreeably pleased, to see his old master out of limbo, and once more coming to his own office. He bounded with joy on the occasion. Borthwick gave the nod, or signed to Spalding standing at a little distance, that all was right as regarded the entrance to the office, and that the important documents they were in quest of, would immediately be made forthcoming: but lo! when Borthwick opened his own desk with his own keys, not one of these documents was to be seen! There was an *iron Safe*, however, in an inner room of the same place, but the key of it was not to be had. The young urchin stated, that of late, Mr. Alexander (the other partner,) had kept that key in his own pocket. What was Borthwick now to do? Was he to be *baulked* out of his own papers taken from his own desk, and belie the solemn undertaking he had made to Mr. Spalding, as above stated; or must he wait till Alexander made his appearance, as he usually did, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and take the chance of getting the key of the safe from him, which he could hardly expect without a regular *tulzie*. He determined, therefore, *to break open the safe*, without a moment's delay; and for that purpose, he speedily went out in quest of the first smith's

shop he could find, for keys, sledge, and hammer. It happened, singularly enough, that Mr. Robert Napier had then his original mechanic's shop in the Old Grammar School Wynd, leading from Canon Street to the High Street, not very many yards from the *Sentinel* office. Mr. Borthwick entreated Mr. Napier to come and open the door of his Safe, alleging that the key had gone astray; and that he was anxious, and in a hurry to get out some important papers. Mr. Napier himself was busy at his own anvil at that early hour of the morning, and he could not very well go and leave the job he had faithfully in hand; but he despatched his brother, Mr. James Napier, with the necessary implements to do the work,—little dreaming of the result: and we dare say, hardly imagining that from that small shop with its three apprentices and two journeymen, for that was his full complement of hands at this early period of his life, he would within a few years thereafter, become one of the most eminent engineers in the kingdom, giving employment to hundreds and thousands—enjoying at the same time, the loftiest personal character for enterprise, integrity, and honour—building ships, which form at this moment the pride of the British navy, and fulfilling important engagements also with nearly every Government in Europe. We hope we do not give offence, when we say, that few men of his standing ever wrought so hard or laboriously in early life, as Mr. Robert Napier, engaged, as we know he was, from six of the morning till six of the evening, with only one hour to himself for breakfast, and another for dinner; and then in the evening, storing his mind in the Andersonian University, or studying attentively the plans of the immortal James Watt, whose shop, once upon a time, was not far from

his (Mr. Robert Napier's) own shop in the quarter above-mentioned,—

“Happy the man, there seeking and there found—
Happy the nation, where such men abound.”

Mr. Napier, therefore, is well entitled to ride now in his own carriage, and to muse on the splendid collection of paintings and other things, which adorn his princely mansion on the banks of the beautiful Gareloch. He was once the *Deacon* of the Hammermen in Glasgow. He has lived, we think, to see all his fellow-deacons in the Trades' House of Glasgow, dead and gone; while he himself is hale and hearty, blessed with an excellent constitution, derived from virtuous and happy parents, which with his other qualities, combined with the genius of his own family, have justly secured for him a world-wide fame.

We hope we will be pardoned for this digression so creditable to Glasgow and its engineering interests; and therefore we now proceed to introduce our readers to the *Sentinel* office at the period referred to. With his trusty instruments and strong right arm, Mr. James Napier, the brother of Robert, who still survives, also honoured and esteemed by all who know him, soon broke open the iron safe, as Mr. Borthwick its supposed owner, standing beside him, had urgently entreated him to do; and in a twinkling, Mr. Borthwick saw and clutched the important papers he was in quest of. In the exuberance of his feelings, Borthwick threw open one of the front windows of his office, and hailed to Mr. Spalding, who was waiting rather impatiently on the opposite side of the street with two strong city-porters, engaged and ready to lend a helping hand, if necessary. Within a very few minutes, all the letters and papers in that iron safe, were

huddled into a bag; and with the special consent and direction of Borthwick, they were speedily carried to the Tontine Hotel, where, as already stated, Mr. Stuart of Dunearn had taken up his temporary quarters. Mr. Stuart, however, during all this period, declined to have any interview whatever, with Borthwick himself. He scorned indeed to meet him; but left all this preliminary business to the discretion or management of Mr. Spalding, subject to the approval of Mr. M'Grigor of Kernock. Soon after, the papers were thus secured and taken to the Tontine; a post-chaise was expeditiously ordered for Edinburgh, and into it Mr. Stuart and Mr. Spalding went "post-haste" for that city, remembering the important motion which the learned counsel, Messrs. Clerk & Moncrieff, had contemplated for Tuesday morning. In reading over on this journey, some of the letters and papers thus discovered and secured, and now safely enough in their own hands, Mr. Stuart in the first instance, and Mr. Spalding in the second, were astonished to find that some of the most offensive libels against Mr. Stuart, were in the handwriting of Sir Alexander Boswell! Proof, strong as holy writ, was soon fastened upon him. The news of this astounding affair and discovery in Glasgow, soon reached London. Down came per express, Sir Alex. Boswell, who was then attending his duties in Parliament, to Edinburgh. He seemed at first not to be in the least afraid of confronting, as he called him, in one of his squibs or libels—

"That stot-feeding Stuart,
That son of a cow-art."

Sir Alexander reached Edinburgh on Saturday night. Mr. Stuart soon found him out, and challenged him.

Meanwhile, the bursting open of the Safe in the *Sen-*

tinel office became the subject of great excitement in Glasgow. For when Mr. Robert Alexander made his appearance in that office on Monday forenoon, and found the Safe prostrate, and the letters and papers abstracted, or taken away, he, in a great rage, taxed his partner Borthwick, with the crime of *theft*; and applied for, and actually got out a warrant, to seize Borthwick on that charge. On that warrant, Borthwick was seized accordingly, and taken before the Magistrates; but he told without any disguise, the plain artless story we have given, and the Magistrates consented that he should be liberated on his own parole, to appear again, if wanted. He now wished to pay a visit to some friends at Dundee, for a short period, and thither he went, fairly and openly. But the Lord Advocate, Sir William Rae, the personal friend of Sir Alex. Boswell, and with him in Parliament, alarmed and appalled by what he had learned had taken place in Glasgow, applied for a Justiciary warrant against Borthwick,—such were the despotic powers of the Lord Advocates in those days,—and it is the fact, that Borthwick was seized in Dundee, by a messenger-at-arms from Edinburgh, handcuffed, and placed in irons; and in the custody of that messenger, and two concurrents, armed with loaded pistols, he was taken not to Glasgow in the first instance, but to Edinburgh,—denied all access to his friends or agents, and bail peremptorily refused to be taken for him. We can prove this, and much more, by records too well authenticated, we are sorry to say. He (Borthwick) was afterwards transmitted “in safe custody” to Glasgow, with an indictment in his hands, to stand trial on the 22d day of March, 1822, before the Circuit Court of Justiciary in Glasgow, for the crime of theft from lockfast places, which was then deemed to be a *capital* crime, by

the law of Scotland. The "theft," all the while, consisted in taking away the aforesaid letters and papers in the way we have truly stated. When Mr. Borthwick was brought in custody to the Glasgow criminal bar, to answer that charge, which he was prepared and ready to do by his eminent Counsel, Mr. Henry Cockburn, who came out specially from Edinburgh to defend him, the diet to the amazement of everybody, was abruptly deserted *pro loco et tempore*, by his Majesty's Advocate; and the buffeted-about Mr. Borthwick, was re-committed to his criminal cell, in Glasgow Jail, on a fresh warrant, worse by far than his imprisonment under the caption for £50, for then he had his ale and porter whenever he chose to call for them, but now he had nothing but cold water, not always very fresh, and his "coggie" of meal brose doled out to him once in the day—all the allowance for supposed criminal prisoners in those times—it is infinitely better now, whether wisely or not, we shall not presume to say,—there are so many disquisitions on that theme, *pro* and *con*. It is, however, shocking to think, that we have seen prisoners—some of them perfectly innocent—lying on the cold flag stones of the cells in the old prison of Glasgow, six feet by four, in the depths of winter, without bed or blanket, or light of any kind from any window; and when we occasionally visited the poor maniacs' cells in the old Town's Hospital of Glasgow, (fronting the Clyde) worse by far, than the above "model prison" of Glasgow, as it was called—for here they were chained together, and sometimes cruelly whipped,—we thought that death itself would have been a blessed relief for many of them. So true it is, that—

"Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn."

But this is another digression, which we really cannot help, because we proceed, according as our memory, governed invariably by the truth, seems to guide us.

When the knowledge of the above fact transpired in Edinburgh, that Mr. Stuart of Duncarn had challenged Sir Alex. Boswell to mortal combat, the case of Mr. Borthwick, interesting as it was, became of secondary importance; though there is scarcely any doubt, that but for that challenge, it would in all human probability have been attended with the most fatal consequences to Borthwick himself, such was the state of the law and the temper of the times, and the mode of selecting *Juries* in Scotland. But the Crown lawyers were soon very glad to allow him to be released from prison; for if they had persisted in bringing him to trial, pending the indictment for the duel, he would, it was thought, have made *other* discoveries infinitely more disgraceful than those attaching to Sir Alexander Boswell.

The latter gentleman (in all other respects, a most amiable and accomplished man, inheriting all the talents of Johnson's biographer,) peremptorily refused, as we have already stated, to make any apology whatever to Mr. Stuart; and now the affair between them came to a most serious and dreadful crisis.

Mr. Stuart, a still more amiable man, but driven to this necessity, wrote out his fatal and written challenge. It was approved of by his friend and seconder, the then Right Hon. the Earl of Rosslyn, who was the intimate friend of the illustrious Duke of Wellington, and afterwards one of the Duke's Cabinet Ministers. With that challenge, the Earl of Rosslyn sought out Sir Alexander Boswell in his club in Edinburgh, and had an interview

with him. Sir Alexander perceived he had now no alternative. He therefore speedily hastened to his own friend, the Hon. John Douglas, brother of the then Marquis of Queensberry, and secured him to act as his seconder. Somehow or other, this challenge transpired in Edinburgh, within a few hours afterwards, and reached the ears of the Hon. Adam Duff, the then Sheriff of that county. The Sheriff promptly issued his warrant, and had the parties instantly seized, and bound under heavy penalties to keep the peace. This was done in the hope—it proved vain—of preventing the contemplated duel. The Sheriff's warrant could only apply to his own jurisdiction within the County of Edinburgh. The parties, therefore, either on Monday night, or early on Tuesday morning, crossed the Firth of Forth, with all expedition, and landed with their seconds and other attendants, in the county of Fife. At eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning, with no Sheriff or other officer, or obstruction of any kind in view, they assembled by appointment, in a field near the village of Auchtertool, three or four miles inland from Aberdour, opposite to Leith. It was indeed a memorable meeting, hardly yet to be forgotten in Scotland. The chief parties, viz., Mr. Stuart and Sir Alex. Boswell, were soon placed at a distance of twelve paces from each other, with loaded pistols in their hands. We leave the Earl of Rosslyn to tell the tale himself, as it will be found in another page. Both parties immediately fired. Stuart stood skaithless; but the bullet of his pistol pierced the body of Sir Alex. Boswell, who fell to the ground mortally wounded; and he died in the course of the following day. The news of that event, so slow was the communication in those days, did not reach Glasgow till the Friday following. It created, as may be supposed,

a great sensation not only in Edinburgh and Glasgow, but over the realm.

Borthwick's trial being expected to take place in Glasgow on the following week, a tremendous uproar again occurred about it. We have a copy of his original indictment before us, and in it, we observe that the name of Mr. James Napier stands prominently as a witness for the Crown. We extract the following from the *Glasgow Courier* of Tuesday, the 23d April, 1822:—

“The general belief (says the *Courier*) that Borthwick's trial would come on yesterday, brought a great concourse of people to the vicinity of the Court-House, at an early hour. The persons assembled would have filled the Justiciary Hall ten times over. The interest excited by the expectation that this important case would come on then, was so great, that the door-keepers were unable without great inconvenience to the parties, to pass the Jury, the Counsel, and the prisoner's agents, who, as usual are admitted by tickets. Under these circumstances, Bailie Craigie, the Acting Chief-Magistrate, and Dr. Cleland, found it necessary to attend at the principal gate an hour before the opening of the Court, by which order was preserved, and free admission procured for those who had tickets, and the public generally, till the Court was filled. The crowd was kept from pressing on the gates *by files of horse and artillery.*”

Notwithstanding of this great preparation, the Advocate-Depute, as we have already stated, much to the chagrin and disappointment of many parties, *deserted* the diet *pro loco et tempore*; and some time afterwards, Mr. Borthwick was liberated from prison. He was, in fact, liberated without bail or caution of any kind at all. But he remonstrated to Parliament, and craved redress. His petition to that effect, which we have often revised, was ably and energetically presented and supported by the Hon. James Abercromby, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, and created Lord Dunfermline; and after a

lengthened debate, with the details of which, we cannot from our limited space, occupy the attention of our readers, the House divided, when there appeared in favour of the petition of Borthwick, 95; against it, 120; majority, 25. This narrow majority of 25, constituted as the House of Commons then was, was considered at the time as tantamount to a defeat of the strong Tory Government of that day. It helped on apace, the measure of Reform, "looming in the distance."

After the fatal result of the duel, Mr. Stuart was earnestly advised by his friends, to fly for his safety, if not for his life. They knew he would be accused of *murder*, and thrown into Jail on that charge, from whence there was no release by bail. He therefore proceeded to France, and surrendered himself to Sir Charles Stuart, afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothesay, the British Ambassador in Paris, declaring his perfect willingness to return to meet any trial in Scotland when required.

Early on the morning of the day of duel, Mr. Stuart delivered a sealed parcel at the house of his confidential friend, Mr. Gibson, W.S., containing a letter, which in the event of his death upon the field that day, was to be delivered by Mr. Gibson to his affectionate and devoted wife, with some necessary instructions about his affairs. Towards the afternoon, and when all was ended, as between the parties on that fatal field, Mr. Gibson describes the affecting meeting between him and Mr. Stuart in Edinburgh. This is not fiction: it is better than the reading of any evanescent novel. It is as follows:—"About two o'clock in the afternoon, (says Mr. Gibson) when coming down St. Andrew's Street, I saw Mr. Stuart coming out of my chambers, and when he saw me, he turned short, and instantly ran up stairs into my

room. I followed him as fast as I could, and asked what had happened? He ran into a corner of the room, covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears. When he was a little composed, I again put the question. He said he was afraid Sir Alexander was mortally wounded. Mr. Stuart was in the most complete agony of mind. I said he must immediately leave the country: that his remaining would subject him to grievous and unnecessary imprisonment. He positively refused to go at first. He said, wherever he went, he would be miserable till he knew Sir Alexander's fate. I again pressed him in the strongest manner. He at last agreed. I went to the Bank and got money for him; and soon afterwards met him in his own house; and the last words he said, were, remember to give notice that I shall be ready to stand trial. Next morning I saw Mr. Sheriff Duff between 11 and 12 o'clock, and I gave him the notice."

On the 25th of May, 1822, an Indictment was left for Mr. Stuart, in his house, Charlotte Street, Edinburgh, accusing him of the *murder* of Sir Alex. Boswell, and requiring him to appear, and stand trial on that capital charge, before the Lords of the High Court of Justiciary, at Edinburgh, on Monday, the 18th day of June following, at 10 o'clock forenoon.

As early as four o'clock that morning, the doors of the Justiciary Court were besieged by anxious visitors; and crowds continued in the Parliament House till five o'clock of the following morning, when the trial terminated.

Probably our readers will excuse us, if we sketch out some of the particulars of this most interesting trial, as follows:—

On the Bench, there appeared the five following Judges

now all dead, viz., the Right Hon. David Boyle, Lord Justice-Clerk, Lord Hermand, Lord Succoth, Lord Gillies, Lord Pitmilley.

The Counsel for the Crown, were represented by Sir William Rae, Bart., Lord Advocate, James Wedderburn, Esq., Solicitor-General, Mr. Duncan M'Neill, (now Lord President) and Mr. Robert Dundas, Advocate-Depute.

On the part of Mr. Stuart, there never appeared before or since, such a splendid array of Counsel as the following, viz., Mr. Francis Jeffrey, (afterwards Lord Jeffrey) Mr. James Moncrieff, (afterwards Lord Moncrieff) Mr. John A. Murray, (afterwards Lord Murray) Mr. Henry Cockburn, (afterwards Lord Cockburn) Mr. John Cunningham, (afterwards Lord Cunningham) Mr. Thomas Maitland, (afterwards Lord Dundrennan) and Mr. Wm. Gibson, now the Right Hon. Sir William Gibson-Craig, Bart., Lord Clerk Register of Scotland.

The panel (Mr. Stuart) took his place at the bar, accompanied by his relatives, the late Earl of Moray, the Hon. Mr. Erskine of Cardross, Capt. Alexander Gordon, of the Royal Navy, and the Hon. Admiral Charles Elphinstone Fleming, of Biggar and Cumbernauld. The Prince Czartorisky, Lord Belhaven, the Hon. Mr. Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, and other eminent persons, sat on the Bench, near the Judges.

Mr. Stuart, having pled *not guilty* to the charge of *murder*, as laid against him in his indictment, his eloquent Counsel, Mr. Henry Cockburn, who, as we have already stated, was Counsel for Borthwick, and knew all about the papers in the *Sentinel* office, and how they were obtained, began and stated his preliminary defence, in a speech, one of the most masterly he ever made. Some passages of it thrilled the Court:—

“Now, my Lords, although in this indictment he is styled we think, somewhat unceremoniously ‘*James Stuart,*’ those who drew it, might have known that he was directly connected by blood, with some of the noblest and most ancient families in the land. He is first cousin once removed, of the noble family of Reay. He is very nearly connected—the precise degree is immaterial—with the noble families of Buchan, Melville, and Cardross, and several others. But I need say no more on this part of the case, than that he is lineally descended from that great statesman, whose history adorns the house of Moray (this was an illusion to the Regent Murray). Failing the family of the last Earl, the father of the gentleman at the bar, would have inherited the honours of that illustrious house; and accordingly, I perceive at this moment, that he is supported in this the day of his tribulation, by the present possessor of the honours and fortune of that family, who has chosen to forego the privileges of the peerage, which would have given him a place beside your Lordships, and with great manliness and good taste, has rather preferred to sit at the bar with his relative and his friend. Nor is the personal character of the prisoner unworthy of these high and hereditary honours. This is a theme on which it is far better for the witnesses to speak than me. But I must say, that if it fell to the lot of any person to be reduced to the necessity of proving his personal character, there is no man beyond these walls,—ay, there is no man within them,—who could get a more beautiful character from a greater number of disinterested and spontaneous witnesses—all tendering their services, from the ranks too, of his political adversaries, than will be given to the gentleman at the bar.”

Mr. Cockburn then described the discovery of the papers leading to the fatal duel, substantially in the way we have already given it, and then he goes on—

“In the very first number of that abominable paper, I find it said of this gentleman at the bar—a gentleman who has in his veins the purest and noblest blood in this country, and who at that moment was admitted to the society of as large a circle of friends as any man can boast of,—that he had dishonoured the blood and the name of his family. I find him accused by name of *meanness*, and called a *heartless ruffian*; and there is applied not indirectly, but broadly, and without evasion, that intolerable word *coward*,—an imputation,

which, when it can be borne quietly, the character of a British gentleman is gone."

The Jury were now sworn, as follows:—

Thomas Adinson of Carncart; William Pagan of Linburn; John Wauchope of Edmonstone; Sir Alex. C. Maitland of Cliftonhall, Bart.; Sir John Hope of Craighall, Bart.; James Watson of Saughton; James Haig of Lochrin; John Thomson of Burnhouse; John Anderson of Whitburgh; Sir James Dalziel of Binns, Bart.; James Dundas of Dundas; David Brown, clothier in Edinburgh; Robert Paterson, ironmonger, there; Thomas M'Ritchie, wine merchant, Leith; Wm. Telfer, merchant, there. Sir John Hope, Chancellor.

The first witness called for the Crown, was the Earl of Rosslyn, who acted as the seconder of Mr. Stuart. He is thus designed in the report of the trial:—

JAMES, EARL OF ROSSLYN, a General in the Army, commanding the 9th Regiment of Light Dragoons, sworn by the Lord Justice-Clerk.

Lord Justice-Clerk.—My Lord, persuaded that your Lordship must be acquainted with the privileges of the Peerage, and considering that such a case as the present is new, and has never been brought under the deliberate judgment of the Court, and as the question arising upon it may depend upon another jurisdiction, the Court will leave it to your Lordship's discretion, what course you will think it fit to pursue in this case.

Lord Rosslyn.—It is fit, under those circumstances, particularly after the honour your Lordship has done me in thus addressing me, that I should state, that I am not aware, that anything in my situation as a Peer, should alter or affect my duty in giving testimony as a witness, when duly called on to do so in a Court of Justice; nor do I hold, as far as I understand, that any privilege belonging to that rank, should prevent me from answering any

questions which the Court may think fit to put to any other witness standing in similar circumstances.

Mr. Solicitor-General.—Are you acquainted with the panel at the bar?

A.—I am.

Q.—Were you acquainted with the late Sir Alexander Boswell?

A.—I was.

Q.—In the course of the month of March last, were you charged with any message or communication by the panel at the bar, to Sir Alex. Boswell?

A.—I was.

Q.—Will you explain what was the nature of that message?

A.—Upon the 25th of March last, I saw Sir Alexander Boswell, in consequence of a note which I had written to him, requesting permission to see him; and I stated that I waited on him at the desire of Mr. Stuart. I stated to him, that Mr. Stuart had been put in possession of certain papers, some of which appeared to be in Sir Alex. Boswell's handwriting, and having been sent by post, bore the post-marks of Mauchline, and the corresponding post-marks of reception at Glasgow. That those papers were addressed to the Editor of the *Glasgow Sentinel*, and appeared to be originals of papers published in that newspaper. That one of them, particularly a song, contained matter most offensive, and most injurious to Mr. Stuart's character, charging him, in more passages than one, directly with *cowardice*.

Mr. Solicitor-General.—Who were present at the time you gave the message you stated to Sir Alex. Boswell?

A.—No person at first.

Q.—What passed then?

A.—Sir Alexander stated, that it was a subject of great delicacy, and he desired to have a friend present, to which I acceded, as highly desirable. Sir Alexander left me, and returned with Mr. Douglas as his friend. I then repeated to Sir Alexander in Mr. Douglas' presence, what I had before said to Sir Alexander.

Sir Alexander and Mr. Douglas desired to confer together. I left them, and when called back, found Mr. Douglas alone. He stated, that if this unfortunate business was to proceed any further, there were two conditions which Sir Alexander considered as indispensable. One, that no meeting should take place for fourteen days at least, because he had some family settlements to arrange, which he believed would require his presence at kirk and market,—the other, that any meeting which might take place, should be on the Continent. On these conditions, I had no difficulty in saying, that I thought them likely to be agreed to by Mr. Stuart. Mr. Douglas then called in Sir Alexander, who stated that he acknowledged the letter with his signature, to be his writing; and with respect to the other papers, he declined to give any answer whatever. We then parted.

Q.—Will your Lordship now proceed to state what followed?

A.—I saw Mr. Stuart, and proceeded immediately to Mr. Douglas, and stated, that I was grieved to find that no alternative was left to Mr. Stuart. That Mr. Stuart agreed to both the conditions stated by Mr. Douglas, viz., that there should be a delay of fourteen days,—and that the meeting should be on the Continent.

I left Mr. Douglas to go to Newhaven, meaning to return to Fife immediately, in the conviction that everything relating to this subject, was for the present finally

arranged. The boat was about to sail, but before I embarked, I was overtaken by Mr. Douglas, who stated to me, that Sir Alexander had taken the advice of a legal friend, and that he thought it no longer necessary to go to the Continent, and that Sir Alexander was therefore desirous of having a meeting in Scotland. I objected to that, as highly inconvenient, and embarrassing in some respects, and as contrary to the agreement entered into between us. I stated, that many circumstances made it appear to me desirable, that all future arrangements should be settled in London, as we had agreed, whether we should go to the Continent or not; but that I was still of opinion, that we ought to adhere to the arrangement of going to the Continent. I stated that I would not go back to Edinburgh, because I was persuaded that my return with him, coupled with our meeting in the morning, might excite observation and suspicion. I then went home.

Mr. Solicitor-General.—Were you again called upon next morning?

A.—Yes.

Q.—By whom?

A.—By Mr. Jas. Brougham, brother of Lord Brougham.

Q.—What time in the morning did you receive this visit from Mr. Brougham?

A.—I cannot speak to a few minutes, but I should think it was from about a quarter to about half-past eight o'clock.

Q.—Was it at Dysart?

A.—At Dysart. From eight to half-past eight, certainly it was. It was early in the morning. Mr. Brougham stated to me, that Sir Alexander Boswell and Mr. Stuart had been bound over in the course of the

night, by the Sheriff of Edinburgh, to keep the peace within the county and city; and that in consequence of that proceeding, and the expedition which the matter now required, it had been settled during the night that Sir Alexander and Mr. Stuart should meet at Auchtertool that morning, and he desired me to meet Mr. Stuart at Auchtertool, which I did. I went there; and on the east side of the town I met Mr. Douglas. We had some conversation, and we fixed upon a piece of ground in a field by the roadside. Mr. Stuart and Sir Alexander arrived in carriages, and got out at the place we had fixed upon.

Lord Justice-Clerk.—At what time was this?

Lord Rosslyn.—I believe at ten o'clock.

THE SCENE ON THE FIELD.

Mr. Solicitor-General.—What next took place? Your Lordship will please go on with your statement.

The Earl of Rosslyn.—The pistols were produced and loaded by Mr. Douglas and myself. Mr. Douglas sitting down, and I standing up. Mr. Douglas received from me a measure of powder for each, and the balls, and rammed them down. There were but two pistols, of which Mr. Douglas took one, and I took the other. The ground was measured (I cannot state exactly the time, whether before or after loading) twelve very long paces between the stations. There was some trifling difference in the measurement, and we took the longest. The pistols were delivered to the parties respectively by Mr. Douglas, and by me; and it was agreed that they should fire together, by a word. Mr. Douglas put it upon me to give that word, which I did accordingly. They both fired, and Sir Alexander fell.

Mr. Solicitor-General.—Will your Lordship go on to state what took place then on the field?

A.—Every possible assistance was afforded to Sir Alexander, who was surrounded by the medical attendants, Mr. Douglas, and myself, and I believe by Mr. Brougham, who, during these transactions, had remained on a hill at a little distance, in charge of my horse. Mr. Stuart had advanced with great anxiety towards Sir Alexander, but from his situation, and the necessary treatment from those about him, he did not speak to him, nor do I think could have had any proper opportunity of doing so. When upon examination of the wound, I was given to understand that it was a very serious one, I advised Mr. Stuart to go away, which he did.

Mr. Jeffrey (Counsel of Mr. Stuart) to the Earl of Rosslyn.—I have two questions to ask your Lordship on the whole matter. From all that you saw of Mr. Stuart's conduct in the matter, from the first commencement to the last, had your Lordship any reason to believe that he was actuated by hostility or vengeance to Sir Alexander Boswell, or merely by a desire to repair his injured honour?

A.—From the whole of Mr. Stuart's conduct throughout the proceedings, the impression made upon my mind was, that there was no feeling of personal ill-will or resentment against Sir Alexander Boswell, but a deep sense of the unavoidable necessity of vindicating his own honour, more especially when it was assailed by a direct imputation of cowardice.

Q.—Did you find him unreasonable or tractable, and disposed to comply with all your suggestions?

A.—Perfectly reasonable, and most ready to comply with my advice.

Q.—Another question I wish to ask your Lordship is, whether, on the whole of the transaction from first to last, Mr. Stuart's bearing and deportment were such as to make your Lordship persuaded that he was a man of constancy and courage, or cowardly and timid?

A.—I have no difficulty in stating that Mr. Stuart's conduct from first to last, from the commencement to the 26th of March, was cool, composed, and temperate, and such as might be expected from a man of constancy and courage. Mr. Stuart said to me at the moment I gave him the pistol, "I think I ought not to take aim," in which I agreed. I desired him to present his side, and not his front.

Q.—Did your Lordship, accordingly, observe how he conducted himself. Had you your eye upon him, after giving the word?

A.—Yes, certainly.

Q.—Have the goodness to mention what the word was?

A.—First, both parties were asked if they were ready. Then the word was given—as quick as the words could follow each other,—“Present—Fire!”

The Honourable JOHN DOUGLAS, the Second of Sir Alexander, examined:—

Q.—What time did you and Sir Alexander leave Edinburgh. Did you set out together?

A.—After Sir Alexander made arrangements at home, we got a post-chaise; he sent for a medical man, and we set off a little before five o'clock in the morning.

Q.—Was any medical person in the carriage with you and Sir Alexander?

A.—Dr. George Wood.

Q.—You crossed the water?

A.—We crossed at the Queensferry—breakfasted at

North Queensferry—then went to Auchtertool. We were to be there at ten, and were there about ten minutes before ten.

Q.—Did you see any other carriage arrive at Auchtertool?

A.—We saw a carriage arrive about ten minutes after ten o'clock. Mr. Stuart was in it.

Q.—Did you find Lord Rosslyn at the village?

A.—Not at the village. I went toward the road at the east end of the village, as I supposed Lord Rosslyn would come that way, and I met him about a quarter of a mile from the village.

Q.—Did you then return?

A.—I then told Lord Rosslyn we were ready at the village, that Sir Alexander was there, and that Mr. Stuart had arrived; and that Lord Rosslyn had better not come into the village as he might be known.

Q.—State what you observed?

A.—They fired, and I then saw Sir Alexander fall.

Q.—Did you hear his pistol go off?

A.—Yes, I am pretty certain I did. They both went off. I heard the noise of two distinct shots.

Lord Justice-Clerk.—Were they distinct from each other?

A.—They were distinct from each other.

Mr. McNeill.—Did you then go up to Sir Alexander?

A.—I immediately ran up to Sir Alexander, and inquired if he was wounded.

Q.—Did the surgeons come up?

A.—They were quite at hand, and instantly with him.

Q.—Did you observe Mr. Stuart standing?

A.—I do not think Mr. Stuart left his place, at least

not much from where he stood. I did not observe him much. I did not look much at him.

Q.—Did you make any intimation to him?

A.—After the medical persons had examined the wound, Dr. Wood told me he was afraid it was mortal. I went towards Mr. Stuart, and told him he had better go off directly.

THE MEDICAL EVIDENCE AND THE DEATH.

Dr. GEORGE WOOD, of Edinburgh, examined:—

I stated to Mr. Liston (the surgeon in attendance for Mr. Stuart), upon reaching the ground, that we ought to turn our backs and not see the firing; but that instantly on the shots taking place, we should get up as fast as possible. On turning round after hearing the firing, I saw Sir Alexander on the ground. We went up instantly and found him wounded.

Q.—Did you hear one or two shots?

A.—Two shots—very close one on another.

Q.—You immediately ran up?

A.—We immediately ran up, and found that the ball had entered about the middle of the right clavicle, which it had severely fractured.

Q.—State what occurred?

A.—Two pieces of bone were extracted on the spot. The first by myself, and the second by Mr. Liston. Each of us endeavoured to lay hold of and extract other pieces of bone, but we found it impossible to do so. We then proceeded to examine the wound, for the purpose of discovering if the ball could be extracted, or where it was lodged. But we did not find it.

Q.—Was it your opinion that it was a mortal wound?

A.—At once, I was perfectly decided.

Q.—Was Sir Alexander carried afterwards to Balmuto?

A.—He was carried afterwards to Balmuto.

Q.—And did you attend him to Balmuto?

A.—I did.

Q.—And afterwards?

A.—Yes.

Q.—And till he died?

A.—Till he died.

Q.—When did he die?

A.—At half-past three o'clock next day.

Q.—And of that wound he died?

A.—Certainly. It was the cause of his death.

We need not pursue these examinations further. The Lord Advocate addressed the Jury in the most temperate and impressive manner for the Crown, craving a verdict of *murder* against Mr. Stuart. On the other hand, Mr. Francis Jeffrey made a brilliant defence for him, which rivetted the attention of all who heard it; and about midnight he concluded his speech, entreating the Jury to bring in a verdict of *not guilty*. At an early hour of the morning, the Lord Justice-Clerk (Boyle) proceeded with his charge to the Jury, and to his eternal honour, we must say, he did this in a manner which disarmed the furious partizans or politicians of the day:—

GENTLEMEN,—Before concluding, I cannot help expressing my anxiety, that no misunderstanding should exist as to my opinion of the writings which led originally to this lamentable catastrophe. God forbid, that it should for a moment be supposed that I, or any other Judge in this country, could approve of such publications, or look upon them with anything but reprobation. I do lament, from the bottom of my heart, that the unfortunate gentleman deceased, should have had any concern with writings of this description; but I am afraid, gentlemen, it will be impossible to shut your eyes against the evidence by which it is proved that Sir Alex. Boswell was engaged

in these writings, and that the prisoner at the bar was the object of his attacks.

You will therefore keep these considerations in your view, and pronounce such verdict, as the circumstances of the case shall seem to you to authorise.

The Jury, without retiring, after a few moments' consultation, returned their verdict, *viva voce*, by their Chancellor, Sir John Hope,—“ My Lord, the Jury unanimously find Mr. Stuart *not guilty*.”

The body of Sir Alex. Boswell was brought from Fife-shire, and buried with great pomp and solemnity, at Auchinleck, 10th April, 1822. We take the following description of it from an Ayrshire paper :—

THE FUNERAL OF SIR ALEX. BOSWELL.

AYR, *April 11, 1822*.—Yesterday, the remains of Sir Alexander Boswell were consigned to the tomb. Our readers know, that for this purpose, the body had been brought from Fifeshire to Auchinleck House. We understand that it was the intention of the relatives of the departed, that the funeral should have been private; but an inclination to gratify the natural and expressed anxiety of the First Regiment of Ayrshire Yeomanry Cavalry to attend the funeral of their Colonel, and the ready acquiescence and participation in this desire and feeling by the Lord-Lieutenant of the County, altered this intention. Accordingly, about noon, almost the whole of the First Regiment, mounted, and the other gentlemen and tenantry invited to the funeral, approached the house. Many of them had travelled from a great distance, and some refreshment became necessary, as being usual. An elegant repast was accordingly served up to the noblemen and gentlemen in the house, and to the cavalry, &c., on the lawn. This repast was prefaced by an appropriate blessing from the Rev. James Boyd, the minister of Auchinleck, and followed by a thanksgiving from the Rev. John Lindsay, of the neighbouring parish of Ochiltree, some time minister of Auchinleck. At the conclusion of the refreshment, the body was removed from the house to the hearse, and the procession formed and proceeded in this order :—

The First Regiment of Ayrshire Yeomanry, mounted, and under the command of Capt. William Campbell of Fairfield, in reverse order, followed by the Bugles belonging to the corps.

The tenantry and other gentlemen of the neighbourhood, to the number of nearly five hundred.

The undertaker and his assistants.

The body, in a hearse, drawn by six horses—the whole in deep mourning.

His groom, and other servants, and dependants.

His only son, a youth of fifteen, accompanied by Lord Glenlee, Lord Balmuto, and Sir James Montgomery Cunningham, in a coach-and-four.

The Right Hon. Lord Glasgow, the Lord-Lieutenant of the County, the Hon. John Douglas, and General Leslie, in a coach-and-four, in deep mourning.

Then followed between twenty and thirty carriages, containing the principal friends of the deceased, and the chief gentry of the County.

In this order the funeral proceeded to Auchinleck churchyard, before which the Cavalry filed off, and the rest of the attendants proceeded on towards the church, the Yeomanry meanwhile resting on their swords. The body was then removed from the hearse, and deposited in the family vault under the aisle of the church. This vault is cut out of the rock on which the church stands, and was cleared and enlarged some time since, by the order of the deceased.

Besides the numerous attendants at the funeral, it is computed there were upwards of ten thousand spectators collected from the neighbouring villages and surrounding country—a number almost incredible, considering the limited extent of the population in that quarter. The rank, talents, and character of the departed—the cause and manner of his death—and the loss his relatives and society have thereby sustained—all combined with the extraordinary solemnity of the scene, to render this altogether one of the most striking dispensations of Providence, that has occurred in this quarter for a considerable time past, and it cannot fail to make on all a deep and lasting impression.

As for Mr. Stuart, he found no heart to remain in Edinburgh, after this catastrophe. He travelled to America and other parts of the world, for some years, and published some interesting volumes of travels. He afterwards settled in London, and became editor of one of the London journals, viz., the *Courier*, no longer in existence, though it was once one of the ablest papers in London. He found great favour with Lord Melbourne, who knew him personally; and when Lord Melbourne became Premier, he appointed Mr. Stuart to the office of Inspector of Factories for Scotland. He was succeeded in that office by the late Sir John Kincaid, of whom we have already spoken as being in the Rifle Brigade in Glasgow, in the memorable 1820. Mr. Stuart originated the United Kingdom Fire and Life Assurance Company; at least he became Chairman or Deputy-Chairman of it; and in that capacity he came to inaugurate the office in Glasgow, under the agency of the late Mr. A. B. Seton. That flourishing office is now engrafted with the North British Insurance Company, under the agency of Mr. G. W. Snodgrass. Mr. Stuart came frequently to Glasgow, where he had many ardent friends; and, on one occasion, he collected some fifty of them together, and gave them a splendid dinner in the Eagle Hotel, at which we had the happiness of being present; but they are now all dead, with the exception of Robert Salmond, Esq., ex-Manager of the City of Glasgow Bank, who is now enjoying his *otium cum dignitate*, after a long life of faithful and honourable services in this city. Mr. Stuart died in November, 1849, in the 74th year of his age, preserving to the last, as Mr. Townsend in his State Trials declares of him, "the character of a staunch partisan, a warm friend, and most honourable man."

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY—17TH JUNE, 1822.

W. M. BORTHWICK.

Mr. Henry Cockburn, Advocate, as Counsel for William Murray Borthwick, stated that his client had been served with criminal letters, at the instance of Robert Alexander, proprietor and publisher of the newspaper called the *Glasgow Sentinel*, to stand trial before their Lordships this day for the crime of stealing certain manuscripts and documents from the office of the said newspaper; that as the said Robert Alexander has abandoned his interest, decret for expenses should be given against him, and that the Bond of Caution for insisting, should be forfeited, and decret given against the said cautioner for the said expenses. The Lords, in respect that the private prosecutor has abandoned the prosecution, dismiss the libel, and declare the Bond of Caution granted for reporting and insisting in the criminal letters to be forfeited, find the said Robert Alexander liable to the said W. M. Borthwick in the expenses incurred by him, in preparing for his trial, and allow an account thereof to be given in, and decern.

But these proceedings were not allowed thus to rest. They aroused the attention of Parliament, and, in the course of that same month, the Hon. James Abercromby, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, and late Lord Dunfermline, rose in his place, and thus addressed the House:—

DISCUSSION IN PARLIAMENT.

Mr. ABERCROMBY—I rise to present a petition to this House from an individual with whose name, from recent occurrences, the House is familiar. I mean Mr. W. M. Borthwick. (Hear, hear, and cries of Order at the Bar.) This petition I have read with the deepest attention, and can assure the House it is drawn up in language to which the most critical observer can make no objection. It contains a clear recital of all those transactions to which it was my duty to allude in the discussion on a former night. It recites his arrest and imprisonment in the Jail of Dundee; that his repositories had been seized and broken open; that he himself had been placed in irons—(hear, hear)—that from the prison of Dundee, he was removed to Edinburgh, in the custody of two persons with loaded pistols; that

all access to his friends and agents had been denied; that bail had been rejected; and yet after all, the trial had been abandoned. That he was a second time committed to prison, and after experiencing the severest treatment, was at length liberated from Jail without any application on his part, and by the voluntary act of those who imprisoned him. This unfortunate person, through me, presents his petition to this House, and prays relief for the manifold and severe injuries and wrongs he has endured.

MR. ABERCROMBY'S MOTION.

(From the Scotsman of June 27, 1822.)

Mr. Abercromby's motion came on on Tuesday. After an able speech, the honourable member moved that a select committee be appointed to inquire into the conduct of the Lord Advocate, and other law agents of the Crown in Scotland, relative to the public press, and more especially into the prosecution instituted against Mr. W. M. Borthwick. The debate which is of the very highest interest, will be given in our supplement. Mr. Abercromby was followed by the Lord Advocate, Mr. Peel, Sir James M'Intosh, and Lord Londonderry; and on a division, the numbers were—For the motion, 95; against it, 102; majority, 25.

CHAPTER V.

**EXTRAORDINARY BANK ROBBERY IN GLASGOW—
PURSUIT OF THE ROBBERS TO LONDON—THE WON-
DERFUL CASE OF HUFFEY WHITE, AND SENTENCE
OF DEATH ON JAMES M'COUL, &c.**

OUR neighbouring Burgh of Paisley, was no small drink in this our City of Glasgow, fifty or sixty years ago. It had here its "Paisley Bank." It had here also its Paisley *Union* Bank. The branches, or the agencies of these two banks in Glasgow, did a very considerable deal of business. The office of the first-mentioned bank, was for a long time in one of the ancient tenements near the Cross of Glasgow, opposite the statue of King William, in which same tenement the branch of the present flourishing City of Glasgow Bank recently did its business for several years, under the agency of Mr. William Robertson, till it removed that good branch to the fine new tenement recently erected nearly opposite the Tron Steeple, where previously stood the tenement wherein the illustrious Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna, was born. The Paisley *Union*, transacted its business in what was considered to be a very beautiful building in Glasgow fifty years ago—in that building to the east, in Ingram Street,

nearly opposite Hutchesons' Hospital; and from the front door of the Hospital, this old Paisley Bank office may be viewed still to some advantage. It forms Nos. 49 and 51 of Ingram Street, now occupied by Messrs. Reid and others; and although this Bank, with the other one above-named, has long ceased to transact business under those titles, being merged in modern banks still alive and active, yet the old Paisley Union will form the subject of a most extraordinary affair, or rather a chain of the most extraordinary and marvellous circumstances, that probably ever occurred in this city or kingdom. These, we shall now endeavour truthfully to narrate in our present Reminiscence, and with an interest which will increase and be developed towards the close of it.

Our readers, however, will please in the first place, to observe the fact, that the office of the Paisley Union Bank as seen now, was very different from what it was, as seen then, viz., in the year 1811, with which year our story begins.

Nearly opposite to the Paisley Union Bank, a very celebrated woman at that time in Glasgow, viz., Mrs. Neil Munn, kept a *tavern* for carriers' quarters, &c. It has been demolished to make way for modern buildings. Farther on, but nearly opposite the Bank, there was a long dead wall running on the north side of Ingram Street. On the east and west, on the south side, there were some beautiful gardens, no longer in existence, being covered over with the haunts of busy commerce. Downwards a little to the right, there was the famous *Glasgow Bowling Green* of old, now forming the site of our City Hall, and bustling Bazaar, in the Candleriggs. And thus the Paisley Union Bank was seen towering in its pride of place fifty years ago.

Standing at the old wall near Mrs. Munn's stables, which some yet in Glasgow may remember, any *stranger* had the best opportunity of reconnoitring the appearance of the Bank, and that it was anxiously reconnoitred at the period referred to, by certain *strangers* then in Glasgow, there cannot be the smallest reason to doubt. This Paisley Union Bank, we may remark, did also a very large business in Edinburgh. Sir William Forbes & Co., now represented by the great Union Bank of Scotland, were its agents in Edinburgh; and regularly on every *Saturday* morning, it was the custom of Sir William Forbes & Co. to make up and send a large supply of bank notes, and gold guineas, and silver, in exchange or otherwise, for the supply of the Paisley Union Bank *in Glasgow*, during the following week. There was a strong iron bank box fitted for the purpose, and the *porter* of the Bank in Glasgow, used regularly to attend the arrival of the Edinburgh Mail Coach at the Black Bull Inn, here, on *Saturday afternoon*, and fetch away the well chained box, with its valuable contents, to the Bank premises in Ingram Street, where it was duly and safely deposited within the other huge iron safes of the Bank itself.

On Saturday, the 13th of July, 1811, the remittance from Sir Wm. Forbes & Co., was unusually large. It amounted to many thousands of pounds; and the bank porter had some difficulty in carrying the precious load to its assigned place; but he managed to do so in perfect safety. The Bank was now carefully locked up for the night; and the keys thereof, together with the key of the great iron safe, were duly taken to the dwelling-house, situated in St. Enoch Square, of Mr. Andrew Templeton, who was the chief Manager of the Bank in Glasgow. It happened that this was the *Fair week* of Glasgow. The

trusty porter of the bank, and his douce and faithful spouse, who had apartments for themselves in a separate department of the bank, took it into their heads to walk down to the Green of Glasgow, on that fine summer Saturday evening to snuff "the caller air," and to see the *Shows*, which then flourished in all their pristine innocence in those days. There was no outlet by any steamers from Glasgow at that time, and of course, none by any railway; and it was a great thing on Saturday, to take a jaunt on "shank's naggie," and behold Dumbarton Castle! Mr. Templeton, we may remark, was one of the tallest and stoutest men we ever remember of seeing in Glasgow. He was much respected. He was that year Chief Magistrate of the Gorbals; and he was, for several years afterwards, in the Magistracy of the city.

When the porter or his wife, as was their wont, got the keys of the Bank from Mr. Templeton's house, in St. Enoch Square, on Monday morning to open the front doors of the Bank and to sweep out the office, they found everything apparently correct, as usual. But when the Manager himself entered with the key of the iron safe to take out the notes about ten o'clock, for the business of the day, a very different state of matters presented themselves. The drawers of the press in the inner safe in which the Bank's own notes to a large extent had been deposited, stood rifled, and were completely empty: nothing left but bills for discount or falling due. Sir Wm. Forbes & Co.'s iron box also stood open, and was completely rifled. Every gold guinea, and there had previously been piles upon piles of them in the bank coffers, had disappeared; the silver also: so that this morning, the Bank in Glasgow was absolutely left without a shilling in its coffers! The loss indeed was enormous; some guessed it

at £30,000 sterling, at least; others at £50,000 or more, —a vast abstracted loss surely for one Bank establishment at that time in Glasgow; but for prudential reasons, affecting perhaps its own stability, the Bank never condescended to state the precise amount. We shall give, however, a tolerable idea of it afterwards. Meanwhile, it was sufficient to know, that the Bank had been broken into and robbed of all its most valuable treasure; and this, of course, created a perfect panic, and the utmost consternation in Glasgow, and especially at Paisley, on the following day, when the news became known, and for many a long day afterwards. Every Paisley Union Bank note that made its appearance, was questioned and re-questioned by its vendor, times and ways without number. Bank notes, indeed, of every description, were handled with much uneasiness and doubt, as if coming from the hands of traceable robbers. The following advertisement appeared in the *two* Glasgow newspapers of the day, and in placards over the city and elsewhere:—

REWARD OF FIVE HUNDRED GUINEAS.

DARING HOUSEBREAKING AND ROBBERY.

WHEREAS, the office of the Paisley Union Bank Company in Ingram Street, Glasgow, was this morning discovered to have been broken into since Saturday night, and Bank notes of the above and other Banks to a very considerable amount carried off.

A Reward of Five Hundred Guineas is hereby offered for the apprehending of the person, or any of the persons, guilty of the above daring Robbery: to be paid, on conviction, by Mr. John Likly, Cashier of said Bank at Paisley, or Mr. Andrew Templeton, at the Company's Office, Glasgow.

And if any such information shall be given by an accomplice as may affect the discovery and apprehension of any other of the offenders, and lead to the recovery of the property, he will be entitled to the above Reward, and His Majesty's most gracious Pardon will be applied for on his behalf.

It is requested of all Banks and Banking Companies, and of the Public in general, to take notice, and give information as above, or to Mr. John Bennet, Procurator-Fiscal of the City of Glasgow, of any suspicious persons or circumstances tending to a discovery of the offenders, for the recovery of the property; and to stop any notes which may be offered in exchange or otherwise, under suspicious appearance, till due investigation; for which, suitable reward, and all expenses will be paid as above.

Information may also be transmitted to the house of Sir William Forbes, James Hunter & Co., Bankers in Edinburgh, or to any Banking Company in the neighbourhood of the place where any discovery may be made.

Glasgow, Monday, 15th July, 1811.

It happened singularly enough, that on Sabbath morning the 14th of July, as early as three or four o'clock, a decent tradesman of the city, whose name was David Clacher, in the employment of our old friend, Deacon James Graham, wright, when looking out of the window of his house in Taylor Street, in the upper regions of the city, which afforded a distinct view of the wall at Mrs. Munn's tavern, opposite the bank above described, beheld the unusual sight of three men leaping over that wall; and when they landed on the inner side of it, excluded as might be supposed from all observation at that particular time, he saw them sitting down on the green sward, and busily arranging various parcels of paper, and other things of that sort, and tying them up eagerly in napkins, kandkerchiefs, or bags, and then exchanging some of their own body clothes, and adjusting their cravats and great-coats, and then carrying away the bundles. He watched those seemingly strange movements a little longer, from motives of mere curiosity; and he kept his eye steadily upon the three personages, till he saw them wending their way apparently to the old Coach-yard then

in George Street, where he unavoidably lost sight of them. He called the attention of his wife to these circumstances at the time, and she concurred with him in thinking that there was something remarkable about them, especially so early on a Sabbath morning, in that quiet and then sequestered spot of the city of Glasgow, now teeming with its busy thousands.

We have stated that the news of this vast and daring robbery, when divulged, created a perfect panic in the city; and David Clacher above referred to, when hearing of it, and consulting with his wife, like a good citizen, lost no time in hastening down to the Bank, and telling what he had seen near the Bank premises, on that Sabbath morning, as above narrated. We heard all this many a time from Mr. Clacher himself, and others.

Instantly, on Clacher's statement, Mr. Fiscal Bennet hastened up to the George Street Coach-yard, kept by old Mr. Alexander Leith—*Sandy Leith*, he was usually called—who had a place besides, in the High Street, for gigs, saddle-horses, sedan-chairs, post-chaises, &c. Many a good *hire* did we pay to him in our early days. We have passed through our hands some of his drafts on Grahame of Gartmore, and others, per the Ship Bank, for *two hundred guineas* at a time, and oftener for much higher sums; but it must not be supposed that we squandered that money, or anything like it, on ourselves. We introduce the circumstance, because it gives us the opportunity of saying, that Sandy Leith, undoubtedly, was one of the original and greatest *horse-coupers* of his day in the city of Glasgow. Next to him, we would probably name Thomas Hibbert; and not going down, but rather rising in a greatly extended sphere, we would name our old respected friend, Mr.

James Walker, whose activity in the Tontine Hotel, was proverbial many years ago; nor must we overlook his enterprising *junior* Mr. Andrew Menzies, and others. It may be amusing here to state the fact, that Mr. Alex. Leith, who was, we repeat, the greatest postman of his day in Glasgow, (irrespective of Mr. Bain of the Mail Coach Office) had only five or *six* chaises in his possession altogether, with some thirty or forty horses at the utmost; whereas, we might now count easily enough on at least five hundred chaises, vehicles, or omnibuses, and not less than 1500 posting horses in the city of Glasgow. And see, all this now, without taking into account the prodigious traffic by steamers and railways, then utterly unknown. Have we not then been living in a city of progress—in a world of wonders?

This *digression*, for such we again acknowledge it to be, only brings us back the more prominently to old Sandy Leith, the king, as we may call him, of the postmasters and saddle-boys of Glasgow, fifty years ago. His nose, unfortunately, had been nearly bitten off, by one of his own favourite horses, perhaps in a fit of good nature, when he was rubbing it down kindly in his own stables, (noticed already in an article about Colonel Hunter's horse); but he was a good and worthy man, esteemed for sagacity, good humour, and perfect honesty. The visit, however, of Fiscal Bennet, about the Bank robbery, put him rather "out of sorts," as he often acknowledged to us; but he told the truth without the slightest hesitation. In answer to the interrogatories of the Fiscal, he and his hostler remembered perfectly, that on the Sunday morning above specified, between the hours of five and six o'clock, they were rapped out of their beds by some gentlemen who wanted a post-chaise immediately

for Edinburgh. The worthy *old carle*, for such we may here also call him, had some qualms in his conscience about hiring his chaise on Sunday to any strangers whatever, unless in cases of necessity and mercy. He complained that the order for the hire of the chaise had not been communicated to him in due time on Saturday night; whereupon one of the three personages adroitly remarked, that a near relative had taken suddenly unwell in Edinburgh; and that they required to go and see him post-haste. On this, the scruples of Mr. Leith were effectually removed; the horses ordered to be fed for the journey; which done, the chaise was soon brought out, and the bundles, bags, and portmanteaus duly deposited therein; and away the chaise rattled with its three passengers. The information and description of them given by Sandy and his hostler to Fiscal Bennet, led to the following publication:—

It being ascertained that three men, believed to be strangers, left Glasgow under suspicious circumstances about six o'clock on the morning of Sunday last, the 14th of July, in a post-chaise to Airdrie, and proceeded eastward, of the following descriptions, viz. :—

1st. A man about five feet ten inches, stoutly made, and active—a full plump face and ruddy complexion—full stuffed neckcloth, dark-coloured long coat, light coloured blueish striped wide pantaloons or trousers—wore over-boots—dark eyes, black short hair, somewhat pitted with smallpox—a dark-coloured greatcoat, which he occasionally carried over his arm; sometimes spoke in the English accent and sometimes Scotch.

2d. A man about five feet eight inches, lightish made, pantaloons or trousers like the other, and sometimes wore over-boots—long dark-coloured coat.

These two appeared somewhat like gentlemen.

3d. A man five feet nine inches high, slender and ill-made, long coat, dark coloured; shoes and light-coloured stockings. Dress and appearance rather like a tradesman.

It is particularly requested of the inhabitants of the city of Glasgow and vicinity, that any circumstances known concerning these persons or any one of them—the time of their residence in Glasgow—the direction in which they came—their lodgings, and the places where, and persons with whom seen while in Glasgow, may be communicated immediately to Mr. Templeton or Mr. Bennet. And the names of those who may make such communications will be concealed, if desired.

The *chase* after the robbers now became ardent and keen. They were followed from Airdrie to Mid-Calder, thence to Uphall and Edinburgh. In each of these places—and they were all famous posting stages between Glasgow and Edinburgh in the olden time—the three parties in the post-chaise had called for the best wine and entertainment that could be had; and they contrived at all of them to pay for the reckoning, including the renewed hire of the post-chaise and horses, with a £20 note of the Paisley Union Bank, receiving back the difference in gold guineas or other bank notes. When they reached Princes Street, Edinburgh, they pulled up, dismissing the post-boy and his chaise, and paying him handsomely for his own trouble, with a Paisley genuine note, which rather unusual occurrence with him, made him take good observation of “the kind liberal gentlemen.” He saw them each firmly grasping their respective parcels, and throwing their greatcoats loosely over them, like honest travellers pursuing their journey. All trace of them in Edinburgh was utterly lost on Tuesday: every hotel and lodging-house in Edinburgh, was ransacked by the police in vain. The London and Leith smacks at Leith were overhauled; every mail coach and stage coach proceeding out of Edinburgh, was inquired after by the police, but to no purpose. At last it was discovered, that in a small tavern in one of the back streets of Edinburgh, viz., in Rose

Street, then kept by a Lanarkshire man of the name of M'Ausland, three gentlemen, apparently Englishmen and travellers, had ordered dinner on Sunday, in a great hurry, between one and two o'clock: that they drank wine plentifully, and paid him with another £20 Paisley Union Bank note, and went away pretty soon afterwards. All Edinburgh was searched again carefully, but the robbers were not there.

Meanwhile, Mr. John Likly, the head manager of the Bank in Paisley, came in to Glasgow, and after consulting with his friend and agent, Mr. Robert Walkinshaw, of the firm of Messrs. Walkinshaw & Dow, writers, in the Stockwell, afterwards Messrs. Walkinshaw, Dow, and Couper, who ultimately had their chambers in the Bank premises in Ingram Street,—Mr. Couper is still alive, hale, and hearty, and is at the head of the firm of Messrs. Couper, Mackenzie, & Innes;—it was resolved that Mr. Likly and Mr. Walkinshaw should take out their seats in the next mail coach, and proceed to London, to instruct the Bow Street police-officers respecting the robbery; while Mr. James M'Crone, the famous messenger-at-arms in Glasgow, should pursue his scent in another direction.

Singularly enough, when stopping for a few minutes at Darlington on this journey, Mr. Likly ascertained that in that very inn, three gentlemen had arrived in a post-chaise and four on Monday—that they called with all expedition for four fresh horses—that they drank hurriedly two bottles of wine, and paid the charges with a £20 Paisley Union Bank note again, receiving back the difference, and that they sought and obtained change from the innkeeper of another £20 note of the same bank, which notes he still retained in his possession, and they were shown by him to Mr. Likly, who at once identified them.

The innkeeper at Darlington could not really tell whither the gentlemen went in their post-chaise and four. He only knew that they had gone off on the London road, but he gave such a vivid description of their persons, as left little room to doubt that they were the same as Sandy Leith had described in Glasgow. Quick as horses' legs could carry them, Messrs. Likly and Walkinshaw proceeded to London; and arriving there, they immediately waited on Stephen Lavender and John Vickery, at the Bow Street police-office. These two officers, we may remark, were in great repute at that time. They were considered to be the most expert police-officers that London ever had; and they died, we believe, many years ago, leaving no inconsiderable fortunes derived by the rewards they had received for the successful performance of many of their duties. They took up the Glasgow Bank robbery case, with great gusto. It was just the very case they liked to have; and they assured Messrs. Likly and Walkinshaw, that ere six days elapsed, if the robbers were really within any of the four corners of the city of London, they would have them entrapped and carefully secured with their booty.

The six days assigned by the Bow Street officers, Lavender and Vickery, had now nearly elapsed; but no trace of the robbers found in London. In Glasgow, however, and while Messrs. Likly and Walkinshaw were still away in London, a most extraordinary piece of information was obtained, which we shall now relate. A respectable widow woman of the name of Stewart, who kept lodgers, and resided near the then *end* of the Broomielaw, at the foot of Carrick Street, a very quiet and secluded part of Glasgow it then was, gave information to the authorities that, for some weeks preceding the robbery,

she had three gentlemen lodgers in her house whom she took to be *Englishmen*,—that they were very quiet in their manners—dined regularly every day at two o'clock—saw no company—went out sometimes very early in the morning to fish, they said, on the banks of the river—(nor was this, by-the-bye, any *joke*, for although the banks of the river are sadly polluted now, we have seen as many as twenty fine fresh salmon caught in it *per* net and cobble, on a Monday morning in June, near the very steps of the stairs of the present Glasgow Custom-house!)—but in the evening, she remarked, they oftener went out, to go they said, to the Theatre-Royal, in Queen Street, and frequently did not return till one, two, or three o'clock of the morning; but as they were so very quiet in all their movements, and paid their lodgings regularly every week, she had really no suspicion of them all the time they remained with her, which was for a period of nearly two months. She now remembered, however, that she had seen them occasionally handling and assorting some skeleton keys. She observed some plans or drawings of keys, and other implements, once or twice on their table; and she remembered of carrying herself, at their special request, a parcel containing some of those plans or drawings, to Messrs. Howie or Hardgreaves' quarters, in Brunswick Street, who were then the great carriers between Glasgow and London, which parcel was addressed to somebody or other in London; but the name she could not at the moment recollect. She was certain, however, about the parcel going to London; and she further remembered that one of the gentlemen, about three weeks before the robbery, had gone away, as he said, on some business journey to Liverpool or Bristol; but that he would return to Glasgow in about a fortnight,

which he did. She distinctly mentioned this other fact, namely, that they called for their bill, and finally settled with her for the amount of it, on Saturday night, preceding the robbery; and the description which she gave of them tallied exactly with the description which Sandy Leith, and the innkeeper at Darlington, had given, as before narrated.

The blunt information, which this decent honest woman (long since dead) had thus given of the skeleton keys, and the parcel to London, turned out to be of the greatest importance. It was speedily communicated to Messrs. Likly and Walkinshaw in London; and by them it was forthwith communicated to Lavender and Vickery, the two London police-officers, who were beginning to think that the discovery of the robbers in London was getting rather hopeless; for they had expended much of their time, with their retinue of expert assistants, in tracking every coach and mail coach in London—every post-boy—every vehicle—every tavern of good or bad repute: besides the quarters of all the money-changers known in London,—to no purpose. They had also been at every bank in the city of London; but not one of the abstracted notes could there be found. This fresh information, however, arriving from Glasgow about the parcel and the skeleton keys, made a new light to dawn on the London detectives, and excited their highest hopes and expectations. They went directly to the Glasgow waggon or carrier's office in London. They searched out the way-bill. They got it, and fixed their eyes on one remarkable designation as follows:—"For Mr. Little, care of Mr. John Scoltcock, *blacksmith*, in Tower Street, off St. George's-in-the-Fields, London." On perceiving that address, Lavender and Vickery quietly rubbed their hands with ecstacy. They

were now, they thought, and thought truly, *scenting out their game*—inasmuch as this Mr. Scoltcock was known to them to be a most notorious character for making false or skeleton keys, for the most accomplished robbers in London; and the *Mr. Little*, to whom to his care this Glasgow parcel was addressed, was suspected or considered by them to be one of the greatest robbers, without exception, that had infested England. His real name was *Huffey*, or Henry White. He had a few months before been caught and convicted for robbery, and sentenced to transportation to Botany Bay for life; but he made a desperate and successful escape from the *Hulks* at Portsmouth. Search was made for him in many parts of England, in vain; and these practised and expert London police-officers had come to the conclusion, that *Huffey* would never turn up till some other great and daring robbery occurred. They had, therefore, such a case now fairly presented to them from Scotland.

Their cogitations, as may now be supposed, were intensely directed to the whereabouts of Huffey White and his Glasgow parcel. They were all aware that he had left a wife in London; and they knew her residence, and had often watched her movements long before the Glasgow robbery had taken place. But they came to the prudent resolution, as it turned out to be, not to disturb her at this time, but to go at once and surround the *blacksmith's* house, in the first instance, and to search all about it.

It is proper, after the description we have just given of *Huffey White*, that we should now introduce to the notice of our readers, the other *dramatis personæ*—his associates and fellow-lodgers in the house of Widow Stewart, at the Broomielaw, &c., &c. The first of those

characters, and the greatest by far of importance, was Mr. James Moffat, *alias* M'Coul, who performed the extraordinary part which this Reminiscence will soon describe, and which will render his name for ever famous or notorious in the criminal annals of Scotland ; and the other or second personage, was one Harry French, a London thief, famous at lock picking, for which quality he was the confidant of Mr. M'Coul. Those three personages, viz., Huffey White, James Moffat or M'Coul, and Harry French, we may here repeat, completely answer the original description in the Glasgow papers before referred to.

The Bow Street police-officers were now thoroughly armed and equipped for the important task before them. But before noticing it further, we must here remark, that neither Huffey White nor Harry French could read or write ; but Mr. M'Coul could do both : he was rather an expert scholar, and to him therefore the gang committed the charge of the precious notes, as best knowing the real value and bearing of them. He had thus, as he fancied, not merely the absolute control of the notes, but the destiny of his guilty associates in his own hands. He had partly arranged with them for some shares of the plunder ; but he took especial care to keep by far the most convenient and precious part of it to himself ; and when the guilty *trio* reached London, which they did early on Wednesday or Thursday morning, Mr. M'Coul gave to Huffey White and Harry French a few *Bank of England* notes out of the robbed parcel got in Glasgow, in order to enable them to go and see their *dulcinas* in London, and to make all things ready for an agreeable division of the whole spoil, in the course of the following night. They therefore cordially and sincerely agreed to

meet on that night, in the house of their old friend, Mr. Scoltcock, the blacksmith, and then finally arrange how to *melt* or smash the Paisley Union Bank notes, or get them disposed of for gold or other monies in London, through the agency of certain *resetters*, then as now, we are afraid, reaping a villanous but lucrative occupation.

Mr. Scoltcock, the blacksmith, was, as may be imagined, perfectly delighted to see his three very particular friends back again safely to London. They let him know how they had "done the job" to an enormous amount in Glasgow; and they were laughing and crowing at the feats of Mr. M'Coul in particular, who not getting the skeleton keys to suit his hand at first in Glasgow, had gone back to *London* to get a fresh set prepared, which ultimately answered; and this accounts for the absence of M'Coul, who pretended to his landlady, Mrs. Stewart, in Glasgow, that he was away on a visit to Liverpool or Bristol. They also, over their cups and pipes, described to Mr. Scoltcock, how often they had been in the Bank in Glasgow under cloud of night, or early in the morning, measuring and trying the keys—how often they had been alarmed and *scared* in their purpose—how, on one occasion in particular, on a Sunday, they thought they were caught and done for, by the unexpected opening of the front door of the Bank, and the entrance of the porter into the lobby; they kept quiet, but had their pistols cocked, and their daggers ready to plunge into his body; but happily for himself, the porter came no farther than that lobby to carry away some umbrella; and by a piece of the most marvellous good luck for themselves at the time, they saw the porter retiring and locking again the front door of the Bank, he having no earthly conception of the ugly customers then

armed within, who, there can be no doubt, would have *murdered* him on the spot rather than be captured.

It is singular to relate, but it is the fact, that although the robbers on that occasion had complete possession of the Bank, they did not think there was money enough in some of the Safes, to tempt them to take it then away. They therefore, at great hazard to themselves, carefully relocked the doors, and came away skaitless, determined to await the arrival of a larger parcel of notes and specie from Edinburgh, the movements of which, on Saturday afternoons, they had for some time been carefully watching. That opportunity, they thought, had at last arrived, by the heavy parcel we have already alluded to, from Sir William Forbes & Co. They therefore determined to accomplish the robbery—neck or nothing—neck or everything, on this subsequent Saturday night, or very early on Sunday morning. Hence they settled their lodging bills with Mrs. Stewart at the Broomielaw, on Saturday evening, and bade her good-bye. With their dark-lanterns, ready keys, and practised hands, they soon found their way back again into the more precious Safes and coffers of the Bank. They now rifled them most completely—taking away everything but the *copper* money; and even on *some* of it they had laid their daring hands. Never was robbery so coolly and daringly perpetrated in this kingdom.

We may now therefore view, if we can, these three daring robbers, all safely and snugly arrived in London, with some £30,000 or £40,000 of good genuine Scotch bank notes to dispose of, without speaking of the gold and silver, seldom difficult to be disposed of any where at any time. Huffey White's wife, in London, was perfectly overwhelmed with joy, when she beheld her husband for

the first time after his daring escape from the *Hulks*, entering her lodgings about three o'clock of the morning, and making her acquainted with this run of tremendous good fortune. He at once gave her a £10 or £20 Bank of England note to procure some necessaries; and told her, that with his share of the vast booty, he intended to sail to America, but if she would not accompany him, he would settle upon her £50 per annum—not bad for a robber's wife, certainly. Harry French, the other confederate, had also formed the resolution of going to America with his share of the booty. Mr. M'Coul signified that he did not know very well what to do; but probably he would reside in some remote corner or other of England, as a gentleman living on his means, and perhaps forming other schemes of Bank robbery. Those, undoubtedly, from their statements, appeared to be the resolutions and arrangements of this gang.

Huffey White's wife, rejoicing in the great good fortune of her husband, but still concerned for his personal safety, proposed or cordially went in with the arrangement, that they should sojourn for a short period in the house of Mr. Scoltcock, with whom and his wife she had always been on the best of terms. She had then no idea that Mr. Scoltcock had been making the skeleton keys for Glasgow, or receiving any parcels from Glasgow, otherwise she might have fancied that his house was not the very safest place for them. But to it they went. In it the gang had all joyously assembled, and it was most agreeably arranged that they should have "a good supper" over the division of the spoil that evening, in Scoltcock's house. His wife got a £20 Bank of England note to provide for the *vivers*. Mr. M'Coul went away to the place where he had carefully secured the chief

bulk of the booty, but he faithfully promised to return with his friend, Mr. French, at the supper time.

The reeking roasted goose, broiled ham, and chickens, dumplings, new potatoes, and green peas, grapes, strawberries, and cucumbers, yea, every delicacy of the season, were now all ready, and placed on the table, in Mr. Scoltcock's snug house, with jugs of ale, pots of double stout, gin, rum, brandy and wine, beyond compare. The banquet, in short, was sumptuous in the highest degree, for this precious company, and only awaited the arrival of the two important guests, Messrs. M'Coul and French. Rap-tap! came to the door, and the blacksmith's wife rose from her cushioned seat, and was beginning from her inner chamber to scold the anticipated guests for detaining them so long from the ready supper, when lo! who should enter, swift as arrows, but Lavender and Vickery, the two Bow Street police-officers, with an attendant retinue of assistants. The scene at that instant must be left to the imagination of our readers. We simply narrate the real facts. And here it is superfluous for us to observe, that the London police-officers immediately recognised *Huffey White*, and made him their prisoner. The supper arrangements were, of course, thrown into a state of indescribable confusion. Huffey found himself helpless; but he made a desperate attempt to dash through one of the windows;—they overpowered him, and manacled him at once with their patent handcuffs, well knowing what a dangerous character he was. They then searched him from head to foot, and discovered upon his person abundant evidence of the Glasgow (Paisley) Bank robbery. In one of the departments of the blacksmith's house, they also discovered the very box which had been sent up from Glasgow, with a plan of

the skeleton keys, besides several letters from M'Coul, addressed to Mr. Scoltcock, directing some secret alterations to be made; and on this, the whole of the inmates, consisting of Scoltcock and his wife, and Huffey and his wife, and one or two other chosen friends, were taken away as prisoners, and lodged for the night in Horse-monger-lane Jail. The evidence was thus pretty complete. But where was the chief actor, Mr. M'Coul, and his other guilty associate, Mr. French? Where were the parcels containing the bank notes? They had Huffey in durance; but where was the treasure? Like the fox near his trap, but scenting from afar, Mr. M'Coul, and his friend Harry French, wheeled about from Scoltcock's house and nestled for the night in a snug den in the neighbourhood of Horse-monger-lane Jail: and soon afterwards *negotiations* were opened up with the London police-officers for the release of the prisoners—for *thieves* even can enter on their negotiations—and it was proposed that if the Bank officers would grant a free pardon to Huffey White, and get him released from prison with the others, and allowed to go at large, the Bank would receive back on *his* account, the sum of £12,000 in name of *ransom* money. It may seem strange to be told now, that such a proposal was actually made, entertained, and positively accepted in the city of London, at the period referred to. It was virtually a *compounding* of felony; and this very case, with others which occurred, led to a most wise, but stringent alteration of the law, whereby it was made a high crime or misdemeanour, to compound with felons under any circumstances; and this is the state of the law now. But at the period referred to, strange to say, Mr. Huffey White, on the payment of that £12,000, absolutely received his free pardon. Mr. Scoltcock and his

wife, and Huffey and his wife, were liberated from prison; and shortly thereafter, Mr. Likly, in company with his agent, Mr. Walkinshaw, returned to Glasgow, rejoicing probably, that they had been so successful in in this the *first* part of their negotiations in London.

One might suppose, that with such an hairbreadth escape attending him, *Huffey White*, in particular, would take precious care of his hand now,—and not risk his neck in such jeopardy again. He despised, poor fool, the admonitions of his really-loving wife,—and like a hardened miscreant, he formed a fresh plan for the robbery of the London and Leeds Mail. He was within a few months afterwards, caught in the very act of that robbery, tried and convicted, and sentenced to be *executed*; and he was executed accordingly at Northampton, with the character ascribed to him, of being one of the boldest and greatest robbers of his day, in all England.

But what became still of Mr. M'Coul and the other? And what became of *their* share of the plunder in connection with the Glasgow robbery? We have disposed of *Huffey* himself, effectually, and for ever. But we must bring his wife again upon the tapis, in connection with the extraordinary statements we are now about to make. It begins, we almost think, to look like a sort of *romance* now; but the grave reality of it, we can truly aver, is beyond all dispute.

Mr. James Moffat, *alias* M'Coul, the far more accomplished but daring robber, had eluded the grasp of the London police-officers for many months; but at last, he too was caught by Lavender and Vickery. His associate, however, Mr. French, was never heard of. Some conjectured, and others believed, that M'Coul had poisoned or dispatched him, and purloined his large share of the

booty; while others thought he had escaped to America. Be that as it may, we can trace him no longer on the scene; and therefore we are now to speak about Mr. Moffat *alias* Mr. M'Coul, himself, more particularly.

When he was captured by the police-officers in London, he had nothing but gold and Bank of England notes in his possession; not a particle ostensibly belonging to the Paisley Union Bank, or any other bank in Scotland. He at first stoutly denied that he had ever been in Scotland,—he emphatically denied that he had ever been in Glasgow; and of course, he equally denied that he had ever occupied lodgings in the house of Mrs. Stewart, at the Broomielaw,—that he knew nothing whatever about Ingram Street, or the Paisley Union Bank. In short, he declared that he was wholly innocent of this Bank robbery.

Therefore, he was *reprimanded* for a time, as they call it in England; and it now became necessary to send up witnesses from Scotland to identify him if they could, in presence of the Lord Mayor, or Magistrates of London. That was easily done. David Clacher, the wright, and Alex. Leith, the chaise-hirer in Glasgow, with the innkeeper at Darlington, were dispatched to London; and on their arrival thither, and seeing Mr. M'Coul in the Bow Street police-office, they hailed him at once, without much hesitation, as their transient, but now captured friend. He disdained to make the slightest recognition of them, averring that he had never seen them in all his life.

Anticipating this seizure and arrest of M'Coul in London, old Mr. John Bennet, the once vigilant Procurator-Fiscal of Glasgow, applied *pro forma* to the Magistrates of Glasgow for a warrant (we have a queer old duplicate

of it before us) to “secure” the person of the said James Moffat, *alias* M’Coul, as “guilty, accessory, art and part, of the foresaid theft, bank robbery, and housebreaking, and to imprison him within the Tolbooth of Glasgow, therein to be detained, till liberated in due course of law.”

It is singular to observe, that this warrant of the Magistrates of Glasgow, was not committed to the hands of any of their own officers in Glasgow, but was specially entrusted to Mr. Archibald Campbell, the then well-known and celebrated criminal officer of the Sheriff and Magistrates of Edinburgh, who went up with it expressly to London, and saluted Mr. M’Coul for the first time; but he afterwards became much better acquainted with him, as the extraordinary sequel will show.

The *identity* of Mr. M’Coul being thus clearly established in London, the Lord Mayor, without hesitation, indorsed the Glasgow warrant, committing it to the special charge of his own officer, Mr. Wood, a most faithful London officer he was, who with the above Mr. Archibald Campbell from Edinburgh, were enjoined to chain Mr. M’Coul both by the arms and legs, and to bring him by the mail coach safely down to, and land him in, the Tolbooth of Glasgow.

They all arrived in this city on the morning of Friday, the 10th of April, 1812; and in the Jail books of Glasgow of that date, Mr. M’Coul was duly entered, as anybody who doubts our story, may see at this day.

After being in Jail for some weeks, and no active proceedings against him being taken—whether from the want of other evidence or not, we shall not at this stage say—he sought the advice of two most respectable legal firms then in this city, whose successors are still extant;

and they thought they had discovered some flaw or other in the original warrant of commitment, which, if sustained by the Court, would entitle him to be discharged from prison. They therefore presented a bill of suspension and liberation, in the name of M'Coul, to the Lords of Justiciary in Edinburgh; and on advising this suspension, the Lords actually adopted the views of Mr. M'Coul's legal agents in Glasgow, and granted warrant for his immediate liberation from Glasgow Jail. This was done on the 2d of July, 1812, on which day he left the Jail of Glasgow rejoicing.

Emboldened by this *legal* success, he returned to London, defying warrants of any kind; for he had the Justiciary written *extract* warrant of liberation in his possession, which was entitled to faith, as he was advised, over the three kingdoms.

After the lapse of *three years*, thinking that everything about him had been forgotten, he returned again to Scotland, with an elegant female, whom he palms off as his wife; and they take handsome lodgings at Portobello, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, where, with a retinue of servants, horses, and carriages, they lived for a time like people of the first rank. They were promptly and liberally paying for their entertainments with ready money, in the shape of £20 notes of the Bank of Scotland, and other banks; but with none at this time of the *Paisley Union Bank*; and against those other eminent and enviable bank notes, no sort of suspicion was then in any quarter entertained. With the facility thus given to them by the interchange of those notes in Scotland, which, there cannot be the least doubt, induced M'Coul to return hither away from the eye of the old London detectives, he encroached so much on his success, that he

even frequented with his supposed wife, the Theatre-Royal, and some of the most fashionable hotels in Edinburgh, and passed others of his £20 notes with the greatest alacrity, adding to his bills of fare, a handsome *douceur* to the waiters, and receiving back the difference on his large notes with admirable politeness and composure, more so, perhaps, than would have been displayed by the most distinguished visitors of our land.

It was his cunning drift, of course, to get all the stolen notes disposed of as easily and conveniently as possible, within this part of Scotland, without the aid of foreign money-changers or resellers, or the payment to them of their exorbitant charges. He chose rather a new scene for his work now. He went down to *Leith*, and presented himself to one of the Branches of the British Linen and Commercial Banks there, taking out with the greatest *nonchalance* from his pocket, a large parcel of genuine notes of the Bank of Scotland, and requested an order for a corresponding amount, either on the Bank of England, or that bank's own agents in London, which was, of course, immediately complied with. On another day, he came equally confident with another parcel of the notes of Sir William Forbes & Co., for a very large sum, and asked for a similar draft on London for the amount, which he of course, again, most easily obtained. He tried his hand a *third* time with a parcel of notes of Sir Wm. Forbes & Co., amounting to £1900, including some £800 notes, tied together, of the *Paisley Union Bank*! He was now plunging unwittingly into the very vortex of the robbery. The bank tellers were rather surprised at *this* last display, for they began to talk and remember of the robbery that had occurred in Glasgow, three or four years previously. They therefore bade him sit down

for a little, while they secretly sent for an expert police-officer of the name of Denovan, who, after getting an "inkling" of what had occurred, came boldly forward and taxed him at once with palming off the stolen notes of the Paisley Union Bank, &c. It is a strange fact, but true, that Mr. M'Coul, who at first stood *mute*, but looked astonished and indignant at this charge, on recovering his self-possession, had the assurance to say, that if the Bank people would give him the promise that these were really part of the stolen notes of the Paisley Bank, he would in the meanwhile give them up, rather than be troubled in the matter; and with an increasing degree of bolder assurance, he positively requested the Leith Bank people to retain the notes till he made some farther inquiry for his own satisfaction on the subject; after doing which, he would return to the Bank at Leith, and learn or communicate the result in a day or two afterwards. He gave his address at Portobello,—all right. On this plausible offer and bold pretext, he was actually allowed to make his exit from the Leith Bank, not exactly like a bird of Paradise, but rather like a bird of passage, "now upon the wing." It is needless to say, that he never *returned* to that Bank again.

Scotland, he doubtless thought, was now becoming rather hot for him; so he packed up his trunks at Portobello, with all expedition, and fled with his dulcina by a circuitous route back again to London, taking especial care to have the authenticated extract warrant of the Lords of Justiciary in his favour, wrapped up and carefully secured in his breast pocket. It was more precious to him than gold or notes, he then thought, to any amount at that time. But what does this gentleman Mr. M'Coul, after safely getting to London, next do? Why,

he goes boldly to an *attorney's* office to take legal advice about the money he had *left* in Scotland, viz., the £1800, contained in the parcel of Sir Wm. Forbes & Co.'s note, and the £800 of the Paisley Union as before stated. He is advised both by London attornies, and London counsel learned in the *law*, that "possession of moveables, presumes property"—"that *a fortiori* possession of bank notes, presumes the lawful right thereto in the hands of the possessor," which can only be destroyed by positive proof to the contrary, such as that the possessor had knowingly and wilfully obtained them by *fraud*; and since there was no proof of that description against Mr. M'Coul: on the contrary, as he set up the statement that he had gained the notes by *horse-racing* with strangers on the Sands of Musselburgh and Portobello, and other places, he must therefore be regarded as the *bona fide* holder of them. On that most plausible plea—sometimes irrefragable in law—his London attorney, as by him advised, wrote a letter to the Manager of the Bank at Leith, and also to the Manager of the Bank in Glasgow, demanding restitution of the £1800 sterling! The Banks, of course, are astonished at the effrontery of such a letter, with such a demand, and pay no attention to it, nor to another one from the same channel, threatening now an action at law, to *compel* restitution of the money! And in this situation of matters, what does Mr. M'Coul himself next do? Why, he comes boldly down again from London to Edinburgh. He takes up his abode in the city of Edinburgh—not for the purpose of passing away any more of the stolen notes through his own hands, but for the ingenious purpose of establishing his right to a "*jurisdiction*" in Scotland, whereby he might prosecute an action in his own name, before the Lords of Council and Session,

against the Paisley Union Bank Company, for payment to him of the above sum, with interest and expenses!!

It may seem incredible, but it is the fact, that such an action was absolutely raised. And it may seem equally incredible, but it is also the fact, that such action led to the most extraordinary results that ever took place in any of our Courts in Scotland. We are much mistaken, indeed, if we do not astonish the whole of our readers with what follows.

Not only did he raise his action for £1800, but he demanded "*damages*" to a large amount, from the Paisley Union Bank Company, in consequence of what he was pleased to call their "*illegal* and unwarrantable imprisonment of him in the Jail of Glasgow," which, he contended, was sufficiently proved by the extracted warrant of liberation of the Lords of Justiciary in his favour, as before set forth.

He was well aware, before the action was raised, that his early companion and associate in crime at Glasgow, viz., Huffey White, had been *executed*, for another crime, in England; and, therefore, that he had nothing to fear from Huffey, any more than from poor Harry French, whom, it was alleged, he had despatched by his own instrumentality long ago. He learns that Mr. Likly, the Manager of the Bank, who went in pursuit of him to London, is dead; that his old landlady at the Broomielaw is also dead, and that Alexander Leith has removed from his old premises in George's Street. This notable pursuer therefore thinks that he is pretty snug and safe, armed at all legal points, in his great action against the Paisley Union Bank: and the Bank, brooding over their previous loss, begin for the first time to get rather *afraid* of the issue of it. They are driven, of course, to the

necessity of *defending* themselves in the action, otherwise decree would go forth against them for the large amount demanded by Mr. M'Coul. They refer in their defence to the *robbery*. He has the unblushing effrontery to deny it. He has the unparalleled effrontery to insinuate that if there was any robbery at all, it was the persons connected with the Bank that did it themselves!! He goes on in this way from month to month, and from year to year, with his great suit, or process, in the Court of Session—or rather there are two or three huge law pleas going on at the same time—M'Coul *versus* the Bank, and the Bank *versus* M'Coul, *et e contra*; for it is singular to remark that the Bank were actually advised to bring an action against Mr. M'Coul for £15,000, as his supposed share of the plunder. These actions were joined together, *ob contingentiam*, as the lawyers say. What marvellous proceedings these were to be sure! Wholly unprecedented we venture to repeat, in the annals of litigation in this kingdom; yet they were pleading away at this rate on both sides, through all the old, slow, and expensive stages of the Court of Session, for a period of fully more than *five long years*, when at last both, or all of these processes were remitted to the *Jury Court* for trial, which Court, we may remark, had then only been inaugurated for the first time in Scotland, under the auspices of the Right Honourable William Adam, Lord Chief-Commissioner, whose name we have honourably mentioned in previous pages. The cases, thus so long and keenly litigated, were set down for trial before his Lordship, and a Jury, at Edinburgh, 11th May, 1830. It was arranged that the Civil Suit, at the instance of the Bank against M'Coul, concluding for the £15,000, should be tried *first*, because that case would be decisive of the other one at his

instance, for restitution of the £1800, and his damages. The Counsel for the Bank, in these interesting cases, were Francis Jeffrey and Henry Cockburn. The Counsel for Mr. M'Coul were John Peter Grant, M.P., afterwards the Right Honourable Sir John Peter Grant, Lord Chief-Justice of India, Mr Archibald Alison, and Duncan M'Neil, the present Right Honourable Lord President of the Court of Session, and First Magistrate of Scotland. What a galaxy of talent on both sides of that bar whetted for the important issue !

The Bank, of course, led their evidence. They clearly proved the robbery to the extent of nearly £50,000. When Mr. Hamilton, the Bank Teller, was giving his evidence on that head, and speaking to the description of the notes as he last saw them in the Bank safe immediately before the robbery, Mr. M'Coul, who was present in the Court, had the impudence, irrespective of his Counsel, to put some most improper questions to Mr. Hamilton, which raised the disapprobation of the Lord Chief-Commissioner. "Mr. Moffat," said his Lordship, "Mr. Moffat you must not interfere in *that* way;" whereupon Mr. Jeffrey, the sharp and glowing Counsel for the Bank, gave him this *deg*—"Mr. Moffat," said Mr. Jeffrey, with his flashing eyes and indignant tones, "Mr. Moffat, I tell you what, sir—you had better go round to *your own side of the bar*;" and with that significant salute, Mr. Moffat, or M'Coul, sat down *silenced*. The evidence proceeded. Step by step the most conclusive evidence came out against him. David Clacher, the wright; Alexander Leith, the chaise-hirer; the tavern-keeper in Edinburgh; the innkeeper at Darlington, with others, had all been examined and interrogated; and the Counsel for the Bank at last proceeded to call and put into the

witness-box a young girl, who we must now for the first time introduce to our readers, viz., Margaret M'Aulay, a niece of Mrs. Stewart, the dead landlady at the Broomielaw, in whose house it will be remembered the robbers had lodged. She had occasionally served them under her aunt while there, and it was thought she would now be able most positively to *identify* the prisoner, or defender, Mr. M'Coul, who first denied upon the record that he had ever been in Glasgow before the robbery at all. She became, therefore, one of the most important witnesses at this concluding stage of the case. Seeing her approach the box, Mr. M'Coul attempted, on some pretence or other, to *slink* out of the crowded court; but he was brought back and directly confronted with her. The honest girl, without hesitation, swore to him most pointedly; she had no doubt whatever about his identity, that he was one of the three who stayed in her aunt's house at Glasgow, for a period of nearly two months; and this, with the attempt he had just made to leave the Court, made a profound sensation both on the Court and the Jury, and all who saw it. Suffice it to say, that after the discharge of some most eloquent speeches, *pro* and *con*, the Jury unanimously returned a verdict in favour of the Bank and against M'Coul.

Immediately on the verdict being given, Mr. M'Coul, the now discomfited pursuer, or defender, attempted again to leave the Court and get away; and he did get away out of the Court for a short period, but the officers of justice were directed to keep their eyes sharply upon him; and within a few hours afterwards the Lord Advocate of Scotland, from the startling nature of the evidence disclosed in the *Civil* suit, had his *Criminal* warrant made ready for the commitment of Mr. M'Coul to prison,

accused of the original robbery. The previous extract warrant of liberation on which Mr. M'Coul had so long confidently relied, became now like a rope of sand, utterly useless to him at last. The Lord Advocate, in himself, is the most powerful warrant of any in all Scotland. He can commit, and re-commit, at pleasure, always under the control of the Court. So Mr. James Moffat, *alias* M'Coul, was speedily "*Indicted*," at the instance of the Lord Advocate, to stand trial before the Lord Justice-General and Lord Justice-Clerk and Lord Commissioners of Justiciary, for the *Capital Crime of Bank Robbery*, as aforesaid ; and his trial fixed to take place, at Edinburgh, on the 19th day of June, 1820. It forms another separate and most astonishing case, and we hope we are not fatiguing our readers by giving it, as we now propose to do.

The cool impudence, the daring effrontery, of Mr. Moffat, *alias* M'Coul, in the Civil Court, before the Lord Chief-Commissioner and Jury, did not avail him much in the *Criminal* tribunal before which he was now to appear. He came, however, to the bar of the High Court, in custody of the Edinburgh jailor and turnkeys, with a bold and defiant look, at ten o'clock, on the morning of the day mentioned, viz., Monday, 19th June, 1820. The Court, as might have been expected, was crowded to excess. On the bench were the Lord Justice-Clerk, Boyle ; with Lords Hermand, Succoth, and Meadowbank. There appeared for the Crown, Mr. Solicitor-General Wedderburn ; with Mr Hope, afterwards Justice-Clerk ; and Mr. Henry Home Drummond, of Blairdrummond, Advocate-Depute. There appeared for the prisoner, Mr Menzies, afterwards Lord Chief-Justice of Ceylon ; with Mr. M'Neill, the present noble head of the Court ; and it is

most pleasant for us, in common, as we are sure it is, with all the people in Scotland, to recognise him now in that most dignified capacity.

It was then mooted that the prisoner's most able Counsel—Menzies and M'Neill, then young men, not long at the bar—were to take *objections* to the indictment against the panel, in which, if they succeeded, he might still hope to escape. The chief objection, we remember, was, that the criminal letters, or indictment, had not been served on the prisoner in presence of *two* attesting witnesses; and there were other objections which we need not describe. Long and eloquent arguments were raised on both sides of the bar. The Court at first seemed much struck with some of them. They complimented Mr. M'Neill on what they were pleased truly to term his "masterly arguments." They intimated that they required time to deliberate carefully over them; therefore the case was adjourned till Thursday. On that day the Judges again met, but they repelled the objections taken by the prisoner's Counsel; sustained the indictment as relevant to infer the pains of law; and ordered the trial peremptorily to proceed on the following Monday morning, at 10 o'clock.

It was now neck or nothing—life or death, for James Moffat, *alias* M'Coul. Long before the hour of trial the Parliament Square was again crowded; and when the doors of the Court were opened, the rush for admission was almost terrific. All the witnesses for the Crown were duly marshalled. They had been kept in safe custody for some days previous, as when the case was first called, and the above objections taken, it was found that a most material witness for the Crown was somehow or other absent; and it was feared, or surmised, that the case for

the Crown might, after all, break down by that continued absence.

Now all was ripe and ready for action. In a bold tone the prisoner pled, "*Not Guilty.*" His declarations were first put in and admitted. In these he had the assurance still to deny that he had ever been in Glasgow previous to the Bank robbery of 14th July, 1811. The robbery itself was again most clearly established by the evidence of Mr. Hamilton, the Bank accountant ; by Mr. Hodgert, another of the tellers ; and by old John Robertson, the Bank porter. Then the Counsel for the Crown followed this up by the clear evidence of the young woman lately referred to, viz., Margaret M'Aulay, who again identified the prisoner as being one of the very men who had lodged in her aunt's house, in Glasgow, for the period already stated. This was fatal to his declaration of ever having been in Glasgow prior to the robbery. Then Mr. David Clacher, the wright, who had viewed the three robbers behind the wall opposite the Bank, early on the Sunday morning of the robbery, arranging their parcels, recognised the prisoner as one of the three on that occasion. He, the witness, had no doubt about him. Then Mr. Alexander Leith, our old friend the chaise-hirer, also identified the prisoner as being one of the three who came to him and hired his chaise for Airdrie, between five and six of that Sunday morning, and going away in it with their parcels. Mr Leith stated that while the chaise was making ready, they swallowed in his house, for he had the license, two gills of the best Jamaica rum, with two bowls of milk, besides bread and cheese in plenty. This was their morning's *breakfast*, with the fruits of the robbery in their possession, amounting to many thousands of pounds sterling. Then

the different post-boys, or chaise-drivers, who rode to Edinburgh; besides the innkeeper in Rose Street, where they got their hurried *dinner* on Sunday, and drank a bottle of wine over it, all identified the prisoner, Mr. M'Coul. Mr. Boniface, at Darlington, who had innocently enough exchanged two of the twenty pound notes, also identified the prisoner at the bar. This our readers may think might be deemed pretty conclusive, and perfectly sufficient evidence in any case. But the Bank, in unison with the Crown lawyers, had determined to leave no stone unturned to obtain a sure conviction against the audacious prisoner. Another important witness, therefore, was called—no other than Mrs. White, the *widow* of Hufsey White, his *socius criminus*, who had disgorged £10,000 or £12,000 to save his neck, when taken in London, and was set free; but was afterwards captured and *executed*, as we have already stated, for another most daring robbery, viz., the robbery of the London and Leeds mail coach. She had disappeared from Court at the previous diet—some thought she had been kidnapped by Mr. M'Coul's agents—but she was now safely brought into Court by one of the macers, and all eyes were intensely directed toward her; and no wonder, for hers, indeed, was a most pitiable and remarkable life. She—clad in deed mourning—calmly described the unexpected arrival of her ill-fated husband from Glasgow in London, on Wednesday morning after the robbery—the candid account he apparently gave of it to her in perfect confidence—the great booty he expected from the hands of Mr. M'Coul—the supper on the head of it, prepared for the *banditti*, in Scoltcock's house; who, it may also be remembered, had made, on the prisoner's special employment, the *false* keys for entering the Bank

in Glasgow, on which we need not further dwell—with the sudden entrance of the Bow Street police-officers—the seizure of the petrified husband—the escape of M'Coul, or rather his non-appearance in Scoltcock's house when the officers took possession of it, all as previously narrated. This witness, Mrs. White, from her position, and the singular nature of her evidence, became a most terrible witness against Mr. M'Coul, the prisoner at the bar. But an important point was here raised by the prisoner's acute Counsel, viz., that this was not legal evidence to touch the accused, because Mrs. White's husband, on whose statement, or information, she mainly relied, was an *infamous* person, capitally convicted, and, therefore, that the Court could not receive such evidence. The Court reserved the point, but received the evidence, *cum nota*, that is, for what it was worth, in the estimation of the Jury. But, at last, a far more important witness than Huffey White's widow was called into the box. This was Mr. John Scoltcock himself, the famous London blacksmith, of whom we have been narrating so much. When the prisoner at the bar beheld him, as he steadily held up his right hand and took the oath, Mr. M'Coul, for the first time in all his long experience, quivered and quailed, and nearly fainted. This remarkable and important witness, guilty in many respects though he was, went on minutely to describe how he originally formed the acquaintance of Huffey White, Harry French, and the prisoner at the bar—how he was prevailed on by the prisoner to make an assortment of skeleton keys, blanks, pick-locks, punches, files, and other implements of house-breaking—how the prisoner corresponded with him by letters, from Glasgow, about some of the keys, and sent plans of the Paisley Bank, with some of the drawers and safes therein—how,

when some of the skeleton keys did not exactly fit, Mr. M'Coul himself came up to London, with wax figures and wooden models of some of the key-holes of the Bank, to enable him, the witness, "to do the needful"—and how, after the robbery was accomplished, they came to his house in Tower Street, London, rejoicing over their spoil—their vast fortune, as they called it, in Glasgow—and promised to reward the witness himself handsomely, after he, Mr. M'Coul, had "*smashed*," that is, converted, the Scotch notes into genuine gold; a promise, however, which the prisoner at the bar and his associates failed to perform. They were "*nick't*," he said, in the very act of rewarding him, if the *supper* in his own house, on that fatal evening, had been safely digested!

This, on the part of Mr. Scoltcock, who, some may think, should also have been an arraigned prisoner at the bar, was direct, special, and clenching evidence against the panel, Mr. M'Coul. His head was now drooping very low. But another important witness from London was next called, viz., Mr. Wooler, a money changer, or trafficker in foreign and domestic notes. He deponed to the fact, that the prisoner had actually proposed to deal with him for the disposal, at least, of some £14,000 or £15,000 of "Scotch Bank Notes," but that the proposal somehow was broken off. It was utterly in vain for the prisoner to rebut this fresh, strong body of evidence by showing that, either by horse-racing, or any other contrivance, he had amassed such an enormous amount of Scotch notes, especially of the Union Bank of Paisley. Finally, the famous London police-officers, so often referred to, viz., Lavender and Vickery, were called. They gave a short, but interesting, description of their searches in London in quest of the three robbers, ending by the catastrophe of

that rare supper in London, which led to such astonishing results.

It was now drawing to midnight, when all the extraordinary evidence, on this extraordinary trial, was at last concluded. The elaborate speeches of the learned and ingenious Counsel on both sides of the bar were then delivered, with what effect may soon be seen. The Lord Justice-Clerk, at broad daylight in the morning—for the Court had never once adjourned except for a few minutes to take some necessary refreshments—delivered his emphatic charge to the Jury. The Jury, without retiring from their box, announced their verdict, unanimously finding the prisoner guilty of the capital crime, as charged in the indictment. He was, with great solemnity, decerned and adjudged to be *executed* at Edinburgh, on Wednesday the 26th of July following, between the hours of eight and ten of the forenoon. On hearing his sentence, which left little or no hope of mercy to him in this world, he became tremulous and deadly pale. All his previous defiant looks either forsook or deserted him, or left him utterly prostrate; and it is a remarkable fact, that when the turnkeys visited him in his condemned cell soon afterwards, they could scarcely recognise him as being the same man, for the fine jet black hair of his head had become all of a sudden nearly grey. Let physiologists, or other scientific doctors, descant on this as they may, the fact is perfectly true. His fancied wife, or mistress, had been all this while hovering about Edinburgh. It was thought that with the sentence of death passed upon him, he would have made confessions, or revelations, about many of the missing notes, or of other great robberies and crimes in which it was supposed he had been connected, including the robbery and murder, in

Edinburgh, of poor William Begbie, the messenger of the Bank of Scotland. Great and unknown exertions were undoubtedly made for M'Coul in influential quarters ; for on the morning of Sunday, the 16th of July, a "*respite*" came down, from King George the Fourth, to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, to postpone his execution for one month. That month had nearly elapsed when another respite came down to him for another month. That second month had also nearly elapsed when a *third* respite arrived, extending it "during the King's pleasure."

This was a most marvellous and tantalizing line of procedure certainly, wholly unexampled in regard to the sacred exercise of the royal authority, in the criminal annals of Scotland. It could only be defended, if defended at all, on the supposition that the condemned prisoner—now the wretched man—had some important revelations to make, about the remainder of the stolen notes, and other things. None such were made by him. His *mistress*, losing all regard for him, held them secreted in another place ; she haughtily resolved to do nothing more for the condemned prisoner, and perhaps this is too often the way with the recipients of crime, after they have their wages of iniquity secure in their own pockets. She now began to upraid the wretched culprit as a great villain, "richly deserving of the gallows ;" and in that respect she had her wishes now very soon gratified, for the next despatch from the Secretary of State's office brought with it the imperious command to *Execute* James Moffat, or M'Coul, on a day then named, in conformity with the terms of his original sentence. Two or three days previous to the final day now fixed for execution in Edinburgh, viz., towards the 22nd of December, 1820, Mr. M'Coul contrived to end his own life, by his own hand, by swallowing arsenic,

or other poison, which had been secretly conveyed to him in prison, but by whom never known. And thus terminates the trial and fate of Mr. James Moffat, *alias* M'Coul, with which we have been so long troubling our readers. We leave them to judge whether we have created any fresh interest in it or not.

But, in truth, the remarkable story is not yet finished. Another phase occurs about it which will probably startle some of them not a little. Ten or twelve years after the above tragical termination of M'Coul himself, in the condemned prison of Edinburgh, an apparently respectable English traveller, from London, came to transact some business in Glasgow, as also in Edinburgh. He opened up an account, and made a deposit in one of the Edinburgh banks, for a sum of £750 sterling, giving in satisfaction thereof, a similar quantity of genuine notes of the Paisley Union Bank. Some of these notes were soon recognised by the Bank teller who handled them, as being part and portion of the old stolen notes of the Paisley Union Bank in Glasgow. The traveller, on being questioned, gave a candid statement of the way and manner he had received them in London. He remembered perfectly the name and designation and place of residence of the party who had so given him these notes in London. He offered to remain in custody till the Bank in Edinburgh satisfied themselves of his innocence on that point. The Bank in Edinburgh immediately apprised the surviving members of the Paisley Union Bank in Glasgow of the occurrence. They sent for Mr. Henry Miller, a very famous officer—we are glad to say, still active and alive, who is the manager, at this moment, of the City of Glasgow Guardian Society for the Protection of Trade, and to him, we think, we may confidently refer for confirma-

tion of a considerable portion of the strange facts we are now to relate. The Bank, after a confidential interview with Mr. Miller, immediately despatched him to London. On arriving there, he went, in the first instance, to old Mr. Vickery, the once famous police-officer, who, having closed all his troubles, cares, and sorrows, with thieves and robbers, and all other culprits, great and small, was enjoying his calm and peaceful retreat in the vicinity of London. Mr. Vickery was very glad to see his young, active friend, from Scotland. The old gentleman, for he was a gentleman "to the manner born," chatted over some of his exploits, and his eyes glistened with animation at the stories brought to mind about Huffey White and James M'Coul, and the Paisley Bank robberies in Glasgow; and he gave Mr. Miller some important hints, as a "brother chief," in regard to the object of his journey, or the further prosecution of his inquiries in the metropolis. After the colloquy with the renowned Mr. Vickery, Mr. Miller proceeded, without loss of time, to Sir Richard Hall, the then active magistrate of the Bow Street Police Station. Sir Richard also received him very agreeably on his important mission, and went heartily into the explained business. A warrant was speedily made out, or some authority was given, for immediate search and seizure, in the house of a well-known gentleman, doing business in a certain way, on a pretty large scale, in the city of London; and who had a splendid residence out of London, with his carriage, and retinue of servants, &c., but as he is still alive, we may well refrain, in the meantime, giving his name in this "delicate investigation," especially as we have no desire to injure him in the slightest degree. With the aid of a Bow Street police-officer, placed at his disposal by Sir Richard Hall, Mr. Henry

Miller started on his important mission to the country house of the aforesaid gentleman, and reached it at an early, but not inconvenient, hour of the following morning, ready to catch him, and make a careful search, or examination of him, in his premises, ere he started, as he pretty regularly did, for his business in the city, or the Royal Exchange of London, in the forenoon. Mr. Miller found the above gentleman quietly walking in his pleasant garden that morning, and examining his beautiful flowers. He at once told him the rather unpleasant purpose of this visit; but not put about in the least degree by it, he rather smiled, and told, to the astonishment of Mr. Miller himself, that he had been apprised of it already. He, therefore, in a tone of the most perfect confidence, desired Mr. Miller and assistant to search his premises in any way they pleased; but, at the same time, he warned them that if they went beyond their prescribed limits, he would make them responsible, though it should cost him thousands of Bank of England money. He offered to meet them, in the course of the same day, at Mr. Miller's hotel in London, which was Gerald's Hall, off Cheapside Street, and to communicate to Mr. Miller, without breach of confidence, all the information in his power. With this offer, apparently so frankly and sincerely made, Mr. Miller at once acceded, nor had he any reason to regret doing so, as the sequel will soon show. True to his word, the gentlemen referred to, accompanied by an eminent attorney, met Mr. Miller in the above place; again warning him a second time, that if he proceeded any farther, or published, or propagated, any statement whatever implicating him with the robbery, he would bring his action at law against him (Miller), and all concerned. This was somewhat like Mr. M'Coul in *embryo*, if we may call

it, with his actions against the Paisley Union Bank Secretary. Mr. Miller, however, responded with tact and civility in this strange encounter ; and the short and the long of it was, that negotiations, in the most amiable, or friendly spirit, were soon opened up, about the "*restitution*" of the remaining bank notes !

Mrs. M'Coul, now passing by the name of Mrs. Reynolds, had been living, richly and luxuriantly enough, since the death of her first husband in Edinburgh Jail, if husband he really was, in some freehold property—which she had purchased, there is little reason to doubt, with some of the spoils—in the neighbourhood of Gerald's Square, almost in the very heart of the city of London. On the day after the above interview with the gentleman referred to, and his attorney, two other persons called on Mr. Miller, at his hotel, and, after exchanging some common-place civilities, requested to know the amount of "*reward*" that would be given if the remainder of the Paisley notes were quietly put into his possession. "Not one sixpence," answered Mr Miller, "though £10,000 of those notes were at that moment counted over to him." They stared with some surprise at each other. They then commenced to ask him whether he had any inventory, or list, or numbers of the stolen notes, to prove them. This, on their part, was a natural enough question. Mr. Miller at once perceived its importance. He answered it dexterously, but candidly. "I have," said he, "no inventory beside me this moment, but I can easily get it in a very short time ; and if they would just have the goodness to wait upon him again, at the same place and hour, on the following day, he would then show it to them, with the precise numbers of the notes, and all about it." They agreed to do this. Mr. Miller, in truth, had no such

inventory in his possession ; but, after they went away, he sat down, or rather he sat up all night, manufacturing an inventory out of his own brain. He saw they were illiterate people, and could not read running numbers on any paper ; but he did not allow them to go away, or slip from his fingers, without setting a careful watch on their motions, in order that he might pounce upon them in their own rendezvous, and search there, with the London police, if other things failed. It has oftentimes been stated that there is occasionally some *honesty* even amongst thieves, or their associates. So the parties, true to their word, returned to Mr. Miller on the following day. He at once presented them his own concocted inventory ; telling them, besides, that all the numbers of the missing (stolen) notes were then perfectly well known to all the bankers in London, and to every banker in the kingdom ; and that it was impossible any more of the Paisley Union Bank notes could be vended, without detection, followed by condign, or capital punishment. They knit their brows, and again pressed him for some "*reward*." He was firm and resolute on that point, and would give nothing—no, not so much as one sovereign. They finally left him, but he, with his detectives, had them in his eye all the while. He was now prepared, right seriously, to make capture of them, and arranging his plans for the following day ; but this was rendered unnecessary, by the following unexpected and extraordinary incident which now took place. Towards midnight of that same evening, or very early on the following morning, there came to him, to his address at the above hotel, a huge sealed package, actually containing the remainder of the Paisley Union Bank notes, to a large amount ! No conditions were attached to it of any kind ;

no questions were asked, and none were given in reply. The parcel itself, after what had just occurred, significantly enough told its own tale ; and, therefore, rejoicing with it in his sure possession, Henry Miller expeditiously returned with it to Glasgow, and soon placed it in the hands of his clients, who had engaged him to go to London. These gentlemen were, of course, most exceedingly surprised and delighted with the result ; and we do not think we are guilty of any great breach of confidence when we state that they rewarded Mr. Miller, for his trouble, with a sum of five hundred guineas. His useful and diversified career in this city, is happily not yet terminated ; and we hope he will long continue to be a terror to evil doers, and a praise and protection to such as do well. In any event, we feel persuaded that he will not charge us with exaggeration in any part of this story, which might be interwoven with some of the remarkable criminal annals of Scotland : and, as such, we present it to our readers with all fidelity. But we have some other treats to give, or events to narrate—of equal, if not surpassing importance—if we are not really transgressing on the patience of our readers, whose numbers, we rejoice to learn, are rapidly increasing, in a way we never expected, over the three kingdoms.

CHAPTER VI.

THE REV. NEIL DOUGLAS OF GLASGOW, AND HIS
TRIAL FOR SEDITION BEFORE THE HIGH COURT
OF JUSTICIARY.

THERE was, as we very well remember, a most extraordinary character of a preacher in this city, in the year 1817 ; and at that time he was in the zenith of his popularity, viz., the Rev. Neil Douglas, representing what was called “the Evangelical Union,” or some other name, into the merits of which we cannot, of course, enter :

“ For points of faith, let senseless bigots fight,
That man can ne’er be wrong whose life is in the right.”

Mr Douglas lived in the upper flat of one of the fine old tenements in the Stockwell, wherein the Dukes of Argyll and their retinues were wont to reside, when they came in their chariots, as they occasionally did, to Glasgow, in the winter months, from their old castle of Roseneath—burned to the ground a great number of years ago, long before the present elegant structure at Roseneath began to be built by the grand uncle of the present Duke ; whom, by the bye, George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, enticed, with the Earl of Moira and others, into deep gambling transactions, otherwise the present castle of Roseneath. with its projected style of offices,

might have been one of the most magnificent structures in Scotland. We remember of seeing, very frequently, the old Duke referred to in Glasgow, who was an exceedingly handsome man, accompanied sometimes by his two sisters, viz., Ladies Augusta and Charlotte Campbell, two of the most celebrated beauties in the Court of George the Third ; amongst, also, with the beautiful Lady Paget, wife of the Earl of Uxbridge, afterwards Marquis of Anglesey, with whom the Duke fell in love, and ran away with, but latterly married, after the due ceremonials of the Divorce Court were carried through. The Marquis, it may be remembered, fought with heroic valour at Waterloo, and lost one of legs on that field, which led to many lines of poetry about him ; but he and the Duke, notwithstanding of the above affair, afterwards walked arm in arm together, and dined frequently at the table of George the Fourth. Our old friend "Senex," has stated the fact, that when Lady Charlotte Campbell, in particular, came to visit some of our haberdashers' shops—then few and far between—in the Trongate, or Argyll Street, such was her transcendent beauty, that crowds ran after her to get a glimpse of her, and tell that they had really seen her.

"For ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A nymph, a naiad, or a grace,
Of lovelier form or finer face."

Lady Paget, afterwards Duchess of Argyle, had a mis-carriage, at Dumbarton, otherwise the present family might have been elbowed out.

The old, ancient house in Stockwell, thus occupied by the Argyll family, has long since been demolished, as many other ancient and dignified dwelling houses in Glasgow have been, to make way for modern buildings, to serve less noble, but more lucrative purposes ; nor is it deroga-

tory here to make the observation, that the Dukes of Montrose had once their "pavillion" up near the Drygate of Glasgow, forming now the site of the wings of the Bridewell, or North Prison, of Glasgow. But the Stockwell — the ancient Stockwell — stands, in some of its parts, in bold relief still. It was feued originally, as we learn from ancient records, so far back as the year 1345. It formed the leading thoroughfare to the only bridge that for many centuries spanned the river Clyde in Glasgow; and we felt somewhat elated, when, with hundreds, nay with thousands, of others, we stood, not many years ago, on the centre of the spacious *new* bridge, when it was opened by Mr York, the Deacon-Convener of the Trades' House of Glasgow, whose demise we have to notice since the first number of these Reminiscences were published. He was, we respectfully take leave to remark, one of the most enterprising builders of the city, as some of his works may, for ages to come, testify; and, in person, he resembled the profile of King George the Third, as appearing on the coins of the realm, more than any other person we ever saw.

But the old, wonderful Glasgow *preacher*, viz., Neil Douglas, the subject of our present article, starts up vividly before us, in his huge brown wig, and ancient habiliments, at a time when we were studying the law, not certainly the prophets, in the University of Glasgow. Mr. Douglas, we may remark, was connected by marriage with some of the best families in Scotland. He had no church of his own, properly so called, but, with the money of his wife, he rented, for a moderate sum, the old original "Andersonian Institution," then No. 2 of Upper John Street; which admirable Institution, we need hardly inform our Glasgow readers, was built and endowed, in the

year 1795, by the eminent and patriotic Mr James Anderson, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. That old Institution has since been supplanted by the modern, but more splendid one, nearer St. George's Square. It may not be presumptuous for us to state that, among other things, we have one of the original letters, written in a fine old Roman hand, by the estimable Professor, to one of his favourite students, who had gone away and played the *truant*, at Hamilton, beseeching him to return to his classes ; and, probably, ere we are done with these Reminiscences, we will place that letter, if the Directors are willing to receive it, in the archives of the Andersonian University, *quantum valeat*.

The Rev. Mr. Douglas, we are sorry to remark, was vexed and cursed by a most blackguard son, who utterly despised all the good moral precepts of his father. He was banished forth of the city, with deep disgrace ; and that had no small effect in securing for Mr. Douglas himself a considerable degree of public and private sympathy.

“Oh, for a better law to noose the villian's neck
Who starves his own ; who persecutes the blood
He gave them in his children's veins, and hates
And scorns the woman he has sworn to love !”

The old, rev. gentleman, for he was now approaching his 70th year, had, somehow or other, imbibed, for reasons best known to himself, a tremendous amount of hatred against King George the Third, and “his prodigal son,” as he called him, the then Prince Regent—afterwards George the Fourth. Nothing could soften his wrath, even in the pulpit on Sunday, against those Royal personages. Nor did they stand alone in that respect. He was equally fierce and furious against the then House of Commons, for

he did not hesitate, on diverse occasions, to declare from his pulpit, "that it was a den of the most infernal corruption;" and when he condescended at times to be somewhat more moderate in his language respecting *Parliament*, the moderation of it only consisted in this, that some of the members of the House, which he named, were bought and sold, like so many *bullocks*, in the market for filthy lucre, furnished by the devil! This was startling enough, and much stronger, a great deal, than any of the other most violent reformers of the day had ventured to utter; but still, as Mr Douglas was a minister of the gospel, and otherwise highly connected, it was thought he was a sort of privileged person, entitled to say anything he pleased in his own "*poopit*"—Anglice, pulpit. He soon found out his mistake, however, as we shall presently show. He had publicly announced a course of lectures, to be given by him in the Andersonian on Sunday, on the "Prophecies of Daniel," &c. Amongst the first of these lectures, on a fine summer Sunday afternoon, to a crowded audience, he became perfectly furious in some of his *political* flights. He had the temerity to liken the good old amiable George the Third, then an invalid in Windsor Castle, as worse, in his mental and corporeal capacity, than *Nebuchadnezzar*, the king of the Jews; and, as for his son and heir, George, Prince Regent, he designated him as a poor infatuated creature, over head and ears in love with jolly Bacchus; and, as for his "*concubines*," whose names and designations he also did not hesitate to give without a blush, he scattered them with awful blasts of fire and brimstone, without mercy. Crowds after crowds innumerable, ran to hear these absurd, or senseless "sensation lectures." Nothing could withstand some of his vehement and ungovernable de-

nunciations on these, to him, most kindred topics ; yet, in many other respects, he was a most amiable, easy, and obliging man. He was in stature rather small ; and in person, lean and lank, and sallow complexioned. But he had a voice terrible for its power ; it might be heard a long way off indeed, from his pulpit, and those who once heard it could scarcely forget it again, it was so uncommon—scarcely of the earth, earthy. When the perspiration came trickling down his lean cheeks, as it often did in summer weather in the course of his animated effusions, he would think nothing of throwing off his curly wig, and wiping his face with a large towel, always beside him in the pulpit—he never wore any gown—and when he resumed the thread of his discourse, after this momentary relaxation, he looked like some sepulchral spirit conjured up by the painters of old. He was, we remember, on one particular occasion, very much tormented with a swarm of flies, joined with some wasps, buzzing about his ears and other places of his person ; he tried frequently to clear them away, with his hands thrown out in the most fantastical manner, while he was launching forth, with some tremendous philippics, against Lords Sidmouth and Castlereagh, to whom he also bore a mortal grudge, as was evident from the whole tenor of his discourses. The insects, however, were again re-appearing, and tormenting him more than ever. It was an excessively hot afternoon, both outside and inside of the tabernacle. He stopped abruptly for a moment, and, thrusting out his clenched fists, as if to catch a handful of them, and slay the insects, his tormentors, on the spot ;—or suiting the action to the words, or the words to the action—as hath been said of other divines—he broke out with his exclamation, much to the astonishment of his numerous

auditory—"Yes, my brethren, the *enemies* of our country will go to —, as sure as I catch these troublesome and tormenting wasps;" but, opening his fists to gaze at his supposed capture, the vermin escaped, and flew away, and he made this excuse to his auditory—"Feggs, my brethren, I've missed them." He then, after the half-suppressed titter of his auditory, resumed his awful battery against some of the conspicuous living statesmen of the day; and, certes, he missed few of them from his Pandemonium. It is said truly, that comparisons are sometimes odious. We may be pardoned for the statement here, namely, that we have had the privilege of hearing, or listening, to very many preachers, of one kind or another, for more than half a century, but, of all the preachers we ever heard, none could excel the Rev. Neil Douglas, for stamping or thumping, or the hot fire of his eloquence, when he became fairly excited with his inflammable matter. Even the elder Kean, whom we have often seen on the boards of the old Theatre Royal, in Queen Street, in his Richard the Third, Sir Giles Overreach, and other characters, could not match, for vehemence of speech and rapidity of action, this old, celebrated Glasgow preacher. And if his "place of worship"—if that be a proper name for it—could have held 10,000 persons, in place of 500, we are persuaded it would not have contained all the numbers rushing and panting to hear him, on some of his grand occasions. He might be said to be the *Spurgeon* of Glasgow, on a grander scale.

At last, the Magistrates of the city got rather uneasy, if not alarmed, at the tenor of some of his extraordinary discourses which had reached their official ears. They, therefore, engaged three of the most expert town-officers of the city, whom we remember very well, viz., John

M'Callum, Alexander Taylor, and James Perrie, to go and attend the remainder of these lectures, and to be sure and take down, in careful memorandum, all he said, in particular about Nebuchadnezzar and the King, and the Prince Regent, and the House of Commons. This was quite a new and unexampled task for these officers—a complete style of different legal work, certainly, to any they had ever tried. They could execute summonses, acts of warding, hornings, and captions plenty—or other things of that sort, in the legal way—but to follow at the heels of a minister, or, rather, look straight in his very face, and take down his actual words, within the circumbendibus of his own pulpit, was, they thought, rather beyond the lawful or legitimate province of their own peculiar cloth ; nevertheless, they dare not refuse, nor kick against the pricks ; for as their superiors, the Magistrates, had required them to do this duty, do it they must, and there was no use any longer in shaking their heads about it. Somehow or other, the douce officers, and their sonsy wives, in the Bridgegate—a grand place of its day—began to “*blab*” about it, as the saying was, or to talk, as we should say now, about the wonderful sermons of that wonderful preacher, thrilling through Glasgow ; and this they did ere the next series of his lectures commenced, on which their worthy husbands were to be so deeply employed ; and thus it came to pass that Mr. Douglas was apprised, by some of his enthusiastic admirers, that he had better take care of his hand with his sermons now, as “*three spies*,” in the shape of town-officers, were coming in order to hear him, by order of the Magistrates, next Sunday. Unfortunately for the town-officers, in their excess of zeal to get as near as possible to the pulpit, in order to catch the true sound of his voice, or the real

ipsissime verba of his lecture, they squatted themselves down on the steps of the stairs leading directly to his pulpit. On his entrance thereunto, he soon eyed them, but he commenced the service with perfect serenity. This first part of it decently over, he began to clear his throat for the real mettle. He soon looked down from one side of the pulpit, and then from the other side of it, fiercely eying the town-officers, clad partly in their red habiliments, and he began, literally, to give it them, perhaps not unlike one of the enraged bulls of Bashan, which we read of elsewhere. The congregation soon saw that there was something "brewing in the wind." On he came to Nebuchadnezzar, with some of his usual comparisons, stamping and thumping in the most tremendous style, far more violent now in his language than he had ever been before. And, then, how he did burst forth on the three town-officers themselves, whom he surveyed underneath him, scribbling away with their pencils and paper, and now looking at each other somewhat aghast, as much as to say this is dread Sunday work certainly. He charged them as being a parcel of "infernal scamps, or spies, sent, *not* by Nebuchadnezzar, but by Beelzebub the Devil, from the Council Chambers, to entrap him;" and such was the vehemence of his personal wrath against them, and the dagger-like looks manifested by some of the congregation also towards them, that they became, at this stage, fairly *non-plussed*, and were glad to cease writing, and throw aside their pencils and their paper, and afterwards to strut with them away in their breeches' pockets; resolving to trust to their own unaided memories for the remainder of his lecture, which, after all, was the spiciest and most inflammable part of it. That lecture, or call it what you please, we can have no reason to doubt, made a very deep

impression, indeed, on the three decent town-officers—they could scarcely forget the fire and brimstone which was also to be heaped on their devoted heads, for coming with the intent they did to hear him. The like of it they certainly never heard, nor any person else in the city; so when they went to the Council Chambers, at the Jail, on the following morning, they told what had happened, as distinctly as they remembered, to the sitting Magistrates, which petrified their honours not a little in their own judgment-seat. They commanded the immediate attendance of Mr. Andrew Simpson, the then young, active Procurator-Fiscal, who had succeeded old Mr. John Bennett, and Mr. Simpson presently took from them a *written* precognition, or declaration, giving “the awful words” of the Rev. Neil Douglas, time and place above mentioned; which precognition the three town-officers duly subscribed with their own hands, without the smallest doubt or hesitation on their parts, at the time. That precognition, with other papers, was in due course transmitted to Lord Advocate M’Conochie, in Edinburgh; and within a very few days afterwards orders came from the Crown Counsel to seize—greatly to his own consternation—the person of the said Rev. Neil Douglas, as guilty of the crime of High Treason, or Sedition, and to imprison him in the Jail of Glasgow till liberated in due course of law.

He was INDICTED to appear before the High Court of Justiciary, at Edinburgh, on the 26th of May, 1817, on the modified charge of “Sedition,” or of “wicked sedition,” in his pulpit, as aforesaid.

The three town-officers already referred to were, of course, to be the chief, or principal witnesses against the accused on his trial. In fact, on their united testimony,

as contained in their written and subscribed precognition, just referred to, the Lord Advocate and his Solicitor-General and Advocates-Depute, confidently relied for a sure and speedy conviction against the reverend panel, who, by this time, had become much alarmed about it himself. In fact, everybody in Glasgow believed that he would be transported "beyond seas" to a certainty. But, as good luck would have it for him, at this important juncture of his fate, the town-officers began to dispute among themselves as to the real words, or the true meaning or import thereof, as they heard him on that memorable Sunday afternoon. Some *official* jealousy had sprung up between them: the one thought his own dignity was superior to that of the other, his *junior* in office; the junior, on the other hand, thought that his memory was fresher and clearer, and more to be depended on, than any of the elder twain. Hence, as the day of trial approached, the hitherto united *trio* came to be seriously divided in opinion on the subject; and the old proverb is, that "when a house is divided against itself, it cannot very well stand." The longer they now talked, the more they came to be at variance about the prisoner's exact lecture. All this, of course, was kept under their own thumbs, and utterly unknown to the prisoner himself or his agents. In fact, the latter thought that he had "little or no chance of escape," under his indictment, from Botany Bay.

These three intelligent, and otherwise perfectly correct witnesses, singular to say, on the memorable day of trial in Edinburgh, became perfectly bewildered and bamboozled about it more than they had ever been in Glasgow. Their memories seemed to have fled from them in the most essential particulars. They, no doubt, remembered the words, Nebuchadnezzar, and Beelzebub, and the

Devil, perfectly well, and could lay much emphasis thereupon, but the grand *application* of the lecture became like a myth, or the mountain clouds, to them. It was lost in various ways; they could not really tell why or wherefore! In their perplexity, they requested to have their memories *refreshed* by their written precognition to the Fiscal in Glasgow, by which they said they would abide, and their precognition was about to be shown to them, to clear up and strengthen their evidence against the prisoner. "No, no," said FRANCIS JEFFREY (the eloquent Counsel for the accused), "these procognitions shan't be shown; they cannot bear any faith in judgment;" and he started a powerful objection to the competency of the precognition, contending that it was to the *facts* then spoken to on their oaths, and not on the previous precognitions at all, that the Court for the Jury could attend on that trial. In this view the Court concurred, and the *precognitions* became the real safety of the prisoner, almost as marvellously as did the roll of tobacco, which we described in the previous striking trial of Andrew M'Kinlay.

The case, in short, against the reverend prisoner absolutely broke down, through the *lapsus* of their own chief witnesses. The Solicitor-General, Wedderburn, abandoned it, with some degree of mortification on his lips. The late unhappy, but now surprised and rejoicing prisoner, was cordially congratulated by his eminent Counsel on this sudden, unexpected result; and Mr. Douglas returned to Glasgow in a frame of mind better, we doubt not, in every view, than when he left it for Edinburgh; for he took the opportunity of stating in most respectful language to the Lord Justice-Clerk, ere he left the bar of the Justiciary Court, that he would never more lecture about

Nebuchadnezzar, nor say any words derogatory of his gracious Majesty the King, or to the disparagement of both Houses of Parliament.

We believe he faithfully kept his word. Peace, then, to his memory !

THE PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY TAKEN UP FOR SEDITION OR TREASON IN GLASGOW.

BUT another venerable *clerical* event occurred in this city in bygone years, in the person of a very different, and more exalted gentleman, viz., Mr. John Mylne, the venerable and highly accomplished Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, which we may as well describe now.

Almost the whole of the *twenty* professors of that date were good, staunch Tories of the Pitt, or olden school, with the exception, probably, of four, viz., Professor Mylne, above referred to; old Mr. George Jardine, Professor of Logic; Dr. Richard Miller, Professor of *Materia Medica*; and Mr. Jas. Miller, Professor of Mathematics. These four gentlemen were of the liberal, or Whig school. They rather admired the principles of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox; and they attended the anniversary of his birth given regularly by a public dinner, at one guinea per head, in the Black Bull Ball-room, then a very celebrated place in Glasgow. In fact, the occasion of the celebration of Mr. Fox's birth-day in Glasgow was almost the only occasion afforded at that remote period of ventilating anything in the shape of *Politics*, or political sentiments of any kind whatever. The Corporation of the City, as we formerly remarked, was then close, self-elected, and Toryish almost to a man. No reporter

whatever, from any section of the press, was permitted to enter its inner chambers, or to note down a single syllable of any of its meetings ; and not so much as the “ whisper of discontent ” was heard emanating from its walls. The Provost, Bailies, and Councillors worshipped cordially under the *political* banners of the Right Honourable William Pitt ; and they also regularly held the anniversary of his birth-day in the Assembly Rooms, or in the Town Hall at the Cross—a splendid old apartment it was of ancient days—the walls whereof were decorated with trophies, and full length portraits of James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England, Charles the First, Charles the Second, James the Second, William the Third, Queen Mary, Queen Anne, George the First, George the Second, George the Third, and Archibald, Duke of Argyle, in his robes as Lord Justice-General of Scotland ; while at the head of the room stood a full length statue in marble—by Flaxman—of Mr. Pitt himself. We have been at many civic banquets in that place—the last on the occasion of Her Majesty’s first gracious visit to Glasgow—since which period the ancient Town Hall has been dismantled, and these paintings and the statue of Pitt have been removed to the M’Lellan Galleries—some call them the Incorporation Galleries—founded by the late Archibald M’Lellan, Esq., of whom we may have occasion to speak hereafter. But seeing that we are near the Cross now, we may go on to observe that the Music Bells, in the old steeple thereof, played the following tunes stately, viz. :—On Sunday, “Easter Hymn ;” Monday, “Gilderoy ;” Tuesday, “Nancy’s to the green wood gane ;” Wednesday, “Tweed-side ;” Thursday, “The lass o’ Patie’s Mill ;” Friday, “The last time I came o’er the Muir ;” Saturday, “Roslin Castle,” &c., &c.

Reverting to our main story, we have to state that the Pitt Club and the Fox Club were originally great things of their day in Glasgow, as well as over the three kingdoms. There was a complete line of demarcation between the principles of each—a clear and palpable difference of political sentiment—which led not unfrequently to much personal feeling, and sometimes to personal annoyance, even in the highest grades. The first Glasgow Fox Club was sometimes graced with the presence of the then Duke of Hamilton, his brother Lord Archibald Hamilton, and it rarely missed the father of the late Sir John Maxwell, Bart., of Polloc. On the other hand, the Glasgow Pitt Club relied on the then Duke of Montrose, the then Earl of Glasgow, and it rarely missed old Archibald Campbell of Blythswood; therefore there were men of rank ranged against each other on both sides.

It was difficult to get any of the city clergymen to grace the Fox Club—they rather preferred the Pitt one—but in order to prevent the Tories from saying, as they sometimes tauntingly did, that the Whigs, or the Foxites, were nothing but “a graceless and a godless set,” Professor Mylne pretty regularly officiated at the Fox anniversary, by asking the blessing “for the good things of this life,” and he in consequence got the name of the “Whig Chaplain.”

From his eminent position in the College, it was frequently the duty of Professor Mylne to give a lecture or a sermon to the students on Sunday, in the Common Hall of the University, and many of them liked to hear him wonderfully well, for he was a favourite with most of them. Politics, however, were bitter keen even on a Sunday at that time. They raged almost like the stormy billows.

Many yet amongst us may remember that the great Napoleon Bonaparte, the uncle of the present Emperor of the French, made his escape from the Island of Elba, where he had been for some time closely confined as a prisoner, by the Allied Sovereigns of Europe, in order, as they declared, to prevent him from disturbing the peace of the world.

The news of this wonderful escape of Napoleon, which in a few weeks afterwards led to the famous battle of Waterloo, where Napoleon was overthrown by the immortal Duke of Wellington, reached Glasgow on Sunday morning, 26th of March, 1815. It was the especial duty of Professor Mylne to officiate in the College Hall that forenoon. On this occasion he commenced the sacred service by giving out the 107th Psalm. The words are as follows, and to them we would now crave attention:—

Praise God, for he is good : for still
His mercies lasting be.
Let God's redeem'd say so, whom he
From th' en'my's hand did free ;
And gather'd them out of the lands,
From north, south, east, and west.
They stray'd in desert's pathless way,
No city found to rest.

For thirst and hunger in them faints
Their soul. When straits them press,
They cry unto the Lord, and he
Them frees from their distress.
Them also in a way to walk
That right is he did guide,
That they might to a city go,
Wherein they might abide.

For the text of his lecture, the Professor chose—Acts 11th chapter, 19th verse, and onwards. At the conclu-

sion he gave out the following verses of the 26th Paraphrase:—

Behold he comes! your leader comes,
 With might and honour crown'd ;
 A witness who shall spread my name
 To earth's remotest bound.
 See ! nations hasten to his call
 From ev'ry distant shore;
 Isles, yet unknown, shall bow to him,
 And Isr'el's God adore.

Seek ye the Lord while yet his ear
 Is open to your call ;
 While offer'd mercy still is near,
 Before his footstool fall.
 Let sinners quit their evil ways,
 Their evil thoughts forego ;
 And God, when they to him return,
 Returning grace will show.

We state this staggering fact, without the fear of contradiction from any quarter, that these very lines we have above quoted were actually construed against the venerable Professor Mylne, as amounting, at the time, to SEDITION, if not to HIGH TREASON, on his part ; and an express was sent off from Glasgow to Edinburgh that same Sunday afternoon, to apprise the Lord Advocate of this "*damnable conduct*," so it was called, of Professor Mylne ! On Monday morning, the Sheriff-Depute of the county—who had then his permanent residence in Edinburgh, as all previous Sheriff-Deputes had—was ordered by the Lord Advocate to proceed forthwith to Glasgow, to take a criminal procognition against Professor Mylne ! We may here remark that the Lord Advocate of that day was the Right Honourable Archibald Colquhoun of Garscadden and Killermont, father of the present Mr. J. C. Colquhoun of Killermont. The Lord Advocate Colquhoun,

we may remark, sat in Parliament through the political influence of the then Duke of Montrose, as Member for the County of Dumbarton ; in which county, at the last general election, it will be recollected, the extraordinary TIE took place between Mr. Stirling (Liberal), and Mr. Smollett (Conservative), exactly 1555 electors having voted on each side, so that neither of the candidates could claim the legal majority when the Sheriff declared the poll. This, however, showed, at the same time, a strength of upwards of 3000 registered electors last year in that county; whereas, when the Lord Advocate Colquhoun represented it forty years ago, we distinctly remember—for we often counted the whole of them, and knew every one of them by name and designation—there were only *seventy-four* voters, or proper freeholders, in it altogether; and, therefore, we may well smile at this prodigious change, which we have thus witnessed, from 75 to 3000 persons! It is almost fabulous for us, some may think, to speak about it in this way, but it is the undoubted and undeniable fact. We rather think this singular TIE in Dumbartonshire is unexampled in the Parliamentary annals of Scotland since the Revolution of 1688. But the same thing, on a smaller scale, we remember, occurred at one of the early Municipal Elections in Glasgow, in the days of Mr. Reddie, some thirty years ago, when a new election was ordered to take place; and probably a scrutiny or a new election for Dumbartonshire will be ordered to take place on the assembling of the new Parliament in the approaching year, 1866. Be that as it may, it is now proper for us to observe, that the Sheriff-Depute of this County of Lanark, who came out from Edinburgh to seize Professor Mylne in Glasgow, as above stated, was Robert Hamilton, Esq., Advocate, afterwards one of the

principal Clerks of Session. There was only one Sheriff-Substitute at that time in Glasgow, viz., the late Daniel Hamilton, Esq., of Gilkerscleugh, and he was the Depute's own brother. There was no Sheriff *Small Debt Court*—now so prolific—at that time in Glasgow. The idea of a Small Debt Court, swelling now with its thousands of cases per week, was at that time never once entertained. There were only four or five clerks altogether in the Sheriff-Clerk's office—and our old friend Mr. Leslie, still alive at Hamilton, was one of those clerks; the office was up a wooden stair at the back of the Lyceum, in Nelson Street; and the interior of it just contained *two* small apartments, furnished with two fir desks covered with leather, and some half-dozen of chairs and stools. Mr. Hugh Kerr, writer, Auditor of the Sheriff Court, sometimes acted as Sheriff-Substitute, in the absence of Mr. Hamilton. Mr. William Dunn Barclay was the Sheriff's Procurator-Fiscal. He was brother-in-law of Provost Jacob Dixon of Dumbar-ton, and was at one time highly esteemed, but he lost his lucrative situation by an act of bribery proven against him in some combination case, and he went all to the dogs in consequence. He was succeeded by our old, intelligent, upright, and faithful friend, the late George Salmond, Esq., who, it is not too much to say, was respected to the day of his death by men of all parties. He is succeeded by his early *protegee*, Wm. Hart, Esq., who has had more experience in Fiscal business, of one kind or another, than any other man probably alive at the present moment in Scotland.

On the Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of the memorable week above spoken to, the Sheriff-Depute and the Sheriff-Clerk, the Fiscal and his clerk, were constantly engaged in examining witnesses against Professor Mylne,

not only in the College, but in other places of the city ; and, as may easily be supposed, the circumstance that the Sheriff-Depute had come out expressly from Edinburgh, by orders from the Lord Advocate, to institute a *criminal* prosecution against the amiable Professor for his Sunday lecture, or discourse, about Bonaparte, created a vast amount of sensation amongst all ranks and classes in the city. The students were perfectly bewildered with excitement. They met in knots and clubs, discussing the matter ; and when the Professor went to *re-open* his classes on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the College Courts resounded with rapturous plaudits in his favour. The students could not possibly conceive how it was that such a man could be guilty of Sedition, much less of High Treason, and that too, in the Common Hall of the University, on the previous Sabbath.

Professor Mylne's personal friends in the city rushed to his aid. James Dennistoun, the banker ; Chas. Tennant, of St. Rollox ; Robert Graham, of Whitehill ; William Stirling, of Cordale ; John Douglas, of Barloch ; William Kippen, of Busby ; Sir John Maxwell, of Polloc (father of the late respected Baronet), and others, offered to be sureties for his appearance in any trial to any amount.

On Friday afternoon the Professor was again judicially examined and interrogated, in his own house, by the Sheriff, and the following is a true copy of his written Declaration, which we have preserved amongst many other old papers. It abundantly speaks for itself :—

DECLARATION OF MR. JAMES MYLNE.

At Glasgow, the 31st day of March, 1815 years, in the presence of Robert Hamilton, Esq., Advocate, Sheriff-Depute of the County of Lanark—

Appeared Mr. James Mylne, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the

University of Glasgow, who being examined, declares, That he is Chaplain of the said University : That he preached on Sunday the 26th March current, in said chapel : That he heard that morning, and with very deep concern and grief, the unfortunate news of the day from France : That the Psalm given out that day, and with which service began, was the 107th, several verses at the beginning ; being the psalm to which he had regularly come in the course of his official duty in the chapel : That in the concluding prayer, when speaking of public matters, the declarant expressed deep regret at the dark and gloomy prospects now presented to the nations of Europe, and reverence for that Being who can guide the furious passions of wicked men ; can render them subservient to the gracious purposes of His government ; and can overcome and restrain the excesses of such passions : That he prayed that the Governments of Europe, by the wisdom and justice of their administration, might everywhere engage the attachment and fidelity of their subjects ; and that subjects everywhere might distinguish themselves by the corresponding virtues of loyalty and patriotism : That we in particular in this country might be fully sensible of the value of our precious civil and political privileges, and that they might be handed down inviolate to the latest posterity : That the service of that forenoon was concluded by singing a part of the 26th Scripture Translation : That he read the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th verses, of which he thinks the three last were sung by the congregation : That he chose these verses as peculiarly appropriate to the subject on which he had just lectured, which was the 11th chapter of the Acts, from the beginning to the 19th verse, the passage to which he had come in the course of his regular lecture through that book : That it was not without feelings of the deepest indignation, mingled with no small degree of contempt, that the declarant heard on Monday, from Mr. Andrew Alexander, that his choice of that passage on that occasion had been so perversely and absurdly misrepresented, as to be regarded as an application to Bonaparte of language referring to the blessed Saviour of the world ; a man whom he had long regarded with sentiments of the deepest abhorrence and detestation, not only as the disturber of the peace and happiness of nations, but as the greatest enemy to the civil and political liberties of mankind : That the declarant considers the very suspicion of his being capable of such an abominable and blasphemous perversion of the solemn language of Scripture, as an injury of a very deep nature ; an injury committed not only against himself as a minister of the gospel, but

also against the University of which he is a member ; whose character must severely suffer in the estimation of mankind, if it were possible to imagine that they employed as their Chaplain one who could be capable of such an unpardonable atrocity.

(SIGNED)

JAMES MYLNE.

R. HAMILTON.

The lofty tone of that Declaration, the manly sentiments it breathed, perfectly affronted the enemies of the Professor, and the Lord Advocate would not venture to bring him to trial. The Professor therefore demanded to know from the Lord Advocate the names of his assailants or accusers. This was refused. The Professor next demanded an apology from the Lord Advocate himself, or a candid retraction of the serious charges made against him. But the Lord Advocate shrouded himself in his official mantle of office, and peremptorily refused to do the one thing or the other. On this the indignant and enraged students in the University, headed by the then young Lord Glenorchy (who was a student boarded in the house of Professor Jardine in the College, and afterwards became the Marquis of Breadalbane and Lord Chamberlain of Queen Victoria), courageously assembled in public meeting, and unanimously voted an address to the venerable Professor, some spirited passages of which are as follows:—

HONOURABLE AND REV. SIR,—Our minds have been roused to indignation by the cowardly and malicious attack which has been made upon you by certain *concealed* enemies. These are the men who are the real traitors to their country—men who, for their own selfish and crooked ends, imprint a stain upon the fair fame of our venerable laws. But we are happy to reflect that there is a punishment for such unworthy persons, and a remedy for the injuries which they inflict upon the victims of their malevolence—a punishment and a remedy which the wisdom of Providence provides, and which consist in the abhorrence which all good men conceive against *unprincipled spies*, and the love which they entertain for the innocent and injured. We

are anxious to promote this retributive consummation ; and we hope that our honest indignation, united with that of the whole public, will reach the conscience of the offenders, even through the shroud of their concealment ; and that our ardent approbation and confidence will mingle in grateful sympathy, with that undaunted consciousness of innocence and rectitude which will enable you to spurn the attacks of those unmanly foes who now shrink from the face of day.

(Signed) GLENORCHY, Preses of Students of the University.
G. GORDON M'DOUGALL, Secretary.

The good old Professor was much moved by that address. It could not strengthen his moral faith, for on that point he required nothing more than he already possessed within his own virtuous bosom, but it very much encouraged, as we often heard him declare, his *political* faith ; and for many years afterwards, down to the period of the passing of the Reform Bill, Professor Mylne was one of the small but choice band which led every popular movement in Glasgow.

Looking back on those events in the College of Glasgow in 1815, what shadows they indeed cast before us ! What musings and reflections may now be formed from the mere glimpses of them which we have just incidentally given ? Surely some of the Professors and students of the present day may well hold up their hands and exclaim :—

Could such things overtake us in this season
Without our special wonder ?

We ought, indeed, all of us, to bless God and be thankful that we now enjoy “religious toleration” to a great degree ; and that we may safely worship, in peace and tranquillity, under our own vine and under our own fig-tree, none daring to make us afraid.

Perhaps we should add, without much arrogance, that

the late Lord Cockburn, who was once Lord Rector of the University, was desirous, some years ago, of having his memory refreshed by some of these remarkable proceedings, and we put him in the way of doing so by referring him to Mr. J. B. Simpson, the then Librarian of Stirling's Library; and we daresay Mr. Simpson—who is still alive, hale and hearty—will be very glad to show his lordship's acknowledgments to him upon the subject.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CATHEDRAL—THE TWO FUDDLED PRECENTORS—THE DAFT DIVINITY STUDENT, AND THE CAMERONIAN SOLDIER, WITH HIS WIFE, ON THEIR TRAMP THROUGH GLASGOW.

'Tis now forty years ago, and a bittock, since two worthy *Precentors* of credit and renown, held considerable sway in this city, and were much esteemed in their respective vocations. The first was Mr. William Yuille, the precentor of old Dr. William Taylor, of the *Inner* High Church, as it was then called, known better all the world over by the name of the Glasgow Cathedral; and forming one of the glories not only of this city, but of this nation. But besides the Inner, there was what was called the *Outer* High Church—under the same magnificent roof—presided over, at the period referred to, by the venerable Dr. Robert Balfour, one of the most accomplished and amiable of men, who was originally minister (year 1779) of the sweet parish of *Lecropt*, within the range of Stirling Castle; and which parish we have often heard likened to the “Paradise of Eden.” Dr. Balfour, beyond all doubt, was one of the most favourite ministers of Glasgow in his day and generation. The seats of the *Inner* and the *Outer* High Church were united together with wooden

erections, separated in the middle by a long green screen ; and once on a time it was a curiosity to hear it alleged—and we have been witnesses of the fact—that *two* ministers were actually lecturing at the same time, under the same roof, without knowing or hearing a word of what the other was saying. These clumsy wooden erections, or partitions, have since happily been removed ; though this, we remember, was deemed by many to be a horrid act of desecration at the time ; and now the old as well as the young of the present generation can hold up their hands with wonder, love, and admiration at the gorgeous new windows and renovated walls of the Glasgow Cathedral, unrivalled by any in Europe. Not a *timber* of the *Outer High* is now to be seen, yet some of the fragrance, with many of the hallowed words which once sweetened them, have probably ascended up to the vaults of high Heaven.

While we are speaking of the ancient glories of the Cathedral as witnessed in our day, we cannot resist the temptation of describing its original magnificence, as furnished by our old departed friend Dr. Cleland, in his *Annals of Glasgow* (vol. I., page 118), which will probably astonish some of our readers. He refers chiefly to John Cameron, of the Lochiel family, who was elected Bishop in 1426—was Secretary of State, Lord Privy Seal, and the most princely of all the Catholic Bishops who ever occupied the See of Glasgow.

“The great resort of ecclesiastics and noblemen,” says Dr. Cleland, “of the first consideration, rendered the Court of this Spiritual Prince so splendid as to vie with Royalty itself ; and his processions and grand entries into the *Glasgow Cathedral* were conducted with so much magnificence as to strike the beholder with admiration.

During the celebration of the great festivals of the Church, this prelate entered the choir by the great west door (above which Messrs. Baird's memento windows are now placed), preceded by twelve officers, one of them carrying his silver crozier, or pastoral staff, and each of the other eleven carrying a silver mace, followed by thirty-nine members of the chapter; while bells were ringing and *organs* playing, accompanied by the vocal music of the choristers; who were gorgeously arrayed in costly vestments. *Te Deum* was then sung, and high mass celebrated. On solemn occasions (continues Dr. Cleland) this dignified prelate caused the relicts of the church to be exhibited for the edification of the faithful. These (says the Doctor, whose orthodox Protestant volumes are now upon our table, and therefore we are not lowering our faith in any degree), these consisted of a great number of articles. Among others there were, 1st, The image of our blessed Saviour in gold; 2nd, The image of the Twelve Apostles in silver; 3rd, A silver Cross adorned with precious stones, and a small piece of the wood of the Cross of our Saviour; 4th, Another Cross of smaller dimensions adorned with precious stones; 5th, One silver casket, gilt, containing some of the hairs of the Blessed Virgin; 6th, In a square silver coffer, part of the scourges of St. Kentigern and St. Thomas of Canterbury," &c., &c.

We shall not pursue this ancient catalogue any further; nor open up the question, What became of these marvellous relicts connected with the ancient Cathedral of Glasgow? These really are matters beyond our humble *ken*; and we leave them where others have left them already—to antiquaries and theologians—only remarking that we hope to see an ORGAN yet placed in the

Cathedral of Glasgow, to peal its notes in the Almighty's praise.

We must now, we are afraid, descend at this point from the *sublime* to the *ludicrous*, in order that we may describe the *second* veritable precentor on our list, as signified at the beginning of this chapter. His plain *bona fide* name was Mr. John M'Dougall, precentor of Dr. William Taylor, of St. Enoch's Church. Strange, there were *two* reverend doctors of the same name (Wm. Taylor) at that time in Glasgow. The one was called the *senior*, and the other the *junior* Doctor of Divinity ; but the junior sometimes alleged that he was really the senior; and the senior as often asserted that he was the junior. The old Session-Clerk of the city was sometimes much puzzled in his sederunts between them ; and the postman, on his bare shanks, could scarcely decipher the difference on their letters. The difference, *quoad* him naturally, was this, that Dr. William Taylor, of the Inner High, inhabited the then spacious apartments allotted for the Principal in the College ; while the St. Enoch's divine lived, one stair up, at No. 142 of the Stockwell.

We now quit these two divines, with all due reverence, to follow out our story about their two social and esteemed *precentors* ; with whom we were much more intimately acquainted ; and yet we cannot boast that we were intimately acquainted with either of them, though our old friend Alexander Rodger, the Glasgow poet, sometimes brought us into much merriment and *glee* with both of them. He has told nearly the same story himself.

The *two* precentors thus laconically introduced to our readers, were on the best of terms with each other. They walked with each other—they caroused with each other; they were like very brothers. The elder one, viz., the

"*Hie Kirk*" precentor, now getting up in years—but not altogether in the sere and yellow leaf—determined to take unto himself a rib—as the saying was ; in other words, to be married to a young, handsome, and spruce wife. The other, after comparing the notes of his gamut, determined to follow the example ; and, dispensing with a long and tedious courtship—for hope deferred sometimes maketh the heart sad ; but to show the brotherly fraternity existing between them, they were actually married on the same week—hooked together, for better or worse, on the same day—and thus became "one twain" in the holy bands of matrimony. They were, we take leave to say, the most excellent precentors of their own order in Glasgow ; and, what is better, they became, we may here state—not to infringe on the thread of our discourse—most happy and exemplary husbands, through a long subsequent virtuous life.

Of their united talents as *singers* we shall not say much ; only we may remark that it was a great treat in those days to hear them engaged in a *duet* in the Lyceum Rooms ; or in Fraser's Hall, in King Street ; or in Mr. Haggart's, or Mrs. Pollock's taverns, in King Street ; or in the Black Boy Tavern, in the Gallowgate ; or in the Black Bull Room, in Argyle Street—all respectable and fashionable places in their day, but now transmogrified—most of them, we are sorry to say—into haunts of a more questionable nature.

On *Sunday*, however, these precentors—the elite of the city—did their duties most properly and reverentially. Some of our precentors now-a-days, we may remark by way of parenthesis, have nothing but *skirl*, *skirl*—*screech* and *skirl*, or they give out new-fangled tunes which few can follow, and fewer can understand. Whereas,

the precentors of old we are referring to, despised your *fal-de-ralys* and *diddle-deys*, and gloried in the fine old psalmody of Scotland. Hence, not merely with their lips, but with their whole hearts, the congregations of our ancient churches, led by these excellent precentors, joined cordially with them in "St. Neot's," "St. Mary's," "Martyrdom," "Bangor," "French," and other old exquisite tunes, which ought, we humbly think, to be remembered and not forsaken, whether the ORGAN comes now into fashion, pealing to their sacred aids, or not.

Soon after the *marriage*, and the honeymoon thereof being fairly over, the two worthy precentors—with the consent of their loving wives—resolved to have "*a bit of a party*." The presents, the offerings or the rewards they had received from their respective congregations, or the good, kindly-hearted people thereof, were perfectly overpowering and unexampled in the city. Thus the High Church precentor bragged to his brother of St. Enoch's, that he had in one week received twelve bottles of prime old Jamaica rum (then the favourite liquor in Glasgow), with a keg of prime tamarinds—"to sweeten his thrapple"—just arrived from the West Indies; with so many bottles of fine old shrub—to please the visitors of the "new wifficky"—with tea, coffee, sugar, and what not, *galore*. On the other hand, the St. Enoch's precentor was not much behind his respected brother chip, in the aforesaid respects; inasmuch as he, too, could boast that he had got a prime new Dunlop cheese (about the first of its kind ever seen in Glasgow), together with a skim milk one, and two gallons of the real whisky stingo all the way from Campbeltown—just arrived, with the necessary "gauger's permit" alongst with it, per the "Peggy" packet, at the Broomielaw; besides a fine leg of bacon ham,

sent by Bailie Campbell of Drumsynnie ; and a kippered salmon, from Col. Moore of Rothesay, with lots of hazel nuts from Balmaha, on Lochlomond side.

The two amiable precentors were, of course, perfectly delighted with these rare but most welcome presents from their distinguished patrons or well-wishers. We doubt whether so considerate a feeling is kept up in such directions now.

Well, the time for the grand party arrived. "*Tea and turn-out*" was the common designation for it, and for similar parties, in the olden time ; and, sure enough, "tea and turn-out" were to be displayed in great perfection (in the first instance) in Mr. Precentor M'Dougall's house, near the Canal at Port-Dundas, precisely at six o'clock of a Tuesday evening—now the fashionable hour for some of our dinner parties, if not an hour or two later still. The invitations were confined to a select circle, some two dozen and a half in all ; but amongst them were specially included the *Reverend* Mr. Andrew Muir, as he was called, though after passing through the curriculum in the Divinity Hall he never preached, and never received the license for doing so. He was "*reisted*"—like an old horse, as the saying was—by the Presbytery of Glasgow for not being able to say his prescribed exercises to them. Others said he wanted some part of the shilling ; others alleged that he was "a daft glaiket fellow," too fond of the lasses. But if he stuck fast in his theological creed, or could not say it to perfection, he could elsewhere quote easily, and with effect, many of the queer old Scottish proverbs, and sing very prettily indeed some of the best and most favourite songs of Burns and Tannahill. He could also crack a joke, or tell a good story with any man of his years ; and with respect to his other social qualities, he was about

the last to desert the luscious punch-bowl or to evade the reeking toddy, when once his eyes beheld these things, whether on the dinner or the supper table. If some made him their *butt*, he could also make him their *ben*—give *tit* for *tat*; and in that way he became a great favourite with many parties in Glasgow. He was also, fortunately for himself, possessed of ample “independent means,” for he inherited considerable property in the High Street and other parts of the city; and many ladies of good family set their caps, not their *traps*, to captivate our divinity friend; who, although he was always well-pleased to hear himself called “the nice ladies’ man,” yet somehow or other none of them could ever hook him into any matrimonial engagement, and he died a stiff old bachelor some years ago, as we are afraid many do to their own great discomfort, without sipping any of the real blessings of conubial life. We must resuscitate him a little by the following facts:—On the occasion referred to, the tea being fairly over, the toddy commenced, and with it the singing and the dancing; our divinity student—or sticket preacher, if we may so call him, as others did—was now getting particularly jolly and elevated. He discovered the key of precentor Yuille’s house, attached to a sheep’s horn, dangling out from the precentor’s coat pocket. In those days it was quite a common thing to attach the key of any modern dwelling house with a bit of string to a sheep’s horn, so that it might easily be got when wanted. On this occasion Mr. Yuille thought he had carefully done his duty by locking the door of “his but and his ben” in Weaver Street, and depositing the key thereof safely in his *outer* pocket (as was then the costume), and cleeking away with his braw new wife to the enjoyments of the M’Dougall party. When the divinity student, on the spur

of the moment, had slipped the key with its horn out of Mr. Yuill's pocket, and had it placed slyly and unobserved in his own rapacious pocket, the temptation seems to have come over him that he would just go and pay a visit to Mr. Yuille's marriage presents; and in particular, that he would pay his personal respects to the fine *keg of tamarinds* which Mr. Yuille had been boasting about, and of which the student was excessively fond. He had been smacking his lips all evening about them, in anticipation of the coming party in Mr. Yuille's premises; but now that he had obtained the key, he was yearning to get at them that very night even surreptitiously. As the next reel of Tullochgorum, or *Babety Bowster*, was going on, up the middle and down the back, the fiddlers playing with great brr—

“Wha learned you to dance,
You to dance, you to dance,
Wha learned you to dance,
Babety Bowster, brawly?”

our divinity hero quietly whispered to Mr. M'Dougall that he was going out “for a wee jiffey” to snuff the caller air and cool his perspiration, but he would be back in braw time for the supper; and he kept his word, and was neither missed nor suspected by the enraptured party who were going on with their reels and songs and kisses in the corner in capital style. Pleasant it was, when the blushing girl, full of maiden pride and modesty, at these innocent parties dropt her lily-white handkerchief or glove at the feet of the darling of her choice, while he in return did the agreeable, like a virtuous youth of the fairest promise.

In stepping out of Mr. M'Dougall's house, with the intent aforesaid, our hero espied a party of soldiers just

landing, *per* the Canal boat, from Edinburgh. One of them was a Cameronian soldier with his wife, and they civilly accosted and asked our divinity student if he could direct them to the Drygate, where they thought some of their old friends were located. "O yes," he said, "I'm just going that way; come along, I'll guide you to the Drygate. I'm always glad to see the soldiers of my country—the brave defenders of my country—so come along my friends." "Thank your honour," said the soldier. "Many thanks to your honour," said his wife. On, therefore, they trudged, the soldier telling that he had been at Corunna with Sir John Moore, and in Egypt with Sir Ralph Abercromby; and these circumstances thrilled the heart of our divinity student, who had really the milk of human kindness within him, though he was now going thus stealthily into another man's house. At last they approached the noted precentor's house in Weaver Street. "Come away in with me; slip quietly up the stair, not to disturb the neighbours," said our divinity student, "and I'll see and get some refreshment for you after your long journey." "O! your honour, you're very kind; I never met a kinder gentleman," said the wife. He opened Mr. Yuille's door readily enough with the abstracted key—struck up a light, glanced at the braw marriage-bed—"made down," no doubt, by Mrs. Yuille ere she left for the party—and then the attack commenced on the *tamarinds*; previous to which, however, he had uncorked one of the rum bottles, and a glass or two, in cold water, was deliciously swallowed by the jaded soldier and his wife. Not content with this, our civic hero seized a kitchen knife, and did instant execution with it on the Dunlop cheese. He gave whangs of it to the couple, and threw open to them the contents of Mrs. Yuille's well-filled

"*awmry*;" bidding them to help themselves out of it to what they pleased. He then proceeded to put the kettle on the broken-up kitchen fire, desiring them to make tea, or toddy, as they liked best; but telling them as he was obliged to go out of the house again, and would not probably return till next day, they might make their quarters good and comfortable where they were for the night, without going to the Drygate at all. The bed, he said, was "nice and ready for them;" and the now blazing kitchen fire and the "*cruzie lamp*," with its modicum of oil, were now illuminating them—making the precentor's house a cozie, well-furnished establishment in many ways. Sincere and grateful thanks were, of course, again and again tendered by the Cameronian soldier and his wife, for this most unexpected act of generosity and kindness; they had never met with such wonderful hospitality in all their varied travels, whether at home or abroad. What a kind gentleman so to treat them in his own house, and to surrender it up to themselves for the whole night! The Cameronian soldier—the *rum* now taking effect with him—would fight all his battles o'er and o'er again for such goodness. His wife would march 10,000 miles ere she could see the like of it again. Another attack on the *tamarinds*! and then our hero, slaking his own thirst with another draught from the shrub bottle, bids them good night—enjoins them to take good charge of the house and all *its* contents—cannily locks the outer door after him, and stoiters back to Mr. Precentor M'Dougall's house, where the fiddles and the flutes were still in action; and our student expertly drops the key back again into Mr. Yuille's pocket, as if nothing whatsoever had happened about it.

"Rule Britannia," and many of the other fine songs of

the day were sung; such as "John Anderson, my jo, John;" "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw;" "The rock and the wee pickle tow;" "Roy's wife of Aldivalloch;" "Jenny dang the weaver," and so forth. At last the hour was getting far advanced in the morning, when the party with due respect to themselves, behoved—according to the good rules of the city—to break up and go their several ways. They were all pretty well to do, with their toddy, &c., &c., but arm in arm, and stamping and hiccuping, they sung this song—a favourite one, we may observe, at many Glasgow festivals in the olden time, whatever it is now :—

" We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a wee drap in our e'e ;
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
But aye we'll taste the barley bree."

Meanwhile the soldier and his trusty wife had retired comfortably to their rest. Mr. and Mrs. Yuille were on their road home, in the best of spirits with the interesting and merry entertainment; and planning what they would have next in their own house on the following week; to which the divinity student, with others, had already been duly invited.

On arriving at the bottom of their stair, the precentor, after steadying himself for a little, took out the key with the sheep's horn from his pocket, and gave it to his nimble wife, that she might just step up before him and light the lamp and kindle up the fire, and he would follow in a blinky. Up she went, and quietly opened the door; but on stepping to the bedside she heard an awful snoring, and as she approached to draw the curtains, she tumbled over the soldier's gun, his belt, bayonet, &c. Up he started, and with a soldier's lungs exclaimed, " Who goes

there?" The precentor's wife screamed and ran. She rushed down stairs with the utmost speed, and fell, almost in a fainting fit, into the arms of her bewildered husband. The soldier himself, alarmed at this strange *female* intrusion, got up and bolted the door from the inside—for it had an inside sneek, as many old houses had—and he threw himself back again into his comfortable bed, his wife soothing him for his bravery against the *limmer* thus intruding into the decent gentleman's house with her *false* keys.

The astonished precentor, at the bottom of his own stair, really began to wonder where he was. Could this be his own house? Which reminds us of a very good story once told of the late eminent John Clerk, Esq., Advocate. He had been at his "potations pottle deep," one fine morning in Edinburgh, and was wending his way to his own house in Piccadry Place. He stopped confused, at one particular place, with his back to the wall, and he hied a street *caddie*, or porter going messages—"Can you tell me, my man, the road to John Clerk's house?" "Ye're a pretty man," replied the caddie, "to ask the road to John Clerk's house, when ye're John Clerk himsel'." "I ken that very weel," replied the Advocate, "but I'm no John Clerk's house. Oxters me to his house, and there's a shilling!"

Our precentor, however, soon summoned up some courage at his stair foot; and gave several loud, audible knocks, demanding access for himself and his wife to their own veritable house. The neighbours, by this knocking at that unusual and untimely hour of the morning, were aroused and alarmed. The soldier, however, and his wife quietly kept possession. The aid of the police was now anxiously sought for by the agitated precentor and his trembling wife; but *Charlie*, the police-officer—they

were all *Charlies* in those days—was napping snugly in his wooden box at a distant corner of the next street. He came out of it with some reluctance, and raised the alarm with his wooden clappers, to get the aid of his brother officers in the neighbourhood ; there were no *whistles* in those days shrilling through the city, but the wooden clappers, when put to work, made a most confounded noise. The police-officers, with their *rungs* or *cudgels*, in conclave assembled, knocked tremendously at the precentor's door—no answer from within ; at last they threatened to break it open, and capture the thieves or robbers in the inside. “Have a care of yourselves,” said the Cameronian soldier, now arming himself and his wife for the assault ; “I'll keep possession of this house till the kind gentleman, the owner of it himself, makes his appearance. I know his voice ; you're none of him ; and if ye dare to break into these premises, egad ! I'll run the first of you that enters through the body with my bayonet.”

This bloody threat kept Charlie and his assistants at bay. One of the latter said, “It was an awfu' morning ; that the De'il, with some of his cronies, had surely entered into the precentor's premises ;” and the skirl of the soldier's wife, now heard from within, confirmed some of them in that belief. “You'd better take yourself off quietly”—said she through the key-hole—“my brave husband here killed six Turks with his own bayonet in Egypt ; he'll soon do for you ; so get you gone—we'll keep the house till the true gentleman himself arrives and gives us the order to surrender.” This was pretty startling information certainly. The clappers and the cudgels were as nothing to the bayonet, and all the Charlies together did not very well relish the alleged massacre of the six Turks ; so they prudently held a council of war, at

the foot of the precentor's stair, and it was wisely resolved that Mr. and Mrs. Yuille should run, with all expedition, to the head-quarters of the Police-office in Bell Street, and get the united force therein to come to their aid, surround the house, and capture the desperadoes within. The peep of day was now bursting into the fine clear morning, and it is only on a fine clear summer morning, that some of the secrets, and many of the glories of Glasgow can best be seen. The head-officer of the police establishment, viz., Captain Jas. Mitchell, a fine, tall, majestic man, fully six feet high, who had seen much military service at home and abroad (and who, though a widower, was blessed with two fine handsome daughters, one of whom married into the Downie of Appin family); on hearing the above extraordinary news communicated by the precentor, and confirmed by his agitated wife, who was trembling from head to foot, sounded the police bugle of alarm, and the whole army of reserve in the police quarters—with their cutlasses, rarely used—were marched off in double-quick time to the precentor's house in Weaver Street; the venerable Captain remarking, in his humourous way, that it reminded him of going to the Siege of Seringapatam! By this time the harmless, innocent soldier, and his conjugal wife, were dressed up and active, thinking wisely enough that if there was to be any strange invasion, or blood and battery in the house, it might be as well to fortify themselves with a comfortable breakfast of "*Ham and Eggs*"—ever a relished breakfast in any part of Scotland—and put into their cups a *noggin of rum*, washed down by a mouthful of the stewed *tamarinds*, which they saw had been so much relished by their kind benefactor ere he parted with them on the evening before.

"Open the door," demanded Captain Mitchell, now

attended by a company of stalwart police, breathing vengeance. "Open the door," he again said, "at your peril. I am the Captain of Police of the City of Glasgow." "Oh!" said the soldier—now adjusting his knapsack on his back, and seeing that his old *bess* and accoutrements were in order—"I always obey, please your honour, the orders of my *superior* officers, so open the door and walk in." In they rushed, but no bloody assault took place. They gaped and gazed with astonishment at each other; but an honest and artless explanation was soon made by the soldier and his wife, which completely satisfied the old military Captain of Police that they were neither thieves nor vagabonds of any degree. But still he was amazed, and mooted to himself, "How the deuce did they get there? or who really was "the kind, dear gentleman," that had placed them in such circumstances within the interior of that house?"

The precentor and his wife, now sobered down, and somewhat composed, could not really solve this riddle—they suspected no one in particular. It never occurred to them to doubt for a moment the divinity student; so the soldier and his wife were permitted to march away with flying colours—if we may so term it; while the precentor and his wife got at last into their own bed, tossing and wondering very much about the whole affair; but resolved that they would have two double keys to their own door, and never leave their house again but with a neighbour to watch it. It is pleasant to notice that the soldier and his wife, who actually became favourites of the police, were escorted by Captain Miller himself, and his "orderly," to the abode of their relations in the Drygate; to whom they recounted all their foreign battles again, ending with a grateful throb for "the kind, dear gentleman" they had

met with in Weaver Street, and who had so sumptuously treated them—whether it was his own or not.

Towards the evening of the following day, our clever, *tricky*,—as we may now call him—but amiable *Divinity* student (snubbed and tormented though he had been, by Mr. Lapslie of Campsie, and Dr. M'Lean of the Gorbals, in the Presbytery of Glasgow), got for the first time in his life into an awful state of terror and alarm. He dreaded that he had committed "House Robbery," or, at least, that he had entered another man's house by unlawful means; and he conjured up to himself the thought that the soldier and his wife might *slay* the good precentor and his dear wife; which would be a most terrible ending of their honeymoon in Glasgow. He was wringing his hands and rugging his hair, and in a state of real distraction, sin, and misery, when he entered Mr. Daniel M'Vean's book shop, nearly opposite the College, and sat down—apparently much exhausted—and anxiously inquired for his friend Precentor Yuille. That shop, we may remark, was the favourite *howff* of the precentor, besides many other kindred spirits of the day, including James Haldane and George and Robert Gray, the best, and most celebrated engravers then in the city. The Established precentor had not made his usual appearance in Mr. M'Vean's shop that afternoon, which circumstance greatly increased the fears and terrors of our divinity friend. "Hoots! toots!" said Mr. M'Vean—not in the least aware of what had taken place—"no fears of him; he has been dancing and drinking too much last night, and his new wife has just been keeping him snug in his own nest this morning." While in this humour, or strange state of mind—natural enough for any one playing such pranks—who should be seen making his appearance but the precentor himself,

dressed in his wedding suit and velveteens? "The Lord be thankful," said our divinity friend, thus beholding Mr. Yuille looking so spruce and safe; and then the precentor, with the greatest composure—not up till that very hour *suspecting* in the least degree his particular friend—began to give "a full, true, and particular account" of the singular "*mis-shanters*"—true Scotch word—that had befallen him and his wife, after the breaking-up of Mr. Precentor M'Dougall's party, on the occasion aforesaid. Our divinity student held his breath, but sucked in the precentor's racy description with the greatest gravity imaginable. Learning at its close that no bones were broken, nor blood drawn, nor effects theftuously taken away, yet thinking of the devourment of the *tamarinds* and the onslaught of the Dunlop cheese—which the precentor was lamenting as things not again to be supplied—our queer divinity student could no longer restrain himself, but broke out into a loud fit of ungovernable laughter; and, after it had settled down, he bluntly avowed himself to be the *guilty* man, with the stolen key from the precentor's own pocket, while the dancing was going on in Mr. M'Dougall's house! A bomb-shell falling on a beleaguered house could not have made, in one way, such a sensation as that *expose* of the divinity student himself, at that moment. The precentor, half-angry and half-pleased, did not know very well how to treat it, since it broke so suddenly on his now enlightened but previously bewildered understanding. He said, putting himself in an austere posture, that he would soon report the matter to his wife, consult her on the subject, and walk by her advice; whether for continued or violated friendship—for peace or war. He added, with much feeling, that instead of crowning her with happiness in Glasgow—as this *first* party in M'Dougall's house had led

her to expect—she had fallen into swoons and hysterics, and might not recover for many long days. She was nearly “*raving*,” as he said, about the soldier and his belts, when he had left her in bed to shave himself that morning.

Mrs. Precentor Yuille, after being subsequently informed and consulted by her husband, took up the matter in a pretty high, but perhaps a most proper and commendable point of view. She denounced it strongly to her loving husband. “What,” says she, “are our braw new linen sheets, which my Auntie Bessie sent us for ourselves from Campsie, to be rumpled and trampled upon with impunity, by any soldier and hiswife, at the instigation of any divinity student? Is our wardrobe to be turned outside in? Is our house to be invaded, and the best of our *gear* eaten up; and our neighbours disturbed, and the very police attempted to be assassinated, by that sodger and his butchering bayonet? Na, na! Mr. Yuille, my dearest darling, you must *souce* that wicked divinity man who has brought us into such troubles, and me only married for thirteen days!” She began to weep.

This appeal was resistless. The precentor, though somewhat loth, was obliged to acknowledge the absolute sovereignty of his wife; so they both, with one heart and accord, vowed vengeance against the divinity offender. Accordingly, next day they went, arm in arm, to Lawyer Scales’ house in Stirling Street, and instructed him—we here give his real name, viz., John Scales, Esq., writer, 79 Stirling Street—to bring an action of spulzie, assythment, and damages against the *Reverend* Andrew Muir, before the Commissaries of the Commissariat of Glasgow—and a famous Court it then was—for his flagrant, wicked and unjustifiable conduct in the premises aforesaid. They sought

in that action £50 sterling more or less, by way of *solatium*, the expenses of process, &c. If our reverend defendant had trembled before in Mr. M'Vean's back shop, for the expected apparition of Mr. Yuille, he had greater reason to tremble now, on the receipt of that summons, put into his hands by a messenger-at-arms and two witnesses. But he acted like a man of sense in this emergency. He expeditiously waited on Lawyer Scales, and beseeched him to take compassion on his foibles. The lawyer was not a hungry horse-leech, in the garb of a *pettyfogger*, but a good man at heart; else he might have fleeced the divinity student to a pretty considerable extent, on his own confession, by process of law. Mr. Scales, much amused with the case in all its bearings, became rather the *amicus curiæ* between the parties; and the student, with the frankness becoming him, gladly agreed to leave the whole matter, in all its forms and features, to the decision of Mr. Scales himself. The pursuers surely could desire nothing more. They, therefore, now looked with a benign aspect on the penitent offender. Mrs. Yuille said he had nearly finished her connubial bliss in this city, for she could never think of going into her bed again with any security in time to come; but if her "augent," Mr. Scales, quietly settled the business, she for one had no objections—for peace and happiness sake. The honest lawyer, we are happy to say, actually settled the business expeditiously and well, in this wise:—He took a mutual signed minute of agreement from both of the parties, binding and obliging themselves to conform to his decision. Soon afterwards he pronounced his written fiat—smiling at it himself—"decerning and adjudging (something like a criminal warrant) the said Rev. Alexander Muir, between the hours of two and three of Tuesday next, to meet with the aggrieved pursuers—Mr. and Mrs. Yuille—in the

Silken Shop of Mr John Inglis, situated at the Tron Steeple (the best of its kind then in Glasgow), and then and there taking off his hat, and offering his right arm, and making due protestations of regret, corresponding to his own conscience and the circumstances of the case; and therein leave Mrs. Yuille to select and purchase ‘ane silken gown’ of the best quality, with an ‘embroidered plaid and tippets,’ to the value, at least, of twenty gold guineas; to be paid cash down by him on the nail of the counter, with certification: and from the said Silken Shop of the said John Inglis, he, the said defender—Alexander Muir, Master of Arts, and Student of Divinity—should next offer his left arm to the said male pursuer, and go directly over with him—without mental equivocation, or scruple of any kind—to the shop on the opposite side of said street, of Messrs. Brash & Reid, booksellers and stationers, and then and there purchase and present to that respected and intelligent precentor, a copy, bound in the very best morocco, of the ‘Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,’ with ‘Boston’s Four-fold State,’ and ‘Buchan’s Domestic Medicine;’ and, thereafter, that they should exchange mutual civilities, and forget and forgive, and be at liberty to go to Mr. M’Dougall’s next party, or to any other parties they pleased, with due regard to the upright conduct and the happiness of all.”

This amusing written judgment, under the hand of Lawyer Scales, settled at once that threatened law-plea. But when our divinity student came to calculate the cost, he found a prodigious rise under the head of his usual “disbursements,” for the month. Instead of £5 11/6, to which, with miserly care, he had usually restricted himself, he found them amounting to £38 16/8. So he testified and declared that this was the *dearest* party ever

he was at; but that he would never meddle with another man's sheep's horn, with any key dangling to it, so long as he lived on this earth.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BAMBOOZLED MESSENGER-AT-ARMS AND HIS
LOST CAPTION.

LIGHT reading, in due bounds, is sometimes pleasant enough ; and an old story, by an old hand, is not the worse, but sometimes the better, for being twice repeated. We offer no apology for giving the following original one under the above title.

'Tis now fully a quarter of a century ago, since two keen *razors*—such we may call them—did execution in the office of the law in Glasgow, as Sheriff-officers and Messengers-at-Arms. Their real names were John Railton and William Morgan. Their office was in Brunswick Lane, then one of the great *howffs* for beagles of the law in Glasgow. They therein had a great retinue of assistants and concurrents ; and we are not sure but some of our pretty high people, now alive in Glasgow, were trained up under their calling. They undoubtedly had a large business of its kind secured to them by many questionable, and not altogether honourable influences. Their hearts were flinty as the rock. Pity the poor unfortunate devil that fell into their hands. They had nothing in the shape of humanity or compassion about them ; their end, their sole business, was to squeeze everything out of their

victims they could possibly get as accords of law, and fitting their own ledger. They were, of course, rapidly making money in this beagle-pounding line, which they pursued with steadfast and relentless aim; but a case occurred which arrested, split them up, and completely demolished them, greatly to the delight of honest scribes, as well as other honest men; and we may tell it now, the chief actors in it being long since removed. A most extraordinary case it was.

There lived at that period, in the Gallowgate of Glasgow, a fine, honest, worthy old *grocer*, of the name of John Taylor. He had carried on business, as his forefathers had done, in the same place for many long years. They supplied Prince Charlie with tea, coffee, and sugar, when he took up his quarters in Glasgow, during the Rebellion of 1745. John Taylor's *groceries* were always of the best description. He had, indeed, a first-rate business. The Gallowgate was then in its glory, with douce, decent, bein, and sober people; and amongst them all, Mr. Taylor was respected, for many long years, as one of its greatest magnates. But fortune is sometimes fickle; it does not always favour the brave, any more than the deserving; and it is well, perhaps, that it is so in this vale of tears. The very diversity of human life—the ups and the downs, the sunshine and the storm—are only the probationary, passing events for the FINAL DESTINY at last.

“It is the allotment of the skies—
The hand of the Supremely Wise
That guides and governs our affections,
And plans and orders our connexions;
Directs us on our distant road,
And marks the bounds of our abode.”

Although Mr. Taylor was considered to be a very

comfortable, rich man, carrying on, as we have said, an extensive and apparently prosperous business in the Gallowgate—the old Molendinar burn, as we remember, running smoothly near the corner of his premises, and emptying itself in the clear recesses of the Clyde, in the direction of Nelson's Monument where no "*Weir*," producing now so much contention in the Council Chambers, and other places, was then in existence—one series of dire misfortunes after another overtook him, and he fell at last under the sharp diligence of the law, proving the adage—

“How oft doth honest merit stand on slippery ground,
Where covert guile and artifice abound.”

There was sent out from Edinburgh, to these messengers-at-arms in Glasgow (Railton & Morgan), a writ of *horing* and *caption* against Mr. Taylor, for a debt of £135, due by him to an English house of the name of Chatto & Co., with instructions to recover immediate payment of the debt, or to put the debtor in prison. We should state that the *parcel* containing these papers was regularly booked in Mr. Pyper's Royal Mail Coach Office, Edinburgh, bound for Mr. Bain's Royal Mail Coach Office, Glasgow; and it is necessary to observe, on account of what follows, that sometimes as many as fifty and one hundred of paper parcels would come in a night from the lawyers in Edinburgh to the lawyers in Glasgow—and from the latter to the former—charged at one shilling each, besides *twopence* for the booking; which, with a guinea per head from the four inside passengers, and twelve shillings per head from the four outer ones, made a pretty good thing of it for the Mail Coach people. The Royal Mail Coach from Edinburgh, in those days, reached Glasgow between two and three o'clock in the morning; when,

of course, most of the lawyers, and many of the citizens, were snugly sleeping in their beds. Therefore, the rule was to hand out those parcels to those that called for them at the Mail Coach Office when it opened, between seven and nine of the morning ; but after the latter hour it was the custom of Mr. Bain to send out DALL, his famous, faithful porter, to deliver the remaining parcels to their respective addresses in the city. He was a character, that DALL. He had legs, hands, nose, mouth, and lips unparalleled by any other human being in the city, before or since ; and if time or opportunity offers, we may touch him off with some laughable memoranda we have preserved, in connection with the other Glasgow characters or celebrities of the day ; such as Hirstling Kate, Jemmy Blues, and Blind Alick, who shall ever be remembered by us with the liveliest pleasure, for we have seen nothing in the city to match any one of them, for the most varied, pleasing, and droll reflections. We venture to think that we could nearly split the sides of some of our young readers, by the narration of some of their peculiar habits and foibles ; but our present chapter is somewhat of a melancholy cast, and we must stick to it, although it is redolent at the same time with some laughable details.

As already stated—and our readers will please keep this in view, for it is of consequence to the remainder of this story—the *fatal* parcel containing the horning and the caption against Mr. Taylor was regularly booked in Edinburgh, on the evening of the 19th of September, 1825. It behoved, therefore, in due course, to arrive in Glasgow early on the following morning ; and it is now a well-ascertained fact that between seven and eight o'clock of that morning, Mr. Morgan, messenger-at-arms in Glasgow,

looking out for these things, or scenting them from afar—which was just his business to do, for they brought “good grist,” as the saying is, “to his mill,” or messenger’s shop—went himself to the Mail Coach Office, in Nelson Street, and got possession of the above parcel. He, therefore, with his two concurrents, or legal limbs of the law—always in attendance at his heels when any apprehensions were to be made—proceeded at once to the shop of Mr. Taylor in the Gallowgate, and demanded payment of the debt, or the seizure of his person for jail. Poor Mr. Taylor was thrown into a sad state of excitement at this not altogether unexpected, but cruel visit—the first, certainly, of its kind he had ever met with. He conceived that Messrs. Chatto & Co. would have been a little more merciful to him, considering the many transactions he had with them, and the large sums of money he had frequently paid over to them; or that their legal agents in Edinburgh or Glasgow might extend a few days’ additional indulgence to him, to enable him to realise the whole sum contained in the caption, which he had really been striving honestly to do. He had £40 or £50 ready in his desk, which he offered at once to give to Mr. Morgan; but that stern officer would accept nothing short of the *whole* debt, with the expenses; and therein we will do him the justice to say that he only acted in strict discharge of his legal duty. It was now a very distressing thing for poor old Mr. Taylor, the unfortunate, honest-hearted man, to be dragged away from his respectable and once independent shop, and to be collared by a messenger, through the Gallowgate, down to the jail, at the foot of the Saltmarket, in broad day-light. It was vexing, indeed, as the poor man thought, to be thus made an open and “notour bankrupt.” He shed his artless

tears to no purpose. At last, in a fit of perfect agony or despair, the happy thought seems to have come into his head—little imagining that it would lead to the marvellous results which soon took place—of beseeching the messenger and his two concurrents to step over with him, in the first instance, to the house of Mrs. Ralph Erskine, who kept an excellent tavern of her day, in the Gallowgate, and to get some “refreshments” ere going to the jail; and perhaps he would have an opportunity of sending for some friends, who would make up the balance of the debt, and extricate him from his almost heart-rending captivity.

Now, Mr. Morgan, inflexible in all other respects, was, we may explain, exceedingly fond of “refreshments” in any tavern, especially if they took nothing out of his own pocket; and his “concurrents” were pretty much embued with the same sort of feeling. So they cordially agreed to go to Mrs. Erskine’s tavern—a clean, decent, tidy woman she was. Mr. Morgan relished much his beer and his ale at all times of the day, but this was just the very best time for his “meridian.” He relished, at that particular period, the gill stoup or the half-mutchkin one, nor had he the least aversion to Hollands, rum, or brandy—anything, as he said, in the shape of liquor, if it only came out of a good bottle; but as he stood in considerable awe of his senior partner, Railton—who was of the sour milk, temperance class, and pretended to be a sort of “*Philanthropist*” of his kind—Morgan contrived (as some of our ancient friends we were lately writing about did) to resort to the peppermint lozenge *dodge*, or crunch the sugar-auley and the carvie-seeds in his mouth, whenever he came in direct contact with Railton, his brother chief-in-arms. On the present occasion—it being a nice warm

autumn day—our engaged messenger, when he entered Mrs. Ralph Erskine's tavern, would have a pint of her best ale from the tap, which he swigged off without the least palaver. It was so fine, he would just take another pint; and he asked Mrs. Erskine, in pliant tones, to be so good as bring him a nice *spelding*, or a rizard haddie or two, of which he was particularly fond, and relished as an accompaniment to his ale. His concurrents preferred a mutchkin of the real *Glenlivet*, which they got; and poor Mr. Taylor himself, in order to cheer up his own spirits, asked, for the first time in his life in any tavern, for a glass of brandy and a little cold water. 'Tis a sad thing, some will say, to pour spirits down to keep spirits up, but sometimes, under very peculiar or distressing circumstances, a glass of brandy—as we have often heard the first physicians say—is not to be sneered at nor despised. In this situation of matters, Mr. Walter Peat, junr., tanner in the Gallowgate—a kind-hearted fellow, and a well-known character of his day in Glasgow—was sent for by Mr. Taylor, and soon made his appearance in Mrs. Erskine's tavern. Now "Watty," generally so called, was a rattling member of the Coul and Masonic Clubs (noticed by Dr. Strang), and had been left a considerable sum of money by his worthy old father—Deacon James Peat, of the ancient Spoutmouth, the most extensive *tanner* by far at one time in Glasgow, or probably in Scotland; but Watty was running through the money very fast; for in place of attending to the old man's business, he engaged in horse-racing, cock-fighting, and dog-fighting, with all manner of frivolities within his reach. He was, moreover, the greatest adept at card-playing in Glasgow; for he could play tricks of legerdemain, and other things equal to the famous German, viz., Monsieur Hermann Boaz, who

had recently visited the city—long before the Wizard of the North was heard of, or even born. Yet Watty, with all his faults, had something like a warm, generous, and honourable heart, very different, indeed, from characters of another stamp, who neither respect the laws of God or man. Watty was touched with genuine sympathy for old Mr. Taylor, who had really been his father's friend through life.

We now come to place Mr. Peat himself in a most singular attitude before our readers. He civilly asked Mr. Morgan for a sight of the diligence, viz., the writ of caption, in virtue of which he had seized Mr. Taylor, and this the messenger readily enough took out of his pocket, and showed to Mr. Peat, in order, as the latter alleged, that he might note down the amount of the legal debt, and endeavour to raise it for the relief of the poor afflicted debtor. The caption thus exhibited was duly restored by the messenger to his outer coat pocket; and Mr. Peat, in return for this civility, now asked him to take another caulker of brandy, which the messenger all the more readily did, on the assurance, and in the belief that Mr. Peat was going out, or was sending out, for his head-clerk to fetch the necessary money to liquidate the debt. Another glass still, on the head of this agreeable prospect—another rizard haddie—another pint of Mrs. Erskine's delicious ale from the tap, and another mutchkin of whisky for the contented and abiding concurrents. Mr. Morgan, we should now add, was getting into the best flow of spirits; wonderfully well-pleased, indeed, with the "refreshments" he was getting *gratis*. Watty perceived how the *barm* was working, whether he could raise the money or not. Mr. Morgan now called for some snuff, and twopenny worth of black rappee—the very thing

Watty wanted—was soon brought from a neighbouring shop, in a “paper poke,” and the sneezing soon began at one part of the table. Watty and Morgan commenced to tell humorous stories to each other, with a thread of blue in them, to wile away the time till Watty’s clerk or cashier arrived with “the needful,” viz., the funds to cover the caption. He in fact arrived, with “a rueful countenance,” and whispered into the ear of his master that he could only raise £30 of Thistle Bank Notes in all his peregrinations. This, with Mr. Taylor’s £40, only made £70, while the debt, exclusive of expenses, amounted to £135. Mr. Peat, on this disappointment—which was a real disappointment to him, but a sorer one to Mr. Taylor—wrote a hurried note in pencil to one of his cronies, of the name of Mitchell, begging him to come immediately to Mrs. Erskine’s tavern, with all the cash he could muster, but to be sure to bring alongst with him a pack of cards, whether he brought any cash or not. The *game* on which we are now entering—entirely new and original to our readers—was soon to be played out in a most extraordinary manner. Never, we venture to say, was any game played like it in Glasgow, or in Scotland either; for it came, as we shall show, under the notice of the Lords of Council and Session in Edinburgh, and *astonished* some of their lordships not a little. Mr. Walter Peat, in the first instance, began to play some simple tricks, per the cards, with his friend Mr. Mitchell. The messenger, expert though he was at his own profession, had never seen anything of the kind; he was perfectly enchanted with the performances. But all this was exceedingly simple to what followed. Watty offered to bet a board of oysters and a noggin of brandy to the company round, if he would not put a silver half-

crown into the messenger's own pocket-handkerchief, and challenge the messenger to hold it firm and fast in his grip,—namely, in his the messenger's own hands—while, by a knock upon the table, he (Watty) would make it leap and fly away. The messenger was perfectly dumb-founded with this ; for the feat was instantaneously accomplished by Watty, as he said he would do. Next, he could tell the messenger—now gaping and glowering with much amazement, and hiccuping, and staggering to examine the cards, and the table itself—that if he, the messenger, would just but shut his blinkers (eyes) for a moment or so, and then open them, and look at any card in the presented pack, and be sure to think well of it, and on no other but to that particular card in that pack, that he (Watty), at the next shuffle of the cards, would detect, and positively show to the messenger the very card he was *thinking* about. Another *glass* of brandy on this trick ;—they were getting now rather numerous, and began to tell quite visibly on the optics of the messenger. But the grand climax was yet to come, and Watty had a more wonderful trick in reserve still, respecting the desperate scheme he was now meditating unto himself. The two concurrents had just stepped out for a little to the back door of the premises, and in their absence the messenger began to grumble and growl, as well he might, for the shades of evening were beginning to manifest themselves in the Gallowgate ; but Watty, who was really possessed of the most winning and gentlemanly manners, contrived yet to pacify the crusty messenger in the most agreeable manner imaginable. One of the last and final, and by far the most desperate of his many tricks, was now, as we have hinted, to be played off. He smilingly told the messenger that if he would just rise up from his

chair, and steady himself in the middle of Mrs. Erskine's parlour, and look *directly* to the top of the roof, he would there discover six half-crowns sticking together on the very plaster of the roof (which half-crowns Watty showed the messenger he had just taken out of his pocket), and that he (Watty) had only to *whistle*, and down they would come right merrily, ringing on the mahogany table. While thus engaged, and intently looking up to the roof at this last singular feat, which eclipsed all the others, Watty slipped his hand into the wallets of the messenger's pocket, took out the caption, and gently slipped it into Mrs. Erskine's parlour fire, where it was speedily consumed—he standing with his back to the fire to conceal the conflagration, and whistling and bidding the messenger to watch the queer movements at the roof. Now says Watty, please look once more at the table, and see how the half-crowns are reeling and dancing. The messenger, if amused before, was perfectly astonished now. He shook Watty's hand in token of the pleasure and admiration he had enjoyed from his exploits, and Watty kindly offered to give him a *snuff* out of his own mill, which produced some further effects in the sneezing style. Poor Taylor, all this time was silent as a "*mowdi-wart*" under the earth. But the messenger could no longer be wheedled or put off in this manner. He at last broke out into an awful fit of cursing and swearing. He heard, staggering, with surprise, the evening six o'clock bells of the city ringing, and conveying to his ears their well-known symbols. He was fuddled enough, yet sober enough to know and to do his *legal* duty. He therefore now shouted for his concurrents—they instantly obeyed his call. "Is the money now ready?" said he, steadying himself and addressing his poor, lately amused, but still sober and un-

easy prisoner. "If not ready instanter, by Jupiter Judianus (a famous expression of his), to jail, to jail, without more delay!" "Ah," said Watty, in his mild and soothing strain, "I've been really very much disappointed, you see, Mr. Morgan, for the want of the cash; my clerk has done all he could to raise it, and so have I; but disappointments and crosses will even happen in the best skinning tan-pits, as I've heard my worthy father say, and sometimes also the very best of friends must part under the most trying circumstances. I'm very much obliged to you, Mr Morgan, for the opportunities you have given me of *settling* the caption; but since fate has so ordered it, let us please now just have the parting glass, and I will call in the bill, pay the reckoning to Mrs. Erskine, ere we go—since go we must—down to limbo in the jail. I will have," says he, "at least the melancholy satisfaction of seeing my poor, old, worthy friend Mr. Taylor agreeably attended to, when he reaches that deplorable place. Here's to you," said Watty to Mr. Taylor, "keep up your heart, old boy;" and they saluted each other most affectionately. Indeed, the very tears of the two stoic concurrents, albeit seldom used to the melting mood, began to start at this generous and manly speech, delivered in the above few words, but with the most pathetic eloquence, for which, in truth, Watty, in his earlier and better days, was famed in the College of Glasgow. The aroused messenger, with his wand of office—which was a little mahogany rod, with silver bars and the King's crown in silver indented at the end of it—tapped Mr. Taylor at last on the shoulder, as much as to say, "Sir, you are now my *prisoner*; come away to Jail;" and away they all went in quiet order, shaded by the evening moon, which was just beginning to peep directly above the *Old Wooden Bridge* flanking the jail

at the foot of the Saltmarket, and which bridge some of our elder citizens may remember to this day. On arriving at the outer door of the old jail, and knocking loudly enough at its huge iron casements for admission, as it became the duty of the messenger-at-arms to do, he began, naturally enough, to put his hands into his pockets for the necessary writ of caption, in virtue of which alone the prisoner could be received and detained within the prison walls. Old Mr. John M'Gregor, the respected jailor, was quietly sitting at his desk, on the evening of the gloomy entrance, reading the *Glasgow Courier* of that morning—a paper, we take leave to say, differing as we often did from its politics, which ought to have commanded the patronage of the *Conservatives* of Glasgow to a much greater degree than has been accorded to others of a less consistent description connected with that school. But we have seen enough to know that in politics, as other things, the most artful dodgers frequently succeed best. We have, by-the-bye, a chapter in hand of all the varied newspapers in Glasgow, with their proprietors, &c., for the last forty years, but in the meanwhile we must dispose of Mr. Messenger Morgan and his caption; the interest of which, if there be any interest about it, is just beginning to be developed.

The old jailor, Mr. John M'Gregor, though he had booked hundreds, yea thousands of prisoners in his day, was very much surprised indeed, when he beheld his old, respected friend Mr. Taylor, brought into his department by Messenger Morgan. Mr. M'Gregor circumspectly arose from his seat, and recovering himself from surprise, with a deep sigh, shook Mr. Taylor most affectionately by the hand, and spontaneously declared that he would endeavour to give him the very best accommodation the jail afforded,

This was some comfort at the outset. Mr. Taylor was touched with this, and expressed his very grateful acknowledgments. "Sae hand me the diligence," said the good jailor to Mr. Morgan, "in order that I may regularly book it in terms of law." The messenger began now to rumble and fumble in his pockets for the essential caption. He turned all his pockets inside out—he stripped his vest—he threw open his flannel semmit, and other places, for the necessary and important document, but it came not to his hands. The perspiration began to break upon his head. He became sober and perfectly sedate, at the very search he was making on his own person for the lost caption. Casting a stern glance at Mr. Peat, and recollecting how he had bamboozled him with the cards, he boldly and directly challenged him for the production of the missing document. "Me your caption," said Mr Peat, "take care what you say, sir; *ripe* me, if you like, from the head to the bottom;" and, suiting the action to the word, Watty himself instantly turned the whole of his pockets, as the messenger himself had done, inside out, to the entire satisfaction of the jailor, who pronounced him to be guiltless of that caption, and, consequently, of the messenger's imputation against him. His companion, Mr Mitchell, went through the same process of examination—rifled from head to foot. Mr. Taylor himself, the afflicted prisoner, went likewise calmly through the same ordeal; but nothing, in the shape of a caption, was found upon him except the forty pound notes which the messenger had disdained to accept from him in the morning. The old, surprised jailor, now took the pen from the outside of his ear, where he generally kept it, and clasped his hands and twirled his fingers round and round with amazement! "Mr. Morgan,

yes indeed, Mr. Morgan! I call upon you, and insist—Where's your caption, sir? Produce it momentarily."

The messenger, now greatly agitated—for it was time for him to be so—searched again and again in his pockets; he even took off his shoes and stockings, thinking that he might have hidden the caption there for preservation during some of the frolics in Mrs. Erskine's house; but no caption, nor the vestige of one, was there to be found. Mr. Taylor, of course, stood mute, apparently reconciled to his fate. "Mr. Morgan"—said the jailor—"Mr William Morgan, messenger-at-arms, I here say to you and your concurrents, How dare you to take this decent, honest gentleman to this Jail of Glasgow, at this hour of the evening, on a *pretended* caption, when you cannot show such in this lawful and abiding place?"

The messenger was here struck dumb; he fumbled and again fumbled, and tore open the very lining of his hat, but of course to no purpose. "Then, Mr. Morgan," said the jailor, "how, in all the world, have you really brought Mr. Taylor here without ony warrant? It's an illegal apprehension; it's a manifest invasion of the liberty of the subject, for which Kings have even been deposed oftener than once; and, Mr. Morgan (looking at him now with great solemnity), the Lord Lyon King of Scotland, the Yearl of Errol, who commissions all messengers-at-arms, and you among the lave, may soon look after you, Mr. Morgan, and suspend or depose you, for this unlawful authority. Nae warrant; nae caption! My certes, Mr. Morgan, you have much to answer for."

Mr. Morgan could not parry these thrusts by any means whatever. Indeed, *without* the caption, he became sensible that he was, to say the least of it, in a most awkward scrape. The jailor acted like a sensible and judicious

man, without knowing anything of what had previously taken place in Mrs. Ralph Erskine's tavern that day. "I now require you, Mr. Wm. Morgan," said the jailor with great dignity, "in His Majesty's name, and by His Majesty's authority, and also by the authority of the Lord Provost and Magistrates of Glasgow, whose servant I am, that you instantly produce to me your alleged caption, otherwise I shall order the turnkeys to open the doors, and liberate Mr. Taylor from prison. I shall not keep him here for another minute longer; for, you see, Mr. Morgan—and you must be sensible of it—the Magistrates and the Town-Clerks would soon punish and dismiss me, the keeper of this Tolbooth, from office, for daring to detain any decent citizen without the semblance of any lawful warrant;—and you know, Mr. Morgan, besides, that you may be liable in damages and *solatium*, under the Wrongous Imprisonment Act, 1701, c. 6—which Act, praise be blest, is the palladium of all the rights and liberties of Scotchmen (the *Hæbious* and the *Corpius* Act so he pronounced it)—for which, we learn from England, that Hampden bled on the field, and Sydney died on the scaffold. But *we*," said the jailor, rising with the dignity and importance of his patriotic subject, "we have our own Bannockburn and our Flodden field! Yes, and in later times we had the battle of the Sheriff-Muir; and do you think our own noble Bailies of Glasgow can forget the battle of *Falkirk*?" The worthy jailor was getting grandiloquent on this last theme; but the caption—the want of the legal caption—necessarily terminated the thread of his oration. Before leaving Mr. M'Gregor, we take the opportunity of saying that he was one of the most stately and dignified jailors we ever saw of the past generation; and it is but civility on

our part here to add that his successors have all been honourable and correct men.

No caption being forthcoming, for the obvious reason already indicated to our readers, the old, respected jailor finally acquitted himself in this wise : " Ha' turnkey, draw the bolts, open the jail doors, and let Mr. Taylor and his decent friends *out*. Gang awa' hame, Mr. Taylor, as fast as possible, and see and get your affairs adjusted. My best blessings be with you and yours."

The now dismantled, overthrown, and perplexed messenger, beginning to be really terrified at the predicament in which he found himself placed—and adverting to the serious admonitions of the jailor, and the fear of the Lord Lyon King-at-Arms, to whom he was amenable (as all messengers-at-arms in Scotland are to this day)—stood at the wicket-door of the jail, with his eyes rolling like furies, at beholding the marvellous and unprecedented escape of Mr. Taylor and his friends, now gliding smartly before him; and Watty, almost rubbing shoulders with him, and laughing outright in his face. But the messenger shook his clenched fists at them, and *threatened* that he would soon do for them yet. Suffice it to say, at this part of the case, that Mr. Taylor proceeded to Edinburgh that night, with the Mail Coach, to take shelter within the precincts of Holyrood House,—a sanctuary where no messenger-at-arms, with any caption, ever dared to enter, since the days of Lord Darnley, the ill-fated husband of the lovely Queen Mary.

Mr. Morgan and his concurrents were now, as our readers may perceive, completely outwitted. They did not really very well know what next to do under the peculiar circumstances. But conceiving that the *escape* of Mr. Taylor, after his apprehension, involved serious conse-

quences to the messenger himself, besides his cautioners and partner in business, they, strange to say, hatched and agreed on the following story, more reprehensible in fact, and less worthy by far, than any of the *tricks* which Watty had been playing in Mrs. Erskine's tavern. They saw that it would never do for them to let Mr. Railton, the gruff senior partner of the establishment know, that they had been carousing all day long, from ten o'clock in the morning till seven in the evening, in Mrs. Erskine's tavern in the Gallowgate of the city, eating and drinking, and playing at cards, with such a result ; so when Mr. Morgan and his concurrents (much dejected) reached their office in Brunswick Lane, late in the evening, they found Mr. Railton just closing his ledger and shutting up for the night ; when, in answer to his inquiries, they falsely and unblushingly told him that they had been away all day in the country, executing a poinding in Milngavie, which they knew they were engaged to do at another time. This false, but ingenious defence, to which they were now distinctly committed out of their own mouths, satisfied Mr. Railton, at the time, most completely.

"Out of the frying-pan into the fire," as the saying is. After the lapse of some days, the Edinburgh agents of Chatto & Co., who had forwarded the caption to Railton & Morgan in Glasgow, as previously stated, wrote to them expressing surprise that they had not heard the result—whether Taylor had paid the debt, or was incarcerated. Railton & Morgan wrote in reply, expressing their surprise, and absolutely asserting that they had never received any such caption at all !

This was a bold and marvellous denial, certainly ; but in utter ignorance of the above facts, the Edinburgh

agents, encouraged by Railton & Morgan, adopted the conclusion that the Mail Coach people, in Edinburgh or Glasgow, had failed in *their* duty to deliver the parcel which had been regularly booked; and, therefore, and in consequence of that failure, they were bound in law to pay the whole debt contained in the caption which Mr. Taylor was owing, together with all the other costs, skaith, and damages, through the non-delivery of the said parcel, now summed up to about £200 sterling, less or more!

Extraordinary as this may be, and we are only coming to the most effective part of it, the fact is nevertheless true, that Mr. Edward Railton, writer in Glasgow, a bold, keen lawyer, doing a most tremendous stroke of legal business in Glasgow—at that time under the same roof as Railton & Morgan (but sometimes following the hounds and hunting the hares o'er hill and dale)—raised an action, before the Lords of Council and Session, in the name of Messrs. Chatto & Co., against Mr. Pyper, of the Mail Coach Office in Edinburgh, and also against Mr. Bain, of the Mail Coach Office in Glasgow, concluding against them, jointly and severally, for the whole debt as above mentioned.

This, of course, was a most disagreeable action to these worthy, and really innocent Mail Coach proprietors; for it implied that they were either defective or dishonest in *their* duty. They were, at first, much perplexed and annoyed about it. DALL, the porter already referred to, could really give them no information, either black or white, on the subject; for he never handled the parcel, and knew nothing whatever about it; and no trace of it in any other quarter could be found by the coach people. There was the way-bill, however, staring them with their own original entry on its face; and that was enough to

hook them for the parcel, and make them liable in law for its contents, as craved in the libelled summons raised and executed against them. Up to this point, and long after it, those parties, we may remark, were also completely ignorant of the scenes that had taken place in the Gallowgate, or of the affair in Glasgow Jail; which, if known to them, would, of course, have unravelled and laid bare all the mystery about the parcel, and knocked the process itself right speedily out of Court. But Mr. Morgan and his confederates carefully and cunningly kept these things concealed to themselves, for the reasons stated; and Mr. Peat and his friends deemed it wise and prudent to keep their thumbs secretly on what he or they had done with the caption; else Mr. Peat, in particular, might have been taken up and *punished*, for an outrage on the diligence of the law. Mr. Taylor in the meantime, we are glad to say, had got his affairs amicably arranged with all his creditors, excepting Chatto & Co., but they thought they were quite secure in getting 20/ in the pound from Messrs. Pyper & Bain, the wealthy coach proprietors, besides interest and expenses, plack and penny. The law-plea against these gentlemen, stirred up vigorously by Mr. Edward Railton, was going on at a rattling pace for the pursuers, in the Court of Session, for nearly two years. The trial gave rise to an important preliminary defence in law, discussed for the first time, we think, in Scotland, which was this: The defenders did not deny, and could not deny, the *booking* of the parcel, but they raised the important point, that they could not be liable for the contents of that parcel unless the value of it had been specially intimated to them at the time, and they had *insured* it accordingly. They pled, with much plausibility, that they might as well be made

liable for £100,000, and so ruined, if notice of the real risk was not communicated to, and adopted by them. Able pleas on that legal and important point were heard for a long while before their Lordships; but at last they decided by a majority that the *booking* of the parcel, by the payment of the *twopence*, made the Mail Coach proprietors liable in law.

This decision, so far as it went, gladdened the hearts of Messrs. Chatto & Co., and their agents; and Mr. Morgan and his two concurrents, without the least twinges of conscience, were laughing and smiling in their sleeves. But the case, by another turn, was remitted to the Jury Court, on the issue—Delivery or Non-delivery of the parcel. At last the proceedings, by some means or other, reached the ears of the public, and created some interest; and they also reached the astonished ears of Mr. Walter Peat himself, *for the first time*. “What,” said Watty to himself, “are these infernal lawyers—these horse-leeches of messengers-at-arms—really attempting to rob, diddle, or cheat Messrs. Pyper & Bain in this way; or coolly attempting, under figments of law, to circumvent and injure them by telling a parcel of *lies* about the caption, when I know so well about it? And is this Mr. Morgan, the knave, really attempting to hold up his brazen snout, and deny the various entertainments we gave him, on the head of the caption, in Mrs. Erskine’s tavern? Can he, the rascal [Watty was now sweltering with honest indignation and rage], can he hold up his head in society, in broad day light, and deny the introduction to the Tolbooth; and what the decent jailor then told him about his caption?”

Watty now began to swear like a trooper, at the law, and all about it, but he was particularly fierce on

Mr. Morgan, whose subsequent conduct, against the innocent Mail Coach people, nettled him to the very quick. He, therefore, composing himself like an honest man, would make now, he said, a "*clean breast of it*," whatever might be the consequences to himself; so he went and told the whole story, from first to last, to the Mail Coach agents. They (Messrs. Kerr & Malcolm) were mightily tickled and surprised with it, and with the blunt, even-down, soney appearance of Mr. Peat; for they were just preparing for the approaching trial in the Jury Court, and he came to them, they said, in the very nick of time. On the other hand, but in a far different manner, Railton & Morgan were also busily preparing for that trial—training their witnesses absolutely to swear that they never received the caption, and never saw it at all. They were cock-sure of a verdict, and carousing already on the head of it.

Mr. Peat was prudently admonished and enjoined by the defender's astonished agents to keep all his secrets to himself, including his tricks about the cards, and especially the caption, till he was put into the witness-box by the defenders, on the eventful day of the trial itself in Edinburgh, before the Lord Chief-Commissioner and a Jury. He promised to do so, and he faithfully kept his word.

At Edinburgh, on the 24th day of July, 1827, there appeared in Court for the pursuers of the action, the following counsel and agents, viz., Messrs. Francis Jeffrey and J. S. More, advocates, with Messrs. Campbell and Mack, W.S., agents. For the defenders, Messrs. Henry Cockburn, John Cunningham, and Joseph Bain, junr., advocates, with Mr. James Greig, W.S., agent.

Suffice it to say, that Mr. William Morgan, with the whole of his concurrents and clerks, and other persons

in the office of Railton & Morgan, boldly appeared in the witness-box, and swore most distinctly and positively that the parcel in question was not delivered to, or received, or seen by any one of them.

This was supposed to be conclusive and decisive evidence in favour of the pursuers, and fatal, of course, to the Mail Coach proprietors. In his *cross* examination, conducted by Henry Cockburn, Mr. William Morgan swore, unequivocally, that he had never been in the tavern of Mrs. Ralph Erskine in the Gallowgate—that he did not even know where such a house was situated !

This was also supposed to be a stunning and fatal blow to that accomplished and clever Counsel, in his line of cross-examination. He sat down, shaking his fine formed *bald* head, apparently very much surprised. But, in in a Jury case, with plain and stubborn facts before him, he was inimitable. Few Advocates, indeed, could match him for his racy humour to any jury, in any case which he relished, and had the palm of conducting.

It came now to the turn of Henry Cockburn himself to address the jury for the defendents. He touched off the Messenger-at-arms to perfection. He described the scenes in Mrs. Erskine's tavern with a solemnity, mixed with a playfulness, which the greatest comic actor of the day on the British stage could not have excelled; and as he advanced, with a flood of resistless eloquence, to describe the last eventful scene in the Jail of Glasgow—which he boldly undertook to *prove*—the Lord Chief-Commissioner, the whole Court, and the Jury, were perfectly entranced with amazement; insomuch that the venerable Judge threw down his pen, arose from his seat, and looked anxiously to both sides of the bar, indicating pretty plainly, “Can this be possible?”

Mr. Henry Cockburn—who, we may observe (and the observation equally applies to his friend Mr. Jeffrey) never wore any *wig* at the bar, during the zenith of their greatest practice—calmly sat down and adjusted his tattered, but oft displayed gown, scarcely worth the mending, as some thought from its appearance, and looking earnestly at the Judge, and then calmly directing his bewitching eyes to the gentlemen of the Jury ;—they in their turn looking intensely on him, and wondering whether he could really substantiate, by credible evidence, the one tithe of what he had just addressed to them Mr. Cockburn, nothing dismayed, but with confidence, at once called into the witness-box his first, and most important witness, “Watty Peat”—now designed as Walter Peat, Esq., now or lately tanner, near the Spoutmouth, in the Gallowgate of Glasgow. It was a rich scene that of Watty, for the first and last time, to make in the supreme “College of Justice,” as it was wont to be called in Edinburgh. He answered the preliminary questions put to him with the greatest propriety. “Go on, sir,” said Mr. Cockburn, eyeing his witness with increasing confidence and delight ; “please go on, Mr. Peat, in your own frank, homely way, and raise your voice, and just tell his Lordship, and the gentlemen of the Jury, all you know of this extraordinary case, from the beginning.”

So Watty, plucking up confidence, went into the whole details we have already given, but in a more matchless and impressive manner, convulsing the Court and the Jury, and all who heard him reciting anew his wonderful tricks.

Watty afterwards stood the sharp fire of Mr. Jeffrey’s *cross* examination with remarkable composure. He was giving playful, but most *honest* evidence ; and a witness

who gives genuine, honest evidence, in any case, much as he may be bamboozled with clever advocates, has really nothing to fear in the result.

Mr. Cockburn, delighted with Watty's appearance as his *first* witness, and with a mixture of fun and gravity always conspicuous about him, then proceeded to call Mrs. Erskine into the box. She confirmed Watty in every essential particular of his evidence except this, that she did not actually see the caption put "*into her ain ribs.*" (Roars of laughter.) Other incidental evidence, however, clenched the fact completely ; and other witnesses spoke of the scene in the Jail, which told significantly enough to the Jury, and some of them began to hold up their hands in perfect amazement. Henry Cockburn saw this, and said he had more witnesses to bring forward ; but was it really necessary ? He sat down, nodding his head twice or thrice with the greatest confidence to the Jury, for he could address no speech in *reply*, as the rules of Court then were very different in that respect from what they are now ; but some of the Jury smiled complacently on Mr. Cockburn, as much as to say, "You have, indeed, proved your admirable and most amusing speech to our satisfaction."

But the Court did not appear to be so easily satisfied. The Lord Chief-Commissioner seemed to be much puzzled and perplexed at this point, and no wonder, from the strange contrariety of the evidence on both sides of the bar. His Lordship, therefore, did a most extraordinary thing—quite unusual in Jury Court cases—and we do not know that it ever happened again in any other case in Scotland. He directed that Mr. Morgan and his two chief concurrents should be brought back again into the Court, and *confronted*, face to face, with Mr. Peat and Mrs. Erskine !

This was done. Morgan and his concurrents solemnly swore that they had never seen Mr. Walter Peat or Mrs. Ralph Erskine up to that hour in the Court! They, with equal pertinacity or effrontery, denied that they had ever been in Mrs. Erskine's tavern at all, and did not so much as know where it was situated in Glasgow!!

"Well," said Mr. Cockburn, bristling up to Messenger Morgan and his concurrents, "Do you know where the *Jail* of Glasgow is situated, for if you don't, you should soon see it?" They made this flippant answer to that rather irrelevant question—"That they knew very well where the Jail was, but they never saw the caption of Chatto & Co. against Taylor in that place, or anywhere else, in all their lives."

It became now the duty of Mr. Francis Jeffrey to *reply* on this extraordinary evidence, and on the whole case for the pursuers. Matchless as his talents were, he evidently found it to be very hard, up-hill work indeed; but he laboured at it most amazingly for his clients, the pursuers. He directed his artillery chiefly and pointedly against Mr. Peat, and struggled to cut him to pieces as a witness; characterising him as a mere card-sharper, or trickster, whose evidence was not credible; and if he struck him down as a witness, then all the rest of the defenders' witnesses followed in his train; whereas the messenger-at-arms, from his official duty and position, was best entitled to their confidence and their verdict. The Lord Chief-Commissioner, in his impartial charge to the jury, told them distinctly that *both* sets of witnesses could not possibly be believed; that there was *Perjury* deep and glaring on the one side or on the other; and it was peculiarly the duty of the Jury to declare on which side the truth lay. The Jury, without hesitation, and

without leaving their box, returned their unanimous verdict in favour of the defenders.

This finished Messrs. Railton & Morgan, and settled Messrs. Chatto & Co., *quoad* their debt in that caption against Mr. Taylor. Uncommon interest, as we well remember, was felt in this case by all the legal profession in Edinburgh and Glasgow. It formed the subject of animated discussion and debate in many clubs and taverns in the city. Within a few days after the trial, the following notifications appeared in the Glasgow newspapers:—

NOTICE.

Glasgow, 28th July, 1827.

The Subscriber ceased, on the Twenty-fourth day of July current, to have any interest in the concern carried on at Glasgow, under the firm of Railton & Morgan, Messengers-at-Arms. Mr. Railton is authorised to uplift the debts of the concern.

WILLIAM MORGAN.

ROBERT MACNAIR, Witness.

WM. FULLARTON, Witness.

INTIMATION AND SPECIAL NOTICE.

Glasgow, 28th July, 1827.

The Partnership which subsisted between the Subscriber and Wm. Morgan, Messengers-at-arms, having been dissolved, he hereby intimates that he continues the business in his own name, in the same premises, 20 Brunswick Place, *and is not liable for any of the said William Morgan's future transactions.* The debts due by the late firm will be paid by the Subscriber, and he alone is entitled to uplift and discharge those due to it.

JOHN RAILTON.

DANIEL HARTLEY, Witness.

JOHN M'COWAN, Witness.

Soon after these occurrences, and as if sad, but

righteous retribution was awaiting him, Mr. Messenger Morgan lost all his business—took to the whisky shop, wherever he could raise sixpence—had his eyes blackened, and his arm dislocated in street brawls; and finally he was lodged as a poor *pauper* in the Town's Hospital. It fell to our lot, some years ago, to be one of the Directors of that invaluable institution—Dr. Adams was the inspector. We were much struck, and somewhat sorry, at the wretched appearance of William Morgan, for we had seen, and remembered him, in his busy and better days. So not rudely, but rather in mild language, we accosted him, saying, “Ah! Mr. Morgan, you see what Falsehood and Perjury, and base pleas against innocent people have done!” He hung down his head in tacit acknowledgment of the impeachment, and we requested Dr. Adams to be as kind and lenient to the wretched man as possible.

What has since become of him we know not, though we rather think that he has been seized by that GRIM MESSENGER-AT-ARMS whose Caption none in this world can evade, even for one single moment, on any pretence whatsoever.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SINKING OF THE GLASGOW SHIPS AT SEA—
FRAUD ON THE GLASGOW UNDERWRITERS—
INTERESTING TRIAL AND CAPITAL CONVICTION,
&c., &c.

“BLESS me the day—is that you?” said an old jolly, weather-beaten sea captain, who has made sundry voyages round the world in the track of Captain Cook, whose interesting voyages, as narrated by himself, made a deep impression upon us in early life. “Is that really *you*,” he again said, as he named and saluted us with much civility, while stepping into the Royal Exchange of Glasgow the other day. We soon recognised the gallant veteran, and respectfully saluted him in return. “You have made me,” said he, “and my old messmate enjoy ourselves amazingly, and recount our ancient, happy courtship in the Candleriggs in days of yore, by that rich story you have given of the *Precentor*, John M'Dougall, and the Cameronian Soldier and his wife, on their tramp through Glasgow ; but you must try, if you please, and give us the story, which you well know, about *another* most remarkable *John M'Dougall*, in Glasgow—greater by far than the High Church precentor—long since

gathered to his fathers. You must remember," said he, "the great John M'Dougall, Esquire, from Tignabruaich, in the Kyles of Bute, merchant and ship agent in Glasgow, whose deeds petrified our grandfathers and our grandmothers, and all the young ladies and gentlemen of Glasgow then alive—but few now to the fore, and these are gliding rapidly away by the march of time."

We nodded assent, remembering the story perfectly ; and, with this short introduction, we now proceed to tell it, we hope, with unfaltering fidelity ; and, we dare say, it will surprise many of our readers of the present day, who probably never heard of the above-mentioned John M'Dougall, *Esquire*, or any of his daring exploits at all. Every young *underwriter*, or insurance agent, or broker in the city, may well marvel at it with amazement, because the like of it, we venture to say, never occurred in Glasgow, or in this kingdom of Scotland. We have, however, a few other words to add by way of preface.

Fifty years ago, as we very well remember, there were few vessels indeed belonging to Glasgow, or arriving at, or departing from, its harbour at the Broomielaw. Our other venerable and esteemed friend, Andrew Scott, Esq., who for upwards of half-a-century occupied an honourable and important position in the Custom House of Glasgow—and whose steady friendship we rejoice to know, and gratefully acknowledge, is still vouchsafed to us in these Reminiscences—has given us much early and most interesting information about the ships, tonnage, and vessels of Glasgow in olden times ; but we shall here only narrate this preliminary fact, appertaining to ourselves, viz., that we have often seen the boys of the Old Grammar School Wynd, wading and paidlin' across the river at the Broomielaw, with their trousers rolled up to

their knees, catching baggy-minnows, flukes (flounders), and other smaller fish with their hands, near the very centre of the then narrow stream, which only floated vessels of some fifty or sixty tons burden. And we think we have already stated, in some part of these Reminiscences, that we have seen, with our own eyes, as many as twenty or thirty fine salmon taken out of that stream, by net and cobble, near the very steps of the stairs where the Custom House of Glasgow presently stands ; while further down the river, at Finlaystone—nearly opposite Dumbarton Castle—we have also seen taken from the *stake-nets*, which then dotted the Clyde in that quarter, as many as one hundred and twenty fine clean salmon, on a Monday morning ; whereas few, if any such, can be seen in those places now.

We may give, afterwards, an interesting chapter about the ancient “Stake Nets” on the Clyde, demolished many years ago, in consequence of a judgment of the House of Lords, respecting which we have some queer old papers in our possession. But we go on to observe that at the period we have spoken of, within our own remembrance, the whole tonnage of the Broomielaw only amounted to about 2,000 tons ; whereas last year it had risen to the prodigious amount of 296,000 tons, and still increasing.

The Custom House dues, at the period referred to, only amounted to about £12,000 sterling, whereas they are now nearly £1,000,000 sterling per annum. The *River Dues*, now in the hands of the Clyde Trustees, were then jobbed—yes, actually jobbed—by a few private citizens connected with the old Incorporation, for about £10,000 per annum, and a good thing they made of it for themselves ; whereas the revenue from this source now reaches the large figure of upwards of £120,000 per annum. The

population of Glasgow was then about 110,000. Behold it now at 450,000 and still rapidly on the increase. And if we go back again for another glance at the Broomielaw, at the period spoken to from our own vivid recollection, it could only receive, as already noticed, vessels of about fifty or sixty tons; whereas it can now give accommodation to huge ships of thousands of tons, going to all parts of the world; which the then old Harbour Master, whom we very well knew, viz., Mr. Andrew Houston, never once contemplated in his philosophy. It may seem strange to be told at this time of day (1866), but it is quite true, that Mr. Andrew Houston transacted nearly all the business of the harbour himself; and he became passing rich on a salary of some £80 per annum; while besides being the sole Harbour Master of Glasgow, he was also able to transact other business in the city on his own account, and was very much respected. His son, Mr. A. M'D. Houston, one of the city surveyors, died not very long ago. There was, as we also remember, another old, clever, witty man, dwelling in Wood Lane, Broomielaw, of the name of John Mackinlay. He transacted nearly the greater part of the *brokerage* at the Broomielaw, and bought and sold coals in the city; and he could tell from his "weather glass"—his own eyes—whether it was safe for the fly-boats at the Broomielaw to scud down to Gourrock, with their limited number of passengers for the coast. Fancy these two old *cockies*—Houston and Mackinlay—having the entire *surveillance* of the Broomielaw at that time in their own hands; where no *shed*, or receiving boxes, were to be seen, and only a few *oil* lamps at midnight to disclose the appearance and boundaries of the whole harbour of Glasgow, where now myriads of gas lamps and other things are to

be seen guiding to the boundless commerce of the world!

Now, then, for our particular story. There came to Glasgow from Rothesay, about the period referred to, the aforesaid John M'Dougall, a tall, burly-looking fellow, upwards of six feet high, with a considerable dash of *impudence* about him; and impudence, we must say, is a thing which sometimes succeeds well in this world—much better than modest merit, clad in honest attire.

From being at first in a small way, as the agent of some of the Rothesay and Campbeltown *packet boats* (not steamers), coming to the Broomielaw with fresh and salt herrings, Mr. M'Dougall advanced to be owner and part owner of several small brigs, sloops, or schooners—as they were then called—adventuring out to sea, and trading to other places far beyond the Kyles of Bute. He seems at an early period, to have formed the plan, or the resolution, and took care—for reasons which shall presently appear—to INSURE every one of these vessels, and their cargoes, to their full value, and sometimes considerably beyond it. In that way he became, at first, a pretty good customer of the Glasgow underwriters, or insurance brokers of that day; there were only a few—not more than a dozen or two of them at that time in Glasgow, such as the Lillies and the Gilberts, the Loudens and the Alstons, the Bennetts and the Browns—transacting their business chiefly under the pillars, or piazzas of the old Exchange or Tontine Coffee-room, then the great mart of business in the city.

None walked so haughtily—mixed with Highland pride—into the old Exchange, as Mr. John M'Dougall. He was now becoming a mighty man of business in the city. His *office*, we may state, was then in St. Enoch's

Square—his house in Jamaica Street, in that fine old range of buildings on the west, recently demolished, but then forming the mansion houses of some of the first families in Glasgow—such as the Douglasses, the Bogles, the Hamiltons, &c., &c. Every year, apparently, was adding, by some unknown means or another, to the reputed wealth of Mr. John M'Dougall; and in rapid process of time he began to build an elegant mansion at the Kyles of Bute, to the wonder and astonishment of some of his friends in that quarter. About that same period, we may remark, that Mr. Kirkman Finlay (Lord Provost of Glasgow), purchased the then barren, but now splendid estate of Toward, nearly opposite to Rothesay. That estate, we remember, was originally called "*Auchiwillan*." There was an old castellated ruin upon it, covered over with ivy, which we used to admire; and the modern magnificent castle of Toward was erected by Mr. K. Finlay, above named, who was father of the present esteemed Member for Argyllshire in Parliament. It now stands conspicuous for its lofty grandeur, in that romantic quarter of the Clyde, with the beautiful woods and fields which he planted and improved; but which were, previously, only the recesses of peats, heather, and moss. The estate of Auchiwilla, now called Toward Castle, belonged to a poor old Highland gentleman of the name of Campbell—John Campbell, Esq. of Auchiwilla—but he became involved by cautionary obligations, and was obliged to sell it. He was a relative of the mother of Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards the illustrious General and Field-Marshal, LORD CLYDE; from whom, we may remark, we have several kind letters in our possession, with the undoubted certificate of his birth and baptism in this city, which we of course greatly prize; nor is it, we hope,

here too egotistical for us to state—though others probably will accuse us of that frailty—that we have also many kind and amusing letters from the late gallant *Admiral* Sir Charles Napier, who often called upon us in Glasgow, and has frequently warmed his gallant toes at our humble office fires in the city, long before we ever thought of bringing some of these Reminiscences to light. And why should we conceal these things? They rather afford us pride and pleasure, which not a few of our critics may envy; but none of our real friends can be otherwise than pleased to hear us thus simply allude to them. Indeed, we might go farther, and state that we believe we retain in our possession at this moment, more original letters from distinguished Statesmen, Warriors, and Chieftains, than any other person now alive in Glasgow. This is *glorification*, certainly; but it may be excused, considering the numberless trials and scenes which we have witnessed during many eventful years.

We resume our immediate narrative by saying that the above-named Mr. John Campbell of Auchiwilla, soon after the sale of his estate to Mr. Kirkman Finlay, came, with his venerable wife and two sprightly daughters, to reside in George Street, Glasgow, in the court then known by the name of the “Coach Office Court;” and they were next door neighbours of Mrs. M’Kinnon Campbell of Ormaig, one of the prettiest widow ladies at that time in Glasgow—now all dead. We narrate some of these circumstances because they give us the opportunity of saying that in going to Castle Toward, or coming up from Rothesay, Mr. Kirkman Finlay—who had very great influence in Glasgow, as we shall show, in another direction, ere long—made the acquaintance of Mr. John M’Dougall—or, rather, Mr. M’Dougall, with his bold

assurance, fastened on the acquaintance of Mr. Finlay ; and the latter ultimately endeavoured to save his neck from the GIBBET, as we shall show in the sequel.

At last—and to cut this narrative short, though we might enlarge upon it in various ways, but we must try and take care not to fatigue our readers over-much—it came to be reported, or rather “the disastrous news” reached the underwriters in Glasgow, that several of Mr. M'Dougall's ships, or vessels—largely insured—had been lost, or foundered at sea, but that the captains and crews were all most “providentially saved.” Of course the honourable underwriters, with the evidence and information imparted to them, had to cash up for the loss to Mr. M'Dougall ; who became, of course, perfectly satisfied with the amount paid down to him. When the underwriters came also to settle with him promptly, in several other instances of greater or minor importance, he—in order, as he said, to show his proper sense of gratitude to them for their punctuality and honourable conduct, and to soothe them so far for their additional losses—would invite them to nice entertainments in the Tontine Hotel, with turtle and venison, and claret and rum punch galore, &c. The underwriters, in their innocent simplicity—but liking very well the good things of this life, such as Mr. M'Dougall's good dinner parties afforded—partook of them with considerable relish, little imagining that the *costs* thereof were coming, in the long run, out of their own pockets. They had no more idea of that than Jonah probably had of his destiny in the WHALE'S BELLY.

It began, in process of time, to be mooted, and with some it was particularly observed, that the more Mr. M'Dougall's ships or vessels were lost, or foundered at sea, the more of them he began to purchase and to build ;

and that those "sad disasters at sea," as some called them, so far from diminishing his "means and substance," made him appear in reality to be a much more opulent and thriving personage.

He continued to give good dinner parties, and fashionable balls. His establishment, for a time, was the most dashing in the city. Mr. Michael Rowand, the manager and partner of the old Ship Bank, living almost next door to him, in the same street, was not to be compared to John M'Dougall, Esquire of Tighnabruaich, for dainty dishes and choice wines. In fact, he became one of the leaders of the *ton* in Glasgow, and was admired as such by many "hangers-on" of the city, whereof some exist to this day.

Under the rose, he had what was called—and is still called in numerous instances—"a *sleeping partner*" in business with him in Glasgow, of the name of Mr. James Menzies, residing in the Stockwell. Menzies was then one of the most extensive fish-curers and dealers in the city. He shipped off large cargoes of salt herrings from the Broomielaw to the Netherlands, to Holland, and to Spain; and Mr. M'Dougall always appeared as his *insurance* broker. But although they were partners in these herring speculations, which generally turned out to be pretty profitable to all concerned, yet Mr. M'Dougall took care to keep Mr. Menzies, who was rather an uncouth sort of a man, at a pretty respectable distance from him.

On one particular occasion the news was propagated that Mr. Menzies' herring vessels sailing from the Clyde, but fully insured, had a tremendous run of bad luck. They were all foundered, so the news came to the underwriters, near the Craigs of Ailsa, or the Paps of Jura—

therefore the Glasgow underwriters, through the agency of Mr. M'Dougall, behoved again to cash up for the loss. "Unfortunate man, this Mr. Menzies;" so Mr. M'Dougall—with his long canting face, adjusted for the occasion—was wont to say in the underwriters' rooms in Glasgow. "Poor old man! he has lost the large profits he would have made on this year's herrings from Holland;" and Menzies himself, perfectly alive to the whole transactions, whether by sea or land, would dexterously walk up and down near to the doors of the underwriters, wringing his hands, and looking sorrowful and dejected to such a degree, that he touched the hard and flinty heart of old bachelor Mr. Andrew Gilbert, one of the chief underwriters then in the city, who, by his parsimony, amassed considerable wealth, and purchased the property of *Yorkhill*, now becoming of such value to our River Trustees; but it was then a sort of despised property, valued at about £500 per acre, at which price, we know, Dr. Cleland once valued it; whereas it now brings *triple* that price, at least; and there is still a valuable piece of it on hand. We remember perfectly of the adjoining lands of Kelvinhaugh, belonging to the sequestrated estate of M'Gregor & Co., calico printers, one of whose partners forged the Government Stamp, and was obliged to fly for his life to America, and hence the property came into the market, and was exposed to public roup repeatedly, and ultimately sold at the small reduced upset price of £7000 sterling; whereas that same property, one way or another, has subsequently realized upwards of £70,000 sterling,—such has been the astonishing rise in the value of property in that district. We may observe that Mr. Graham Gilbert, the famous painter, succeeded to the lands of *Yorkhill*, through his marriage

with the niece, we think, of old Mr. Andrew Gilbert—and hence he takes the name of Gilbert ; nor can he, we hope, take offence at us for telling this story, which does not detract from the repute of his ancient sire in any way.

At last two famous vessels belonging to Mr. M'Dougall, one called the "Mary," and the other the "Friends," of Glasgow, came to be despatched by Mr. M'Dougall from Glasgow, the one from Port-Dundas, through the Frith of Forth, ostensibly bound for Hamburgh ; the other from the Broomielaw, bound direct for Trinidad. Mr. John M'Dougall had cautiously secured *Policies of Insurance* upon both vessels, with the underwriters of Glasgow and Lloyd's, to the value of upwards of £40,000 sterling.

We are now coming close upon his heels with our remarkable story ; but we must take a farther glimpse of him in one of his snug recesses in Glasgow. There happened to be a famous spirit-dealer at that time in Glasgow, of the name of John Hutcheson, in the Candle-riggs ; and in one of his back apartments Messrs. John M'Dougall and James Menzies used frequently to meet with sea-faring captains and their mates, ere sailing on their projected voyages. Johnny Hutcheson, the spirit-dealer, sometimes cocked his ears, and overheard strange conversations between them, about ships, cargoes, and underwriters, but he became particularly interested about a *calker* he heard them describing, for boring holes in a ship's bottom !

The spirit-dealer, in his simplicity, thought that a *calker* could only mean something in the whisky line ; but when he beheld it with his eyes, in the shape of a large *gimlet* (or iron instrument), brought out from one of their own pockets, and handled by them at his own

table, in his own back shop, he became prodigiously amazed ; and by-and-bye he placed the tip of his ear to the wooden partition of his shop, in order that he might gather up some farther particulars of their conversation—an inquisitorial infirmity which probably pervades other ranks of the community to this day. For some reason or other, which we cannot very well explain—probably they thought he was listening to them too narrowly—Messrs. M'Dougall and Menzies quarrelled with Johnny Hutcheson, not the spirit-*rapper*, at that time, but the *bona fide* spirit-dealer ; and they afterwards threw him into jail for some borrowed money which he owed them, but could not pay. It is singular how wonders are sometimes wrought in a prison house, when the prisoner comes to reflect, or be aroused to a proper sense of his situation.

Johnny, in prison, accidentally heard some of his fellow-prisoners tell the news, that another squadron of Messrs. M'Dougall and Menzies' ships had foundered at sea, but that the captains and crew were again "providentially saved." Johnny cocked his ears in grim reality in jail, at this news ; and the *calker*, and some of the conversation above alluded to, flashed across his memory. Revenge, they say, is sweet ; and Johnny bristled up with indignation, that he should be kept in *limbo* by M'Dougall and Menzies for a paltry debt ; so he sent for some generous friends, and contrived to raise the necessary funds for his liberation, which he accomplished in a day or two after ; and soon learned all the news about the ships, from the newspapers and other channels. Johnny, therefore, was now adjusting his own compasses, and eagerly on the look-out for *squalls* with M'Dougall and Menzies.

But another chain of marvellous events occurred in a

different direction, which, with the leave of our readers, we shall now relate. It smacks like a novel, but it is all founded on truth, and actually occurred in this city of Glasgow, wherein we write.

On the very morning of the day of Johnny Hutcheson's liberation from Glasgow Jail, as above stated, old Mr. Colin Gillespie of Anderston—at that time one of the most respectable and extensive calico printers in Glasgow, or in Scotland—while walking into the Tontine Coffee-room to read the news (as he was wont to do pretty regularly in that place), observed a poor humble, but neat clad widow woman, sitting complacently at the foot of the Candleriggs, with her basket before her, offering "*remnants*"—that is, small pieces of printed calico cloth—for sale. Mr. Gillespie, touched by the poor woman's respectful demeanour, was about to slip into her hand a silver sixpence, and pass on; but he became perfectly thunderstruck and amazed, as, when looking more earnestly at her basket, he discovered that some of the "*remnants*" which it contained, were parts and portions of his own printed calicoes, some of them having his own peculiar "*dye*," or mark, upon them; and all recently sold by him, for shipment abroad, to Messrs. J. Finlay & Co., and Messrs. J. T. and A. Douglas & Co., and other eminent firms, well known in the city. Mr. Gillespie, standing amazed alongside of the poor widow woman, and musing to himself, said (and this we heard from his own lips), "How is it possible that my goods should be cut up, and selling here as '*remnants*,' in this way, since they were all carefully packed up in my own warehouse; and duly invoiced, and shipped off in Mr. M'Dougall's ships—the '*Mary*' and the '*Friends*'—bound for *Hamburgh* and *Trinidad*?" While old Mr.

Gillespie was thus absolutely musing to himself in the manner we have just stated, who—most singular to relate—should come up to him, at that poor woman's basket, but another old, steady, and famous manufacturer of his day in Glasgow, viz., Mr. James Dalglish; related, we think, to the present M.P. for the city. Mr. James Dalglish and Mr. Colin Gillespie saluted each other, for they were warm personal friends. Mr. Dalglish cannily rubbed his spectacles, and, on the hint of Mr. Gillespie, began to inspect the basket with the "remnants." "Bless me," said he, "here's anither 'remnant' of the very goods our folks sold to Mr. M'Dougall, for shipment in his vessel—the 'Friends'—for Trinidad! How the *deevil* have they got here? Can any of our warehouse chaps have been purloining, or cheating, or robbing us of our goods, and selling them before our very faces, on the streets of Glasgow?" "Dinna blame me," said the poor, honest basket woman. "Dinna blame me, dear kind-hearted gentlemen," she again said, curtseying with all the benignity of a gentle lady. "Oh, dinna blame me, for I'm neither a thief nor a resetter—the Lord forbid; for I purchased the goods just yesterday, in Mr. M'Dougall's ain stores in Turner's Court, aff Argyle Street. He's a braw, decent gentleman," continued she, "and sold them unco cheap for ready-money, to her and other poor bodies, to enable them, with their baskets, to earn their bit livelihood by honest means!"

Antecedent to these simple, but remarkable occurrences—the importance of which will soon appear—the startling news had arrived in Glasgow—and was communicated by Mr. John M'Dougall, with a most sorrowful face, to the assembled and dismayed underwriters—that "the ship 'Friends' had foundered at sea, off the coast

of Holland, but that the captain and crew were again ‘most providentially saved,’ by a Spanish vessel, that had ‘heaved-to,’ bound for Cuxhaven, where they were all landed safely; while the ‘Friends,’ and her valuable cargo, perished, without leaving a vestige of the wreck behind.” Letters and affidavits, attesting the verity of these facts, were written and made out in Holland by the Captain of the “Friends”—certified, as genuine, with the seal of the Dutch Consul—and duly transmitted to Glasgow, by the Captain of the “Friends,” to his much respected and esteemed *friend* and owner, John M’Dougall, Esquire, of Glasgow.

Without any loss of time, Captain Robert Duncan, the master of the “Friends,” bringing with him another duplicate of the above credentials, arrived in the city. His mate, Mr. Daniel Bannatyne, came along with him; and as they had often been “foundered at sea” on previous occasions, they became objects of interest and curiosity in Glasgow—then of much smaller dimensions than it is now; and where everybody in the seafaring line could scan the latitude and the longitude of their friends at sea.

Ere many hours elapsed, after their safe arrival in the city, Captain Duncan and his mate (Bannatyne) fell out, and began to curse and swear, not merely at themselves and their voyages, but principally against Mr. M’Dougall and Mr. Menzies, for their stratagems on dry land. The Plot was now hatching; it was getting pretty transparent at several points. Mr. John Hutcheson, but recently escaped from prison, nursing his wrath to keep it warm; the woman, with her basket, now in custody in the Fiscal’s office—and Messrs. Gillespie and Dalglish, cogitating on their recent discoveries, *per* that basket, held a

confabulation with some of the Law Agents of the Underwriters, represented by the firm of Messrs. James King and Simon Campbell, in Brunswick Place — [Mr. Campbell is still alive, and is now one of the most venerable and respected practitioners before the Courts in Edinburgh; and will not, we think, impeach any of our statements]—and so, from less to more, it was resolved to take somewhat daring, but most serious proceedings against the great John M'Dougall, Esq. of Tighnabruaich, and his humble and less guilty associate, James Menzies. By an old Act of Parliament, in the reign of George the Third (1789), it was *inter alia* declared (so the crime seemed to have been in vogue at that time), that the fraudulent casting away, or sinking of ships at sea, for the purpose of defrauding the underwriters, was an heinous crime, punishable with DEATH; and ample powers were given to any of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace to seize and bring to justice all such offenders, &c., &c.

In proceeding now with our diversified, but consecutive narrative, we have to observe that the active *Fiscal* of the Justices at that time in the city, was Mr. Charles Stewart—trained up in the office of Mr. Thomas Meek, one of the ablest lawyers in Glasgow, whose father—in the days of the *Revival* of old—was minister of the parish of Cambuslang, and Doctor of Divinity in connection with the College of Glasgow.

Mr. Stewart—Mr. Charles Stewart—from having the same *name* as the Pretender of 1745, was called, by the young scribes in the city, “the Black Prince,” and a sour, sulky dog he was, not approaching in the most distant degree to what we have heard our grandmothers describe of the handsome appearance of “bonnie Prince Charlie,”

one of whom, as we have already stated, saluted him in the city of Edinburgh.

Mr. Fiscal Stewart, when some of the foregoing facts and circumstances were represented to him, scratched his head, but lost no time in getting a warrant written out for seizing the persons of the said John M'Dougall and James Menzies, and bringing them before the nearest Justices for examination, respecting the capital crimes now laid to their charge.

This warrant was immediately placed in the hands of Messrs. Alex. and Stuart Turner, messengers-at-arms, two brothers carrying on a respectable business of its kind in Melville Court, off the Trongate—much superior to that of Railton & Morgan, whom we have already finished. The Messrs. Turner had six or eight strong bodied officers, or concurrents, in their office, ready for all sorts of business in the civil or criminal line ; so when Fiscal Stewart brought to them, as above stated, this important warrant—the like of which had never been seen or applied for in the city of Glasgow—it was arranged that Mr. Alexander Turner, the senior messenger, with three of his able-bodied concurrents, should forthwith proceed in quest of the great John M'Dougall, with the view of his apprehension ; whilst Stuart Turner, the junior messenger, should go, with two of his concurrents, in quest of the smaller Mr. Menzies in the Stockwell. Mr. Alexander Turner and his concurrents, with a resolution befitting the occasion, soon captured Mr. M'Dougall, when counting his hundreds of pounds with seeming security, in his own office, and summing up his Bank-book with its thousands therein. The great delinquent, taken by surprise, now trembled, for the first time in his life, from head to foot. He offered to give Mr. Turner all the

money he had upon him, and something more, if he would only allow him "to slip away;" but Mr. Turner was immoveable, and scorned the bribe; and, therefore, as his last alternative, Mr. M'Dougall entreated that instead of taking him before the Justices, or committing him to prison in broad daylight, or in order to avoid farther observation, Mr. Turner, in the meantime, would just allow him to walk arm in arm with him to his (Mr. Turner's) own dwelling-house, in the Old Post Office Court—now occupied as the warehouse of Messrs. Adam & Wright—where he might arrange, in Mr. Turner's own presence, some of his immediate and pressing matters. This was agreed to, and done. No sooner did Mr. M'Dougall find himself to be safely secured in the messenger's house, without the least possibility of escape therefrom, than he threw himself down on the messenger's bed, sobbing, and acknowledging his guilt in all the varied and enormous transactions against the Glasgow underwriters; and when he was speedily brought before the Glasgow Justices, viz., Messrs. John Lang, James Mackenzie, and others, for examination, he made to them a still more explicit and candid declaration, or confession, of his guilt; imploring them that as he had done so, they would have compassion on him, and intercede by saving him from an ignominious death upon the scaffold, which, by the special Act of Parliament quoted against him in the warrant, was now virtually staring him in the face, as his awful doom.

The news of this affair coming so quick, with other things, on the foundering of the vessels at sea, produced a perfect sensation in Glasgow. It was scarcely credible, many thought, that Mr. M'Dougall, so comfortable on land, should commit such treasons at sea. The city was

very much divided in opinion on the subject; but all were resolved to await his trial in due course of law. There were no "sensation papers" scribbling for him, on the one side or the other. The douce citizens reflected among themselves—they formed their own sober opinions, and never outraged common-sense with any of their dogmas; and, generally, they were pretty right without the aid of "RAMBLING REPORTERS," whose ability in modern times we greatly admire and readily acknowledge. But, as the worthy Bailie Nicol Jarvie once said, "We'll let that flee stick to the wa', if you please."

Whether it sticks to the wall or not, the news of John M' Dougall's capture, not by electric telegraph, but by some unknown agency, reached the ears of his "sleeping partner," Mr. James Menzies, in the Stockwell. He bundled up some clothes, clutched all the ready money in his house, and ran with his Bank-book to the Thistle, or Ship Bank, and drew out about £1200 sterling. With that sum in his possession, he contrived to escape from Stuart Turner, the messenger-at-arms in quest of him, as the following proclamation, posted in the streets of Glasgow—one of the originals of which is now in our possession—will show:—

ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS REWARD.

WHEREAS James Menzies, herring merchant and fish-curer, lately residing in Stockwell, or Jamaica Street of Glasgow, who stands charged with making fraudulent insurances, and procuring vessels to be feloniously sunken at sea, escaped this morning from those who had him in custody upon a warrant from the Justices and High Court of Justiciary;

A REWARD OF ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS

is hereby offered to any person who shall give such information as may lead to his apprehension. The reward to be paid by Charles

Stewart, Procurator-Fiscal of the Justices of Peace, 71 Hutcheson Street.

The said James Menzies appears to be about fifty years of age; is a little pitted with the small-pox, and freckled; has reddish whiskers; and is about five feet ten inches in height—stout made; and speaks rather thick and quickly, with a Highland accent.

Glasgow, 2nd August, 1820.

We are now, however, to dispose of Mr. M'Dougall himself—Menzies having effectually made his escape in the remarkable way we shall soon show. Mr. M'Dougall, with every precaution to guard him, was safely committed, on the 27th of July, 1820, to the Tolbooth of Glasgow, on the above capital charge.

When in prison, he again judicially acknowledged his guilt; and in particular with regard to the sloop "Mary," which had been laden with printed calicoes and other goods, at Port-Dundas; he admitted that he had contrived, with the aid and assistance of the captain and others, to re-ship the goods, under cloud of night, and to store them in his own premises in Turner's Court; sending away the ship, and causing her to be sunk at the particular place described, and then making his demands on the underwriters for a total loss. And so he also confessed in regard to his other ships and vessels, with the details of which we need not occupy the attention of our readers.

On that declaration emitted by him, as it bore, in his "sound and sober senses," and subscribed by him as such, the fate of John M'Dougall, under the statute of King George the Third above referred to, was deemed to be effectually sealed—that he could not possibly escape the *capital* conviction, and, consequently, that his life was forfeited to the laws of his country.

He actually prepared to meet his fate as a dying man,

and several of the ministers of religion in the city actually attended him in that view. But a new feature dawned upon the case. Life is sweet to most of us, and desperate efforts were now made to get the crown lawyers to modify the capital charge against M'Dougall, so as to save his neck from the scaffold. But his declaration stood out most glaringly against him on every point. What was next to be done? Why, in order to get the better of that declaration, he now feigned the plea of INSANITY—that he was absolutely insane or deranged when he uttered it. And so, in one sense, he was; but there was now, for the first time, some *method* in his madness. He howled like a dog in prison—he tore his clothes—and raved, indeed, like any maniac. He disturbed, by his yells and lamentations, every prisoner within the walls. Even Thomas Young, the famous Glasgow executioner—who had his quarters snug in that prison, from one end of the year to the other, and had an allowance of one guinea per week from the Magistrates, besides coal and candle to the bargain—could not close his eyes in sleep, for the tremendous *yells* of the prisoner M'Dougall. He even attempted to *bite* the jailor and the turnkeys; but they pummelled him very often, having no great sympathy for his insanity, none of which appeared about him when he first came into their hands. At last the Magistrates were gravely informed, by Mr. J. B. Gray, one of the legal agents of Mr. M'Dougall, that the man *was* really mad; and a consultation of the first physicians and surgeons then in the city was ordered to be had about him, not once or twice, but very frequently, in the Jail, from the month of September, 1820, till the beginning of the year 1821, during all which time Mr. M'Dougall lay there under the original warrant. It is very amusing, when we come to

this part of the story, because it will show rather strikingly how *doctors* did indeed differ amongst us, on very important points, a long while ago, as they do still, in other cases of more recent date. The *four* physicians and surgeons selected by the friends and agents of the prisoner for this consultation were of great repute in the city, viz., Messrs. James Monteith, who was preses of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons; George C. Monteith, his nephew and partner in business; Dr. John Nimmo, and Dr. Jas. Watson. On the other hand, the Magistrates had, as their *four*—Dr. John Balmanno, first physician of the Lunatic Asylum; Dr. W. King; Dr. James Corkindale; and Mr John M'Arthur.

Thus there were no fewer than *eight* physicians and surgeons to give their opinions on the sanity or insanity of the prisoner, before he could be put on his *trial* under the great criminal charge hanging over his head. It is curious to relate that the first batch of these eminent men testified and declared that, in their judgment, he was actually insane; whereas the other four were equally clear and decided that he was only *feigning* insanity, and knew very well what he was about! One of the *tests* of insanity adopted by the first examiners was this—they held a lighted candle to the very pupil of the eyes of the prisoner, but he never winced from it, therefore that was one clear proof of his insanity! But Dr. Corkindale, on the other side, had a much more extraordinary and decisive *test*, which we can hardly describe without laughing. The doctor, who was a clever, and most amusing man—and we often enjoyed his jokes very much—was what was called the Jail Doctor, but he was better known in the city as *Dr. Corkey*; and his opinion, on any case, was much esteemed and valued by the Lords of Justiciary.

Dr. Corkindale, pending the confabulation about the insanity of Mr. M'Dougall, was much tickled one day, when standing at the *Shows* on the Green of Glasgow, during Friday of the Fair week, to see the boys and girls amusing themselves, by riding and flirting on the *whirley-gigs* and merry-go-rounds, for a halfpenny each. He took a notion into his head that he would like to bring one of those artless, horse-rollicking machines into the court-yard of the Jail, and see what effect it would have on Mr. M'Dougall. So, without letting him know anything about it, he went to visit the *bemoaning* prisoner one morning. The jailor and the turnkeys paid all attention to the orders of Dr. Corkindale; so when Mr. M'Dougall, from his inner cell, was brought out to the court-yard, the doctor bade him sit down on the whirley-gig, and strapped him with leather belts to the seat—belts which, for security sake, the doctor had brought to the jail with him. The *belts* being now adjusted, from head to foot, and the prisoner placed in such a *fix* as to make it impossible for him to move one way or other without the doctor's leave, the doctor gave a whistle, and on that the whirly-gig was set into instant operation—wheeling round and round at the most rapid rate, like a horse at full gallop in the ring. “For God's sake, doctor,” exclaimed Mr. M'Dougall, “stop this—my head is giddy; I'm getting sick. Stop doctor, for God's sake;” and the doctor did stop, and felt his pulse and examined his tongue, and from this simple experiment the doctor became perfectly satisfied of the rational capabilities of Mr. John M'Dougall.

We stop here for a moment to remark that Dr. George Monteith, above named, was a young surgeon of great promise, and of most polished manners. Shortly before

this he was Jail surgeon, and Dr. Corkindale succeeded him. He had married the beautiful Miss Cunninghame of Craigends, and was rising into great and opulent practice, but was cut off by typhus fever. Shortly afterwards his widow became the Duchess of Argyle; and is at this moment the surviving Duchess *Dowager* of Argyle! Fancy the wife of the young surgeon and apothecary of Glasgow Jail making such a bound in rank and title. Yet in no spirit of levity do we refer to this. The circumstance itself is only interwoven with our present narrative, and perhaps renders it at this point the more interesting. Who shall blame us for so noticing it? Not surely the Dukedom of Argyle, or the best blood of the most ancient lineage in all Glasgow.

But to our tale. On Monday morning, 5th February, 1821—having then been in jail for more than six months—John M'Dougall, handcuffed and heavily ironed, was taken to Edinburgh, by Alexander Calder, sheriff-officer, for trial—not before the Lords of the High Court of Justiciary, but by another Tribunal no longer in existence; but with the mention of which we shall probably astonish some of our young legal readers of the present day. We refer to the Court of the Lord High Admiral of Scotland, which alone took cognisance of all crimes committed on the sea. At that period, the *Vice-Admiral* of Scotland, strange to say, was a *General* in His Majesty's service. He was none other than the late Earl of Cathcart, who, besides his other emoluments, had a salary of £1400 per annum, as *Vice-Admiral*, though his lordship never sat in that Court on any trial all his long life. There are many yet in this city who may remember the old Earl riding in on horseback from his residence at Cathcart, and a gallant horseman he was in many important places,

both at home and abroad. But the active duties of the Vice-Admiral were well performed by Sir John Connel, a native of this city, who was called "Judge-Admiral," with a salary of £800 per annum; and he was besides Sheriff of the County of Renfrew, and Procurator of the Church of Scotland. He was the son-in-law of old Sir Islay Campbell of Succoth, Lord President of the Court of Session, and was otherwise closely connected with this city. The Judge-Admiral, therefore, duly prepared himself for the GREAT TRIAL to take place before him, which agitated the whole kingdom, and involved the issues of life or death to John M'Dougall. His confederate, Menzies, had still contrived to keep out of the way, though fresh rewards were again and again offered for his apprehension.

From the evening of the 5th of February, 1821, when he arrived in Edinburgh, up to the morning of the day of trial, now fixed for Wednesday, 9th of May, 1821, a sharp eye was kept on the prisoner, still feigning insanity, in Edinburgh Tolbooth. He was frequently seen and visited by some of the first physicians and surgeons of Edinburgh; and whatever views may have been taken by our Glasgow friends, they were unanimously and decidedly of opinion that the prisoner was perfectly sane.

There appeared in array against the prisoner, on the morning of his trial, as Counsel for the Crown, Mr. Solicitor-General Wedderburn—long since dead, having as his juniors Mr. John Hope, the late Lord Justice-Clerk, then Advocate-Depute, and Mr. Duncan M'Neill, the present Lord President, whose brilliant talents were then just coming into action. For the prisoner there appeared Mr. John Archibald Murray, afterwards Lord Murray,

having as his juniors, Mr. James Grahame, son of Provost Grahame of Whitehill, and Mr. J. S. More, the late venerable Professor of Law in the University of Edinburgh; and he derived a goodly practice from Glasgow cases.

The first stage of the case was, of course, occupied with the inquiry, "Is the prisoner sane or not, in the estimation of the Jury?" We shall not go over that evidence. We may dispose of it by the emphatic observation which we heard at the time, viz., that Duncan M'Neill smashed the whole of it in favour of the prisoner to atoms; and accordingly at two o'clock of the morning of the *second* day of trial, the Jury, with the approbation of the Judge-Admiral, adopted the views of Mr. M'Neill, and *negatived* the plea of insanity trumped up for the prisoner; and from that moment he became, in the estimation of all, a doomed, dead man. He became obviously sensible of his own fate, and he sobbed aloud at that stage.

The Declarations of the prisoner, of which we have been saying so much, were now, of course, to come right earnestly into play against him on the *third* day of trial, with other evidence conclusive of his guilt. And here it was that Mr. Kirkman Finlay again exerted himself to the utmost to save the prisoner. From his being M.P. for the Glasgow district of boroughs in Parliament, and well acquainted with the Lord Advocate, he again endeavoured to prevail on his Lordship to accept of a plea of *guilty* out of the mouth of M'Dougall himself, which the latter was then quite ready to utter if his Lordship would please restrict the libel to an *arbitrary* punishment, that is, to any sentence short of death. This, however, was peremptorily declined. The trial lasted all day on Thursday—it extended during the whole of that night—it went on till ten o'clock of the morning of *Friday*,

when the evidence was concluded, at which time the Court and the Jury retired for one hour "*for breakfast.*" If anybody doubts this, we refer them to the *Edinburgh Scotsman* of Saturday, 12th May, 1821.

Our readers may easily conceive how fatigued and jaded that Jury must have been ; but the strict rule of law then was, that when the evidence was once entered upon, it behoved to be finished at one sederunt, however long. This rule, like the drunken *bouts* of old—lasting for days and nights together, had often killed most worthy, eminent, and judicial men ; and it has only been altered within the last quarter of a century. We declare we have actually seen the Justiciary Court in Glasgow breaking up sometimes at two, three, four, five, and six of the morning. We heard, on one occasion, old Lord Hermand *commencing* his charge to the Jury when the six o'clock bells of the morning began to ring ; and we saw him quaff off one whole bottle of Burgundy on the bench, as his morning's breakfast. What changed times ! Our Judges now break up after their day's labour, at the rational hours of five or six o'clock of the evening ; and thereby they go refreshed and ready for their morning duties. And permit us here to add, by way of parenthesis, which no other person alive in Glasgow at this moment probably can tell, namely, that we have lived to see every Circuit Court of Justiciary opened and fenced in Glasgow, with prayer, for the last fifty-four years, without missing any one of them during all that period. Is there another individual alive, we ask, that can tell the same tale in this great city ? If so, we should like much to shake hands with him.

Solicitor-General Wedderburn, one of whose daughters, we may remark, is married to Peter Blackburn, Esq. of Kil-

learn, ex-M.P. for Stirlingshire, commenced his address to the jaded Jurymen soon after they got their breakfast, as above noticed, about eleven of the forenoon. He declared that the case "was one of the last importance to the mercantile and maritime interests of the kingdom ; and he demanded a verdict of Guilty, under the statute, with its penalty of Death."

But now another most extraordinary occurrence took place in this chapter of accidents, which only shows what the *ingenuity* of man can sometimes do even in the most desperate of cases. The able Counsel of M'Dougall, viz., John Archibald Murray, then in his manhood prime—having struggled in vain for the plea of *Insanity*, and not at all able to gainsay any of the real facts proved beyond the shadow of a doubt—set up the plea, for the first time, to the astonishment of the Court, that the Statute relied upon by the Solicitor-General for the conviction of the prisoner did not, and could not apply to the case of his unhappy client, because the Statute only and specially applied to *the* "owner" of a vessel, as having done such and such things, whereas his client was not *the* owner, but only, as had been proved, a *part* owner along with the absconding James Menzies. This perfectly pulverised the Court and startled the Jury ; and so the Jury brought in the following verdict—"My Lord, we find the prisoner *not guilty*, under the Statute as laid, but we find him *guilty* at common law."

On this verdict Mr. M'Dougall swooned and fainted in the dock. But his Counsel and agents soon revived his forlorn spirits in the most wonderful way. They gave him to understand that the Jury having *ignored* the Statute, his life, which depended upon that Statute, was thus saved ; and our *gentleman* from Tighnabruaich, who

had created all this ferment, and committed all these frauds, started nimbly from his seat, and cordially shook his Counsel and agents by the hand!

The Judge-Admiral, scowling upon him, administered this sentence of *infamy* upon him, that he should be banished beyond the seas to Botany Bay for life. Our celebrated gentleman arrived there safely enough, without any vestiges of insanity whatever about him. On the contrary, he contrived to ingratiate himself in the good graces of the Governor, Major-General M'Quarrie, who, fortunately for Mr. M'Dougall, was an Argyleshire man. But here we must stop by remarking that we received some queer letters about him from Van Dieman's Land, one of them informing us that he had boldly raised an "action of damages," before the Courts there, against a respectable mercantile establishment in that place, for daring to insinuate that he was the John M'Dougall that had been tried before the Judge-Admiral of Scotland, for sinking ships in the way above stated! He actually pretended that he was a different John M'Dougall altogether! and a Commission was sent to Scotland to examine us and other witnesses in Glasgow about him; but we believe that he speedily cut away to another place; where we leave him finally and for ever.

But the best, and perhaps the most "sensation" part of our story, remains to be told. We now come to say a very few words about the other great culprit, viz., Mr. James Menzies. Hotly pursued by the officers of the law, he managed to clip off his bushy red whiskers, by which he had been particularly described on the placards offering rewards for his seizure; and he got a black wig, and a black bandage, with some plaster, carefully placed over his left eye; and in that disguise, with plenty

of bank-notes in his possession, he cautiously wended his way into some part of the kingdom of Fife which we could name, but it is not necessary, and there found out the quarters of a distant relation, where he was palmed off for a length of time as a poor, broken-down Paisley weaver, deprived of his eye-sight by over-exertion at the loom. The old fish herring curer, however, and great culprit and sinker of ships, was duly *outlawed*, both in the Admiralty and High Court of Justiciary, but his habitation in Fife was never discovered by the officers of justice. Learning, from the events of time, that his friend Mr. M'Dougall was safely shipped off to Botany Bay, and that Johnny Hutcheson (the spirit-dealer in whose premises many of their plans or schemes were laid), besides the captains and mates of the vessels, had been shipped off to another world, from whose bourne no traveller returns—Mr. James Menzies, strange to say, yearned to revisit the city of Glasgow, from whence he had made his marvellous escape. We have already given the truthful statement, and shall dwell upon it no longer, that his coadjutor, M'Dougall, had falsely and dexterously feigned INSANITY. This man, Menzies, as we have just observed, feigned BLINDNESS in his left eye, with the bandage upon it; but the Almighty, as if to punish him for his cool *deception*, actually deprived him of the sight of that eye, as well as the other one. He actually lost the sight of both eyes, and became stone blind!

Within the last twenty or twenty-five years, walking up the Stockwell Street one afternoon, arm in arm with the lamented William Davie, L.L.D., Town Clerk of Glasgow—who was one of the best Assessors, in the Police Court, that Glasgow ever saw—he suddenly stopped, and tapped us on the shoulder, and whispering said, “Do

you see that old blind man, on the opposite side of the street, with the little boy holding the skirts of his coat, and the wee doggie with the string leading him? That's *Menzies*," said Dr. Davie—"That's James Menzies who, with John M'Dougall, you recollect, sunk the Glasgow ships." We were perfectly astonished at this statement and observation of our honourable and most excellent friend, who, though differing somewhat with us in Church and State matters, evinced his personal friendship towards us in many ways, down to the day of his lamented death; and that is a tribute which we are proud gratefully to acknowledge, let others treat it as they may. And here it is refreshing for us to observe that not a few of the younger men of the present generation in this city, like perfect gentlemen, kindly salute us, and tell us how they are relishing some of these old writings; and although we are utterly unable to recognise them by name nor designation, yet with glowing heart we respectfully offer them our choicest benedictions. May none of them ever weary in well-doing!

"Let us just step across to the opposite side of the street, and *speak* to Mr. Menzies," said our friend Dr. Davie. We readily enough complied, much interested indeed at that moment. Tapping him upon the shoulder,—the dog and the little boy looking up in our faces—we said, "How are you to-day, Mr. Menzies? Are you back and engaged in the *Herring trade* again?" He muttered something to himself, and pulled the string of his dog, which stood wagging its tail, but otherwise quiet and obedient. He eagerly desired to know who it was that thus kindly accosted him on the streets. "Never mind, James," said Dr. Davie. He again pressed for the information. "Well, then," said Dr. Davie, "this is Mr.

Peter Mackenzie of the *Gazette Office*”—on that he trembled ; but we soothed him by saying that he need have no *fears*, for we would not touch a hair of his head, nor do him the slightest particle of harm. On this he grinned a ghastly smile. “Where are all your ‘friends’ now?” we asked. He replied, “I have no friends, sir.” “What! James, don’t you remember the ship ‘Friends,’ and the skuttled ‘Mary,’ at Port-Dundas.” He gave a deep groan, and wished to move away with the boy and the dog. We again assured him, as did Dr. Davie, that he need be under no fears from us, for although we might have gone, as others perhaps would, and informed upon him, to Mr. George Salmond, Procurator-Fiscal, and pocketed the one hundred guineas of reward so frequently offered for his apprehension, we thought it was better in every view, at this remarkable stage, to allow him to go in peace, and *caulk* his ships, or adjust his insurances for another world, “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

On his death-bed, soon afterwards, he sent a message to us to come and see him. We almost regret we did not do so. Certainly we did not covet his means or estate ; but it is the fact that, without any children of his own, he died, leaving nearly £3000 sterling, under a Deed prepared for him by the late Mr. John Monteith, writer. Thus ends our chapter of John McDougall and James Menzies.

Our ensuing chapter will enter on the field of Waterloo, and describe some scenes of surpassing interest, including the story of a gallant youth, born in humble life in this city of Glasgow, who rose, under the most extraordinary circumstances, to become one of the best and bravest

officers, in one of the most celebrated regiments in the British service, and led that regiment into action, and fell gloriously at its head; leaving his sisters in Glasgow in a manner which will excite the astonishment, and perhaps bring tears to the eyes of many ladies and gentlemen in this city. 'Tis a sacred duty entrusted to us by the dead long ago, and we shall endeavour to perform it with all the accuracy and fidelity in our power, from the original documents committed to us. Our only fear is, that we shall have to speak about ourselves in a way we can scarcely avoid, if we are to reveal the astonishing story at all; but in that respect we shall throw ourselves very candidly on the generosity of our readers, having no fears, after it is once told, that any one of them will be *angry* at us for divulging it in all its thrilling and tragical details.

CHAPTER X.

AFFECTING CASE—THE STORY OF COL. HAMILTON
OF THE SCOTS GREYS, KILLED AT WATERLOO,
AND OF HIS SISTERS IN GLASGOW.

“TRUTH is stranger than fiction,” and this, we think, will be strikingly illustrated by some parts, at least, of the remarkable story which we are now about to enter upon, and to publish in this shape, for the first time in the city of Glasgow. The foundation of it belongs to the city itself. Some of the chief and more remarkable features about it were only known personally to ourselves, with a few gentlemen, two of whom only are now alive. We happened to be entrusted with some of the original documents about it, which still remain in our possession, and with which we shall never part till we close our eyes in this world, and then they may be scattered to the four winds of heaven. These documents, we may remark, were closely examined at one time by our departed friend Dr. Davie, Town - Clerk of Glasgow, and he frequently beseeched us to publish the whole story, which created a deep impression on his mind. The only delicacy—if *delicacy* it can be called, which could preclude us from doing so, is, that we must necessarily engraft our own

name on some remarkable parts of it; but we may safely pledge ourselves that we will give it in all its entirety, from first to last, without bringing one single blush to the cheek of any lady or gentleman who may honour us with a perusal of these pages. We therefore proceed with our present task.

There came rapping to our doors in Portland Street, Laurieston, fully more than thirty years ago, when we were next door neighbours of the Rev. Dr. Wm. Anderson, as we were for six or eight years; these forming the happiest portion probably of our lives, though we were then incessantly engrossed with *politics* and other things, consequent on the passing of the Reform Bill, and the first exciting elections upon it;—there came rapping and knocking at our door in that place, on a Saturday afternoon, after our writings in the *Old Loyal Reformers' Gazette* had been joyously finished for the week, a fine, tall, commanding Irishwoman, well-dressed, bordering perhaps on forty or fifty years of age. She sought to be admitted on “urgent business,” and she was admitted by one of our servants, and curtsied, and thus introduced herself—

“Och, your honour; I’ve heard of you! My husband was a sergeant in the Scots Greys, at the battle of Waterloo. The *Colonel* of his regiment, whom he adored, was a Glasgow gentleman—(we looked surprised)—Yes, your honour, he was born and bred in Glasgow. He was killed on the field of battle. Colonel James Inglis Hamilton was his name. And O, gracious God,” she exclaimed, clasping her hands, “his beloved sisters—two of them, *are starving to death for want of bread in a most wretched, miserable hovel in this town.*” We stared with some interest at the bold, excited, but eloquent *Irish-*

woman, at this startling introduction on her part. We said it was incredible—hardly to be believed. “Here sir,” she said, “are my marriage lines ; here are some of the letters to me from my dear husband, describing the battle, and his Colonel’s death on the field of glory at Waterloo.” We glanced at the obvious genuine appearance of them. Sit down, we said, good woman ; and she proceeded with her story, which we could no longer resist ; and she wept about her husband, and the slain Colonel and others at Waterloo. She opened up from her white handkerchief some other documents, which we *carefully* examined on the spot, for we confess we have often been *imposed* upon in our day, and sometimes in a manner that might form the groundwork of many racy chapters indeed, and almost make the hair stand on the very head of Captain Smart himself, and others in the Police Office.

After closely examining her papers, we signified our conviction of their accuracy, that she was the undoubted wife of one of the sergeants of the gallant Greys at Waterloo. If she was eloquent before, she became more eloquent now, for she burst into a flood of tears. “Oh, my God!” she exclaimed, “are the *sisters* of the Colonel of my darling husband to be left to perish, on to-morrow’s Sabbath-day, for the want of the common necessities of life, in the city of Glasgow ?”

The desperate nature of that appeal—the unadorned eloquence which brought it from that woman’s mouth, made, we confess, an impression upon us at the moment which has never been effaced. But in order still further to attest the truth of the most clamant of her other statements—we were satisfied with the written documents above referred to—we asked her if she would at once proceed and accompany us to the *residence* of those ladies,

whose alleged condition she had depicted in such terms. Without a moment's hesitation, she politely agreed to do so. We had some very particular friends of our own to enjoy a comfortable dinner at that time, but away we hastened with the sergeant's wife—the poor Irishwoman, to witness with our own eyes the thrilling scene on which we are about to enter, in the first instance.

She took us, after some windings and turnings, to a wretched, miserable hovel indeed, up one pair of stairs, in Buchan Street, not very far from the Gorbals Parish Church of Dr. M'Lean. She knocked often at the door before it was opened, with great hesitation, from within, and sure enough we soon discovered, in the most dreadful state of wretchedness, two elderly females, with all the traces of faded beauty upon them. One of them was reposing on an old carpet rug, near to the fire-place, but no fire was there. The other was sitting on a small stool, with a bit of needle-work in her hand—her shoulders covered with the half of an old blanket. We were stunned with such a spectacle, and wondered if these could really be the *sisters* of Colonel Hamilton of the Scots Greys. There was no bed in the place—only some old rotten straw and a few shavings, strewed in a corner of the small, dreary, dark abode ; and with regard to *provisions*, we could only discover the remains of a few cold potatoes ; an old cracked tea-pot, with a jug filled with water, and that was all the *plenishing* we could perceive in this miserable hovel, with the remarkable exception we are now about to disclose, and bring prominently under the notice of our readers.

The sergeant's wife, deeply concerned and agitated, whispered to us, "Please, sir, look in yonder dark corner, and you will find a military portmanteau, with the *Colonel's* own name engraved upon it." We saw the

article, and wished to open and inspect it. "O yes," said the poor, famishing ladies, "that, sir, was our brother's *first* portmanteau, when he was *Captain* in the 2nd Regiment of North British Dragoons." His name, in that capacity, as we observed, was actually engraved upon it—"Captain James Inglis Hamilton, North British Dragoons." Our astonishment increased. The sergeant's wife quietly asked us to give her only one shilling, that she might run out and get some tea, sugar, and bread for the squalid, starving ladies, who looked the very pictures of desolation and despair. Who, with any feeling, could resist such a request? but there are scrubs in the world, with plenty of the world's gear, who would be touched neither with that, nor any other stirring appeal.

Having examined the outside of the old military portmanteau, we began, with permission, to examine the inside, and its contents; and most precious and extraordinary contents these were, as we shall presently show. "*That*," said the old ladies—for such we shall now surely call them—"that, sir, as we have told you, belonged to our brother the Colonel; it was his first portmanteau when he became the Captain. *It is all we have of him now;*" and with this remark she burst into tears, and fell upon her knees, praying to the Almighty in the sweetest and most earnest tones. Our very limbs shook and trembled under us at that moment. The sergeant's wife soon came back with the tea, sugar, and two penny loaves, obtained with the shilling, and kindled up a fire with the shavings and straw. Meanwhile the other sister, with a melancholy smile, raised herself upon the rug, and said, addressing the other, "Dear Jane, don't weep. What is that gentleman wanting?" They now recognised and shook hands with the sergeant's wife, and thanked her for her great

attention to them. The sergeant's wife answered this by covering her face with her hands, and concealing the tears thence flowing. We were now rapidly conning over some of the papers in the portmanteau. They rivetted us more than we can tell. We actually began to drop tears into that portmanteau itself. One of the original letters contained in it was from Colonel Clarke of the Scots Greys, who succeeded Colonel Hamilton (brother of these ladies) on the field of battle, at Waterloo. It described, in glowing terms, the bravery of their noble brother on the memorable 18th of June—the deadly conflict with the French Cuirassiers—the charge, and counter charge; and how Colonel Hamilton, at the head of his brave and invincible regiment—the gallant Scots Greys—had first his left arm cut off, and in a few minutes afterwards his right arm also cut off, by the furious charge of the French Lancers or Cuirassiers; but even in that melancholy and disabled condition, so great was his bravery, that although his hands could no longer do it, he snatched the reigns of his grey charger with his bleeding mouth, and held them there, and again and again cheered his gallant regiment to advance on their last memorable charge, which, many officers have declared, decided the battle of Waterloo in favour of the British army. It is enough to know, at this point, that he fell dead, pierced with innumerable wounds through and through his handsome body—for he was a tall, handsome, accomplished, and most amiable man. We shall give his true history by-and-bye, in a manner which will make the citizens of Glasgow, who have never heard this tale, start with some astonishment, even at this distant day. We shall say nothing, in this place, about the gallantry of the well-known Sergeant Ewart of the Scots

Greys, who, after his Colonel's desperate and mortal wounds, captured the French Eagles of the Cuirassiers, and bore them away. We trust fervently that no Battle of Waterloo will ever again be fought, since Britain and France are now so agreeable and happy. Yet, dwelling for a little on the gallant Greys—the pride of Scotchmen—we may be permitted in this place to quote the following DIRGE on their commanding officer—the Glasgow youth mentioned above—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF COL. JAMES INGLIS
HAMILTON, WHO FELL AT THE HEAD OF HIS
REGIMENT, THE SCOTS GREYS, AT WATERLOO.

Entwine a noble laurel wreath,
And lay it on the soldier's grave ;
Let fame proclaim with mournful breath—
Here lies the brave.

My Hamilton ! to thee was given
The lion heart, the soldier's pride ;
And like the lingering breath of heaven,
Was life's last tide.

Calm on the field of Waterloo
Thou led'st thy band of warriors on ;
And where the shafts of death wild flew
They nobly shone.

Unheeded came the fatal wounds—
Unheeded came Death's icy spell,
For thou, when he had marked thy bounds,
Exulting fell.

O ! never did more gallant heart
Lie mouldering in a soldier's grave ;
Nor e'er did Heaven to man impart
A nobler brave.

No mortal page can justice yield
To what is to thy glory due ;
Thy deeds are blazoned on the field
Of Waterloo.

Entwine a noble laurel wreath,
And lay it on the soldier's grave ;
Let fame proclaim with mournful breath
The story of the brave !

And we are coming to a more attractive part of the sad story, in the view as we shall present it to our Glasgow readers, or in a way which some of them up to this period cannot possibly imagine.

We carried away, with the leave of the ladies, some of the letters and papers in that portmanteau—inviting the sergeant's wife to call upon us again on Monday morning, which she promised to do, and kept her word. We confess that we could not rest in our own dwelling house that afternoon when we returned to it. So, with Colonel Clarke's letter in our hand describing the death of Colonel Hamilton on the field of battle, we hastened to the Cavalry Barracks, then in Port Eglinton Street, not very far distant. The 6th Dragoon Guards, or Carbiniers, commanded by Colonel Wildman, were then stationed in that place. We found the Colonel, who was just dressing for dinner. We apologised to him for the intrusion, and then began to describe to him what we had just seen. We placed in his hands Colonel Clarke's letter, which he read with great attention. He started from his seat, with all the animation of the Irish-woman who had first introduced herself to us in the way stated. He bade us repeat some part of our story about the deplorable condition of the ladies ; and again reading Colonel Clarke's letter, the stern soldier, who had seen

much service, actually shed tears, and said, "Oh! my God, sir, can it be possible that the *sisters* of such a man are in the shocking state you describe, in this city of Glasgow?" He took our arm, and walked with us for some minutes up and down the front row of the officers' barracks; and having noted down our address, he promised that he would either call upon us in Portland Street, or send for us at an early hour on Monday morning.

Not **on** Monday morning, but at a very early hour on *Sabbath morning*—as early as seven o'clock, our door bell rang, and a gentleman, muffled in his military cloak, sought anxiously to see the writer of these pages. He handed in his card—"Captain Hay of the 6th Carbiniers." We got out of bed, dressed hurriedly, and went to receive him. Stretching out his hand, he said, "My dear sir, you must excuse me, at this early hour of a Sunday morning, and receive my apology. Colonel Wildman brought the communication you made to him yesterday evening under the consideration of the officers of the regiment, at dinner; and we have all been very much moved by it. The married ladies of the regiment in barracks, are also very deeply interested and concerned—in fact," said he, "they cannot sit down to breakfast; and the Colonel said 'he could not feel in his heart to parade the regiment this morning, or go with them to prayers, until I saw the ladies, and reported about them;' and so they have commissioned me to come to you. Will you therefore, sir, have the goodness to take me to the place where the ladies reside, that I may see and report?" "Certainly, Captain," and soon we went away together to the hovel referred to. We knocked and knocked, and better knocked, at the door of that hovel

—no admission. We knocked louder and louder ;—all the poor people on the stair, and other adjacent tenements, were aroused and attracted. “Oh, gentlemen,” said one of them, “you need not knock there any longer, for the poor ladies will admit nobody; they creep out at daylight to pick up their bit breakfast, and sometimes they creep out at night to the back well for water ; and when we offer to go any message for them, they say they are forsaken by their betters, and just wish to slip awa’ and die quietly ; indeed, we often fear they’ve been dead for days together.” Could they be *dead* now ? we thought ; and were beginning inwardly to upbraid ourselves for not seeing sufficient *provender* sent in to them on Saturday night ; but we thought that the sergeant’s wife might have attended to that. Still we gave another loud rap ; and, speaking through the key-hole, said, “Misses Hamilton, please open ; it’s Mr. Mackenzie, who saw you yesterday, and got the papers.” We now heard the straw rustling, and the bolt of the door was quietly drawn from the inside. We entered with Captain Hay. He looked around. We pointed out to him the military portmanteau, with the veritable name inscribed upon it, as before stated. He struck his forehead, and was much moved. “Oh ! my God,” said he, “come away.” The condition of that room, at that time of the grey morning, appeared as if it had been the charnel house of death. Getting to the foot of the stair, and stepping forward a few paces (the Sabbath-bells, at half-past eight o’clock, were then ringing), he stopped short, took out his pocket-book, and said, “Here, my dear Mr. Mackenzie, is £35 which the officers of the regiment begged I would place in your hands this morning, for the immediate use of the ladies, if I found your statement to the Colonel to be

correct. Alas!" he said, "it is too true. You will please come and dine with us at the mess to-morrow at six, and give us some further account of the interesting history of these poor ladies."

With the generous and unexpected aid thus afforded, we may mention that, ere many hours elapsed, and with the prompt aid and hearty co-operation of the sergeant's wife, and others in our own establishment, we had that miserable hovel washed out—good clean sheets and blankets procured—a comfortable bed made down—tea and sugar, and other necessities of life provided; and in a short time such a work of regeneration effected, as regarded personal comforts, in that place, that the poor desolate ladies became perfectly bewildered, and wondered much about it; and one of them got into such an agony of surprise and delight about it, that she seemed actually bereft of her reason.

On the *Monday* morning, several of the married ladies of the warm-hearted and generous officers of the regiment came, with their servants, to our residence, bringing with them their own silken and cotton gowns, shawls, flannel apparel, shoes and stockings, and other articles of most elegant and substantial apparel, for these poor desolate ladies—the undoubted lawful sisters of the brave Colonel Hamilton, who, we repeat, at the head of his invincible regiment—the gallant Greys—fell drenched in blood, but covered with glory, on the memorable 18th of June, 1815, on the field of Waterloo, at the early age of thirty-nine years.

We soon got into a most astonishing feature of their case, and of their brother's history, which we now proceed to disclose to our readers; and the history far transcends that of any Glasgow novel ever published. In point of

fact, his original name was *James Anderson*. His father was William Anderson, born in this city in the year 1750. This William Anderson, on the 4th of April, 1774, when he was twenty-four years of age, married Anna Hanna, also a native of this city. We have the original certificate of that marriage, of that date, under the hands of the Rev. Dr. John Gillies, minister of the Blackfriars, or College Church, Glasgow.

For what cause is not known, but it appears to be the fact, that within a few days after his marriage, William Anderson enlisted as a private soldier in the 21st Regiment of Foot, or North British Fusiliers, then in Glasgow; and it is remarkable that that very regiment, after the lapse of nearly one hundred years, is in Glasgow at the moment we are now writing the present chapter of Reminiscences.

Soon after this marriage, William Anderson's regiment (the 21st Fusiliers) was ordered away from Glasgow. His wife travelled after him, on foot, to Exeter, in England; and on the 13th of January, 1775, their first child was born, and baptized William, by Mr. Gordon, the chaplain of the regiment.

Very soon afterwards, the regiment was ordered off to Canada. It arrived safely there, and soon afterwards it participated in all the battles of the first American war.

James Anderson, the second son—and the hero of this chapter—was born in *Camp*, as his father records in the original memoranda before us, on the 4th of July, 1777, at Tayantroga, America, and was baptized on the 28th of August same year, by the Rev. Mr. Brown, chaplain of the regiment.

John Anderson, the third and last son—whose life also is a most marvellous one, as we shall afterwards show—

was born on the 5th of April, 1781, in *Camp*, near Smith's Farm (as his father states), in the county of Frederick, Maryland,—all very humble places, we dare say, in those days, but very eminent and important places now in the history of America.

There were *three* daughters also born in *Camp* to this original humble Glasgow couple, viz., Ann, Jean, and Grace. The latter died in early life; but Ann and Jean represent the two ladies on whose extraordinary life we are now entering. And although they were thus born in Camp in America, we claim them to be the children of Glasgow—most assuredly the children of Glasgow parents, born in lawful wedlock. No Glasgow person will surely grudge us that title to them.

Their father and mother, when they were infants in the lap (tossed abroad, hither and thither, in frost and snow, in broiling or in rough weather—in camp, in field, in battle or retreat), had much to do; but the affection they bore to each other, and the fond regard they evinced, under all these trying circumstances, to their young children, attracted the attention and merited the praise of the Colonel commandant of the regiment, whom, though long dead, we must now bring, with the most profound respect, into the field. He was a *Scotchman*—he was a Lanarkshire man—he may be said to have been a *Glasgow* man, for he had received his early education in the University of this city, where he was well known and esteemed. He was none other than Colonel James Inglis Hamilton, proprietor of the estate of Murdestoun, in the upper ward of this county, now held by Robert Stewart, Esq. He commanded the 21st Fusiliers in America during the war: he was previously an officer in the 2nd North British Dragoons, viz., the Scots Greys.

The Colonel inherited the estate of Murdestoun, with other ample means, from a long line of most distinguished ancestors.

William Anderson, the *private* soldier of the Fusiliers, seems to have been a good and brave man, much respected by all the officers and soldiers of the regiment ; and it is evident that he must have received a superior education for one of his rank, because we have some of his letters extremely well written indeed. He was severely wounded in America;—he became sergeant-major of the regiment. On the peace with America, he returned, with his wife and children, to this country—was discharged honourably from the service, with a small pension, and came back to Glasgow, with his wife and family, and settled down in a small house in the Gallowgate, opposite the Saracen's Head Tavern, which was then a famous place, as the Lords of Justiciary made it their head-quarters when they visited Glasgow.

The Colonel of this fine old regiment (the 21st) had now become Major-General James Inglis Hamilton of Murdestoun ; and the WAR being over, in which he was severely wounded, he came to visit his paternal estate in Lanarkshire,—he thus had frequently occasion to visit Glasgow, the scene of his school-boy days. Driving one day into the city, with his splendid equipage, and stopping at the Saracen's Head Tavern, he espied Wm. Anderson, his old soldier and sergeant-major, playing with his children opposite the door. The General stepped out and cordially shook hands with Mr. Anderson. His wife now made her appearance, in her neat clean cap and red duffle. The romping children were brought together—they remembered the Colonel, now the General, perfectly well;—the recognition was complete, hearty, and recipro-

cal. The General kindly stroked the head of the three boys, and gave them a most substantial proof of his regard, which had a most extraordinary and lasting effect. In short, the General—such was the flow of his affection at this sudden encounter, and the great change for the better on the children since he had seen them in the back woods of America—took out his well plenished purse, and distributed nearly the whole of it on Wm. Anderson, the old soldier, his wife, and children. This, indeed, was a very great and most agreeable surprise to them. The boys leaped with artless glee, and the delighted parents did not fail to give their grateful thanks to the good old General. He seems to have been particularly struck on this occasion with the beauty and agility of the boy *James*; for, as we learned from an eye-witness, he lifted him up in his arms, and gently tossed him over his head. The boy liked this *fun* and reception amazingly. He threw his little arms around the General's neck. "Do it again, General; please give me another toss over your head;" and the General tossed the bold, innocent little brat, and hugged him over and over again. That scene positively altered the *destination* of a great estate, as we shall show presently.

Happy was it for those parents that, instead of frittering away their time, they carefully devoted much of it to the *tuition* of their children. They could all say their A B C's, and read and write a little. So when the General next came to Glasgow, which he very soon did, he drew up his carriage at the door of William Anderson, and again saluted his wife and children. He became particularly attracted to *James*, more so on this than on the first visit, because the boy, with his playful humour, replied to some of the questions the General now put to

him with singular sagacity. The General bore him away in his carriage that afternoon to Murdestoun, and introduced him to his maiden sister, Miss Christina Hamilton, who was perfectly delighted with the charming appearance of the soldier boy.

The General often and again came to Glasgow to transact special and important business of his own, but he never failed on such occasions to visit that poor family in the Gallowgate. We may here remark, that he had never been married, and had no children of his own—only one sister, above alluded to, who, we learn, was a very beautiful woman, but she was never married, having been thwarted in blooming life by the premature death of her first devoted lover,—she resolved she would never have any other, and her mellowed and mature years now only confirmed that resolution. She sat in Murdestoun House smiling at grief, but affable and kind to all around her.

Soon the General, with the perfect approbation of his sister, resolved that he would provide for the better education of these children, by sending the boys to the Grammar School, and from thence in due course to the College of Glasgow; and that the girls should be attended to in one of the best boarding-schools of the city. He only made this condition, that if they continued to be *good* children, dutiful to their parents, carefully attending to their lessons, and securing the approbation of their teachers, he might reward some of them at another time, ere he died.

It became pretty obvious now that he was much attracted to Jamie in particular; in fact he called him his dear WEE Jamie, and wrote letters to him as such; and the boy began to regard the old General with most filial

reverence and respect, while the General himself feasted his doating eyes upon him as if he had been his own darling and devoted boy—"bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh."

Jamie grew up to be the most sprightly boy, and the best scholar in the old Grammar School of Glasgow. We had this on the authority of the late Archibald Douglas, Esq. of Glenfinnart—brother of Sir Neil Douglas, once Commander-in-Chief in Scotland—who was one of his most attached companions in school, that he bore away an important prize, on one occasion, from all the other boys, which so delighted the General that he came to Glasgow and presented him with a pretty little pony—ordering him lessons on horseback; and Jamie, on this pony—which few boys in Glasgow then had—became the observed of all observers in the Gallowgate. In truth he became a handsome and expert young horseman; and this was just one of the qualities which the General eagerly desired, and was much pleased to see him possess. Our young hero, for we are now going to begin to salute him by that name, could gallop on his pretty little pony, without drawing the reins, from Glasgow to Murdestoun House, on a Saturday morning—whistling all the way—and back again to his classes in Glasgow on Monday morning. The General taught him to be kind to his *pony*, and there is a note from him inculcating this fact, that a horse, if well treated by its owner, will generally become obedient and grateful; a lesson not thrown away upon this gallant youth, ere he subsequently mounted one grey charger after another on the field of Waterloo.

From what we have already stated, the reader may prepare for what follows. The old Major-General becoming warmer and warmer attached to this fine promising

young man, determined to secure him a COMMISSION in his own original regiment—the gallant Scots Greys. The youth, like Norval on the Grampian Hills, was delighted to hear this mentioned—

“For he had heard of battles, and he longed
To follow to the field some warlike lord.”

The Major-General, at that period, was a man of very great influence. Next to the Duke of Hamilton, he was one of the most influential freeholders in the county of Lanark; and from his services in the army, at home and abroad, Major-General James Inglis Hamilton was, in fact, one of the favourite Generals of old King George the Third.

On the evening of Tuesday, the 22nd of May, 1793, there came the following holograph letter from the General, addressed to Wm. Anderson, the old soldier in the Gallowgate, which we retain in our possession—

Murdestoun, 20th May, 1793.

Major-General Hamilton has to acquaint Mr. Anderson that he received, on Sunday night, a card from Lord Amherst, acquainting him that the King has been pleased to appoint *Jamie* a Cornet in the Royal North British Dragoons. At the same time, his Lordship called him James Hamilton. How this has happened he cannot say, as the General has received no explanation; but can assure Mr. Anderson that he gave in his name, when in London, to the Secretary at War, James Anderson. He likewise gave in his name, on Watson's return from Glasgow, “My godson, James Anderson,” since which he has heard little until last night, but has written to London this day.

If the nomination is given in, and past recal, the General hopes that Mr. Anderson will agree to it, as it must be of such advantage to the young man. Besides, he has to acquaint Mr. Anderson that he always intended to leave Jamie something handsome at his death, on condition that he bore his name; and will condescend to say “f

agreed to, that the annual rent, in money, bonds, or stock, shall exceed the rents of Murdestoun when the General's father changed his name from Hamilton to Inglis, by virtue of the testator's will.

The General wishes that Mr. Anderson will observe that this is every day done both in North and South Britain, and was the constant practice among the ancients. On these considerations, and seeing it will save a thousand pounds, and enable him to assist Willie and John, which it is the General's purpose to do, he hopes that Mr. Anderson will cheerfully acquiesce.

We beg to offer one word of remark on that unique original old letter. The Major-General respectfully says to his old soldier, "He can assure Mr. Anderson that he gave in *Jamie's* name to the Secretary-at-War as *James Anderson*, whereas the King's Commission bears 'James Hamilton.'" This brings very strikingly to our remembrance a remarkable circumstance nearly analogous, at a much more recent date, which we may be excused for relating. When the gallant uncles of Sir Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde), who were well-known to the Duke of York (as General Hamilton was to the Duke's father, George the Third) applied for a commission to young *Colin*, the Duke, through his Secretary, put down the name for that commission as "Colin Campbell," instead of the real paternal name of Colin M'Liver; but as James Anderson's father, viz., William Anderson, was reconciled to the change of his name from Anderson to Hamilton, so Colin M'Liver's father was reconciled pretty much for the same reason to the change of his son's name from M'Liver to Campbell. Two such singular circumstances, so materially affecting two Glasgow youths in humble circumstances—but high afterwards in military renown and glory—are perhaps perfectly unparalleled in the history of the British army.

Vain would it be for us to attempt to describe, by any effusions of our own pens—for, indeed, we were not then

in existence—the feelings of old William Anderson and his wife when they received the above letter about the appointment of *Jamie*, their darling boy, carried with them on their backs through the wild woods of America, and now created a *Cornet*, by the Commission of the King, in one of the best regiments in His Majesty's service. But the following small piece of unadorned writing, under the hand of the old father himself—which, doubtless, he never conceived would meet the eye of the public in this form, or any other form, in this life—inscribed by him on the folds of the General's original letter in our possession, and now upon our table, will speak for itself—

Glasgow, 11th July, 1793.

Parted with son James, half-past seven o'clock, at Larkhall. He was then aged sixteen years and seven days. I walked to Hamilton that night *with a heart full of grief*.

(Signed)

W. A.

Thus our readers, at this stage, will perceive that the parting with his boy—on that summer evening, in that beautiful and sequestered part of the country—went deep into the heart of the virtuous old soldier—he was “*full of grief*.” The young, sprightly *Cornet*, however, went on his way rejoicing. He soon arrived, and was again received at Murdestoun House, by the old General and his amiable sister, with increasing affection and hearty good will.

Little did others imagine what was next to happen. The General took *Jamie* into his library, and whispered into the ears of the astonished youth, “that if he continued to behave himself as he was doing, and prove himself to be an ‘officer and a gentleman in the Scots Greys,’ to the satisfaction of the King and his superior officers, that he

(the General) would make him his adopted son and heir, and specially leave to him—passing over all his other heirs—the barony and estate of Murdestoun, with his other heritages and moveable property, worth, at least, £5000 per annum.”

That, surely, was a great prize for any Glasgow youth, under such peculiar circumstances, whose father had only some *fifteenpence* per day of stinted pension. But the young hero proved himself to be worthy of it all. The old General saw him snugly despatched in the Mail Coach to London, with letters of recommendation to Lord Amherst and other officers high in authority at the Horse Guards; and providing him with a splendid outfit, befitting any young officer carrying the noble banners of the gallant Greys, and giving him letters of credit on his bankers in London, to the extent, in the meanwhile, of £200 per annum over and besides his regular pay as Cornet. The General, from what he had experienced of military life, cautioned him to beware of *gamblers* and spendthrifts, and never to exceed his prescribed income; observing that if he attended to that rule, he would be best respected by officers and men. Nor was the advice given improperly; the young Cornet ever attended to it most faithfully, and therein, though his life was cut short, he enjoyed his ample rewards.

Presented to the King in St. James' Palace, he writes to his father in Glasgow how he was most graciously received—that the King complimented him on his appearance, and inquired kindly after his patron—the Major-General, telling the Cornet that he was about to promote him to the higher rank of Lieut.-General, in remembrance of his services, &c. The ladies and gentlemen at Court, and even some of the King's daughters, were pleased by

this display. Flattery here is out of the question; but we state the undoubted fact that, from his dignified, correct, and most excellent conduct in these (to him) new scenes of extraordinary splendour, *Cornet* James Inglis Hamilton—for *that* was the distinguished name he now bore—rapidly advanced from being a *Cornet* to be a *Lieutenant*—from being a *Lieutenant* to be a *Captain* in the Scots Greys; and from being a *Captain* to be a *Major*—the only *Major* then in that regiment. Nor did he stop here. He speedily advanced to become *Lieutenant-Colonel* commandant of the regiment—the very rank, be it observed, which his generous benefactor, *Major-General* Hamilton—now *Lieutenant-General*—once held in that same regiment; and therefore it may easily be supposed that this rapid, but deserved promotion, increased in every way the filial esteem of the old General for our otherwise friendless youth.

In fact, his elevated position in the regiment perfectly delighted the heart of the old General and his sister, *Miss* Hamilton, and made them proud of him. He continued to correspond and esteem them with all the gratitude of a good soldier rising unto such unexampled prosperity, in the way stated.

Therefore the General, in pursuance of his original intentions, directed his law agents in Edinburgh, viz., Messrs. Andrew Carmichael and James Warrender, to prepare a regular and lawful Deed of Entail, “leaving to him, the said *Lieutenant-Colonel* James Inglis Hamilton of the Scots Greys, my adopted son and heir, and to the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten; whom failing, to my kinsman, the Honourable Sir Alexander Inglis Cochran, and the heirs male of his body,” and so on, in a long line of destination, “the said

Barony and Estate of Murdestoun, &c., with the whole of my other Heritable and MOVEABLE Estate," &c., &c. The Moveable Estate alone, from the General's accumulations, had amounted, at that time, to upwards of £200,000 sterling. Thus General Hamilton, by his deed, had placed the Glasgow youth in a position not inferior to some of the *Peers* of the realm.

But a heavy misfortune, about this time, overtook the General himself, although it did not diminish, but rather increased his attachment to his young *protege*. In the goodness of his heart, Gen. Hamilton had become one of the sureties to Government for the then great army agents in London, viz., Messrs Ross & Ogilvie, to a prodigious amount. They had upwards of £50,000 of his money in their hands; but besides this, he had guaranteed their transactions to Government to the large amount of nearly £100,000 sterling. Their sudden and unexpected bankruptcy therefore disconcerted him in his old age; but he paid up the loss manfully, leaving himself still in the possession of about £50,000 of ready money, which he determined to secure without risk, for the benefit of his adopted son—now the Colonel of the Scots Greys.

We have here to remark that Ross & Ogilvie, the great army agents who had involved the General in the above large amount, only paid an equalising dividend of *one penny* in the pound; yet that paltry dividend of one penny came to be of the most blessed relief to others, as we shall show in the course of the extraordinary story to be further related.

The General, warned by these late misfortunes—the only ones he experienced in all his life—and to make assurance doubly sure, invested the whole of his remaining money (upwards of £60,000) in the security of the

British funds, in the name of *Trustees*, which he then appointed, “for the sole and exclusive benefit of my dear adopted son, the said Lieutenant-Colonel James Inglis Hamilton.”

These trustees were, Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, banker in Edinburgh; Andrew Stuart, Esq. of Torrance; and Andrew Carmichael, Esq., writer to His Majesty’s Signet. And in his *Codicil* thereto (an authenticated copy of which is on our table), he says in the following words, “I earnestly entreat my said trustees, and all my relations, to show to the said James Inglis Hamilton, my adopted son, *all the friendship and respect they can.*”

Worthy old man! It is really refreshing to peruse such words from one of the noble veterans of Scotland, applicable originally to a poor, friendless youth—the son of a soldier, located in the Gallowgate of Glasgow—with such brilliant prospects now before him.

Old age, however, by stealthy steps, is now rapidly advancing upon the General, in his quiet, but delightful retreat at Murdestoun House. He is sensible that the battles of this life are fast closing upon him; he, therefore, longs once more to see his adopted son and heir—the blooming Colonel, and sends expressly for him; and the Colonel comes, and finally takes up his quarters in Murdestoun House.

Ere many days elapse, the General, with his hands entwined in those of the young Colonel, breaths his last in that abode;—he died like a Christian, without fear, placing his confidence in Almighty God, whose precepts he had ever respected. The country was much moved and grieved by the General’s death. The wonder ran, “Who is his heir? What can he have done with his

vast fortune?"—excelling, as many supposed, that of the Dukes of Douglas or Hamilton.

At this interesting point we give the following original letter from Lieut-Colonel Hamilton himself, addressed to his brother John, in this city, which, probably, the Colonel never thought would be published in this manner, but we give it with pleasure, because it reveals the unsophisticated state of his own pure heart at that most important epoch of his life—

Murdestoun, 27th July, 1803.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—The General has closed his eyes for ever. He died this afternoon at four o'clock. My heart throbs with the most painful sensations at this moment, and I am not in a fit state for writing.

I now know misfortune for the first time, and your loss, as well as my own, with many others, is not to be calculated. This melancholy event, however, was to be expected; indeed I am surprised, from what I know of his sufferings, that he lived so long. Although I cannot receive consolation at present, still I am willing, if possible, to afford it to others. Be not too much afflicted, and trust in Providence. We have lost our only friend; but his thoughts were occupied for the last years of his life only with my welfare, and consequently with yours and my dear sisters. I hope my circumstances will be such as to be of service both to you and them. My study shall be to imitate the virtues of a man equalled by few, and whose sentiments were far above those of mankind in general.

I shall soon write to you again; meantime, believe me, ever your most affectionate,

JAS. INGLIS HAMILTON.

The question at this mourning juncture now came to be, "Who was really to lay the head of the old warrior, as his heir and chief mourner, in the grave, in the Kirk-yard of the parish of Shotts, where his ancestors were interred?" That question was soon settled by a written injunction found in the prayer-book of the General, that

Colonel James Inglis Hamilton of the Scots Greys should do it.

Colonel Hamilton again writes to his brother in this city (these original letters are in our possession) as follows—

Murdestoun. 31st July, 1803.

I am much obliged to you, my dear brother, for the assistance you have afforded me upon this melancholy occasion, and for the diligent and exact manner in which you have executed the several commissions I requested of you. The eyes of every one in this country are turned upon me at present, and my situation is extremely critical. I should extremely regret if any mark of respect due to the memory of a man whose friendship for me was so warm and sincere, was omitted; yet, solicitous as I am that his funeral rites may be solemnised in the most becoming manner, I know too much of the world to imagine that I shall escape without having my conduct commented upon; but I hope to put it out of the power of any but illiberal minds to pass a censure upon my actions. Some,—since I have been here, have professed regard and friendship for me. Alas! I believe I have lost my only real friend.

Miss Hamilton is extremely well pleased with the articles sent for her, and she says that my sisters have an extreme good taste, and that she is sure, when you or they are employed, of everything being done well. I cannot say that I am very well at present. Perhaps a few hours' rest may relieve me. I beg to be kindly remembered to my dear sisters.

I am ever, my dear brother, most affectionately yours,

JAMES INGLIS HAMILTON.

One other letter, and we are done at this point with our narrative—

Murdestoun, 5th August, 1803.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—The remains of our beloved benefactor were interred in the church of Shotts on Tuesday afternoon, and, with a beating heart, and sensations of grief which I cannot describe, I paid the last duty, and laid his head in the grave. Nothing has been wanting (to my knowledge) on this melancholy occasion. I wished very anxiously that his obsequies should be attended with solemnity

and respect; and I do not know that I have been disappointed in anything. All the nobility and gentry, on this occasion, attended, and every one regretted, I am persuaded, most sincerely his loss. No man has ever been more universally lamented, and his memory is endeared to all who knew him, and to many who had not that honour—for real honour it was—but who have felt the effects of the goodness of his disposition and his philanthropy.

I shall write you more fully as soon as I can find time.

Believe me, my dear brother, yours and my sisters' unalterable and affectionate,

JAMES INGLIS HAMILTON.

Immediately after the funeral there assembled at Murdestoun House, the Right Hon. the Earl of Hyndford (title now extinct), the then Lord Belhaven, Sir William Forbes, Bart. of Pitsligo, Sir Henry Stewart, Bart. of Allanton, Lieut.-General Sir James Stewart Denham, Bart. of Coltness, Colonel Andrew Gillon of the Coldstream Regiment of Guards (formerly Major in the Scots Greys), &c., &c. The private repositories of the deceased General behoved now to be opened, to see whether any documents were there to be found relative to the destination of his large estates and property. The important Deed of Entail, carefully wrapped up and docqueted in the General's own hand, was soon produced and read by Mr. Carmichael, writer to His Majesty's Signet. It was pronounced to be a legal and valid deed according to the law of Scotland; and as it was the first deed, and one of the greatest importance, discovered in the General's repositories, the distinguished and assembled company arose from their seats and unanimously saluted and recognised our young Glasgow hero as the undoubted heir to the barony and estate of Murdestoun, &c. But when the next important deed, applicable to the large moveable estate—including the vast sums belonging to him in the

Bank of England and British Funds, as above stated (and destined also by the General for Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton)—was opened and read, it was discovered to be *defective*, and not legal in its operations, because although the General had subscribed the first two or three pages of the deed, he had, somehow or other, omitted or neglected to sign the *last* page of it—being the most important page of the whole—therefore it was announced by Mr. Carmichael, and the other law agents in attendance, that this last deed was inoperative, and could not be carried into effect without the special consent and approbation, by a fresh corroborative deed, of Miss Hamilton, sister of the deceased, who was entitled to claim the whole of the vast moveable estate as her own, or leave it to anybody else she pleased. She rose from her couch, with all the insignia of deep mourning and faded beauty about her, and, snatching the Colonel's hand, said, "My darling, *all this is yours*;" and addressing, with great politeness, the noblemen and gentlemen present, she said, "I revere my brother's settlements; I shall faithfully pay attention to all his bequests; and you, dear gentlemen, make out immediately my settlement, and get it confirmed, and then I shall die contentedly, as my beloved brother has done, in the faith and peace of our blessed Redeemer." An express was sent off immediately to Edinburgh to bring the necessary stamp to ratify Miss Hamilton's resolution, and she soon subscribed it legally and validly—expressing again her great satisfaction that she had been enabled, under the good providence of God, faithfully to carry out all the honourable and generous intentions of her deceased brother. Soon after this she also died, and thus Colonel James Inglis Hamilton, the Glasgow youth, came into the absolute possession of all this

vast heritable and moveable property. He made some handsome and liberal provisions, ere he was twelve hours domiciled at Murdestoun, for every one of the late General's old servants and dependants; and, of course, he did not forget his poor relations in Glasgow. He came to this city—took a handsome self-contained house for them in York Street—now forming the site of the spacious warehouses of Messrs. Connal and others; but then York Street—with the pretty trees and handsome gardens in the front thereof—was a nice place for genteel people, and many yet alive can attest the fact. He furnished the house elegantly and substantially at his own expense—settling upon his father and mother and two sisters the sum of £500 sterling per annum; and on his surviving brother, John Anderson—who, through the General's influence, had also entered the army, and was an Ensign in the 38th Regiment (of whom we shall also afterwards speak in the most extraordinary way)—an allowance of £300 per annum; and thus it may be said that that family were, indeed, most comfortably provided for. They were all joyous and happy, but the parents died, while their daughters, the Colonel's *two sisters*—whose sad story we are now soon to tell—are left in the enjoyment of their allowance of £500 per annum from the Colonel.

But the blasts of WAR rapidly approached; and the Colonel, like a wise and prudent man, came to Edinburgh in the month of Dec., 1811—he being then unmarried, and in the thirty-fourth year of his age—and executed his own deed of settlement. We need not quote the whole of it, but to show his goodness and generosity of heart, we may notice that at this period he doubles, and in some instances he *triples* his legacies, or allowances, to the

General's old servants. We call attention to this fact—"That he leaves to his said surviving brother and sisters, the sum of *twenty thousand* pounds sterling of Government stock, in the three per cent. consolidated annuities, created by Act of Parliament, and transferred to me on the 9th day of July, 1805, with any other investment that may be effected by me previous to my death." These are his words in the deed, and he goes on in a codicil to leave to his brother and two sisters, over and above the aforesaid £20,000, a special legacy of £1500 sterling each.

No persons, therefore, in this city were, apparently, so well provided for as these *two* ladies and their second brother, John, then fighting with Wellington in the Peninsular War.

Alas, and alas! Colonel Hamilton having the most unbounded confidence in his law agent in Edinburgh, viz., James Swan, Esq., writer to His Majesty's Signet, appointed him, with Colonel Gillon of Wallhouse, to act as his trustees—never dreaming, and far less thinking, that the deplorable calamity would occur which afterwards did.

The Colonel, in the exuberance of his heart, married a lovely English lady, of the name of Clerke, in the year 1814. This might be supposed to have had a powerful effect on his future destinies; for if they had children by that marriage, these children—the eldest boy, would succeed under the entail, to the barony and estate of Murdestoun, beyond all doubt; whereas, if they had no children, or he died childless, the estates would go to the Honourable Sir Alexander Inglis Cochrane. Still, however, this marriage made no alteration on the handsome provisions already settled by him on his brother and sisters, as above

stated. He, however, handsomely provided for his young wife, placing at her disposal £500 sterling per annum as "pin money," with the life-rent of the estate of Murdestoun, &c., &c.

Within a few months after this marriage, living happy with his lovely young wife and gallant regiment, stationed at Bristol, the war anew breaks out with France. Napoleon had escaped from the Island of Elba. He was marching now with his legions onwards to Belgium. The Allied armies, under the Duke of Wellington, were marshalling to meet him on the plains of Waterloo. Every available regiment in England, Scotland, and Ireland were hurrying off for that momentous service; and on the 9th of April, 1815, the gallant Greys received the route to proceed instantly from Bristol to Gravesend, and there to embark for foreign service.

The sad moment therefore arrived when he must part from his young wife. He has no leisure—not a moment's time to visit his devoted sisters in Scotland, to take an affectionate farewell of them. But he writes the following letter to his sister Jean, in York Street, Glasgow—the last they ever received from him—and which we here take leave to transcribe from the original in our possession—

Gravesend, 15th April, 1815.

DEAR SISTERS,—I received orders nine days since, at Bristol, to proceed with the regiment, and to embark for foreign service at this place. The whole of the six troops destined for the Continent are now on board the transports near this place, and I shall go on board myself in less than an hour. We shall disembark at Ostend. I have been so much hurried by so sudden an order, and having had a great deal to do, that I could not write to you sooner; nor have I time to say any more at present than to send you my most affectionate good wishes for your health, and Ann's, to whom I beg you will remember

me in the kindest manner. I will write to you when I arrive at Ostend, which I hope to do in two days at most.

FAREWELL.

I have enclosed a draft on Messrs. Drummond's for £500, which have the goodness to acknowledge, addressing your letter to the care of Messrs. Greenwood, Cox & Co., Army Agents, Craig's Court, Charing Cross, London.

Believe me, ever affectionately yours,

JAMES INGLIS HAMILTON.

It is singular that the word "FAREWELL" is written by him in a bold, dashing hand, in the centre of his letter, in the way we have here placed it before our readers.

The news of the battle of Waterloo brought joy, but with it also sad tears to the city of Glasgow, and to many other places in this realm. Colonel Hamilton's sisters were in an agony of consternation about it, as many conflicting and contradictory accounts had reached them—some that their brother was killed—some that he had escaped—some that he was severely wounded; but no doubt was left at all that the gallant Greys were severely cut up, with officers and men, but had covered themselves with imperishable renown on that bloody and decisive field. The fatal letter, however, from Colonel Clarke, who succeeded their brother on the bloody field—and to which we have already referred in the early part of this chapter—soon dispelled all doubt upon the subject. In the meantime, the agitated and grieving sisters had applied to a very eminent and respectable law agent at that time in Glasgow, viz., Hugh M'Lachlan, Esq., of Messrs. M'Pherson & M'Lachlan, writers, who had their office in the fine old mansion-house at the head of Virginia Street (once occupied by the Spiers of Elderslie family, and now forming the site of the Union Bank of Scotland), in order that Mr. M'Lachlan might ascertain

for them, through their brother's agent in Edinburgh, viz., James Swan, Esq., W.S., above alluded to, how the distribution of his property and estates would now go; and in reply to Mr. Mc'Lachlan, Mr. Swan sends him the following letter (the original of which, with the Edinburgh post mark upon it, we have also in our possession.) We may here be excused for soliciting our readers to peruse it attentively—

*Edinburgh, 53 York Place,
10th July, 1815.*

SIR,—I received your letter of the 7th inst., and with reference to a letter I wrote Mr. Ure—not knowing the address of my lamented friend Colonel Hamilton's sisters—I beg to inform you, that with deep regret, I have ascertained the intelligence of the Colonel's death to be correct. His bravery was most gallant throughout the 18th, and he was killed giving the thrilling word of command. Several accounts agree that latterly in the action he was seen by his men still commanding with both of his arms shot off, holding the reins of his charger in his teeth. I saw a letter from an officer in the Greys (General Hamilton of Dalziel's son), stating that it was ascertained that, on examining Colonel Hamilton's body, previous to his burial on the field of battle, he had also received a shot through the heart; and Sir James Stewart showed me a letter from Colonel Clarke of the Greys, mentioning that the Colonel's body had been found, and had been buried. Colonel Clarke's first letter gave hopes that he had been taken prisoner. He had written to this effect to Mrs. Hamilton, and it was with difficulty that Sir James Stewart and I could convince her of the death of her husband. Her feelings were, consequently, more deeply agonised, and a most painful duty we had;—indeed, the distracting distress she laboured under, obliged us to call in medical assistance. I went to Murdestoun in consequence of an express from Sir James Stewart, and while there put affairs into some arrangement, having had the assistance of my co-trustee under the Colonel's settlements, viz., Colonel Andrew Gillon of Wallhouse. So far from Sir Henry Stewart of Allanton taking possession, as you mention, he has no right whatever. I must say, however, that both he and Sir James Stewart are most attentive to Mrs. Hamilton, and have taken the kindest interest to afford her every protection and consolation while

she remains at Murdestoun. Fortunately Murdestoun House belongs to her alone till Martinmas next, and, therefore, it is out of the power of any one to disturb her in her present distressed situation. The next heir of entail, Sir Alexander Cochran, entertains the same high opinion of Mrs. Hamilton, and has expressed his willingness in every way to ensure Mrs. H.'s comfort. From this you will observe the entailed estate of Murdestoun goes now entirely from the family of my deceased friend. It is, in fact, strictly entailed, on a series of heirs totally unconnected with them. Of this entail I will send you a copy for the satisfaction of Colonel Hamilton's sisters. Some time ago, Colonel Hamilton executed a settlement of his moveable and personal property, &c. In this settlement his sisters have, I hope, a considerable interest; but we have no knowledge of his money in the Funds, therefore cannot mention the amount. I have written to London to ascertain it. A copy of his settlement will be sent you. I should wish to be informed of Mr. John Anderson's address.

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

JAMES SWAN.

Hugh M'Lachlan, Esq.

"I could wish," said Mr. Swan, "to be favoured with Mr. John Anderson's address." And this leads us to bring him more immediately into notice. He was, as we have already remarked, the Colonel's only surviving brother—he was still clinging to the paternal name of Anderson; and was, from all accounts, a most handsome and well-educated young man. He was one of the choice officers in one of the "forlorn hopes" under Wellington, at the siege of Badajoz, where he was severely wounded. He bravely carried the colours of his regiment, after other officers one after another fell with them, at the famous battle of Salamanca. On that bloody field he was twice or thrice *mortally wounded*, apparently, through the body; and the surgeons of his battalion extracted no fewer than six bullets from his person, but one was still left, in a most delicate part of his body, which they could not touch without killing

him on the spot, and that bullet he carried with him to his grave. In the above dreadful state, fainting with the loss of blood, he received great personal kindness and attention from Captain Fitzclarence—afterwards the Earl of Munster, first son of the Duke of Clarence, afterwards King William the Fourth, by his *liaison* with the celebrated and beautiful actress, Mrs. Jordan. The Duke of Wellington took such an interest in this gallant Glasgow young officer, John Anderson—and anxious to have his ghastly wounds healed up, and his brave, valuable life, if possible, preserved—that he ordered him home to this country, on leave of absence from his regiment, for a period of two years. He died, with great fortitude and resignation, from the effects of these wounds, in his sisters' house in York Street, in about three years afterwards; and thus, it may be said, that he ended his life, as he truly did, “in the service of his country.”

Truly it may be further said, that Misfortunes of the direst nature do not come singly. They had no brother now to protect them. A dashing spendthrift, of the name of Jamieson, made professions of love to one of the sisters (Ann) with the view of marriage. He contrived to get from them upwards of £1000, which they had saved from their brother's allowance, and with it he decamped to America, and was never more heard of by either of them.

Mr. Swan, their brother's agent in Edinburgh, first tardily supplies them with money. He pretends that he cannot *uplift the Funds* in London without a power of attorney from them, absolutely in his own favour. This they grant to him at his request. He shuffles them off from time to time about the money. At last it is discovered that he has uplifted and squandered away all the above large sums of money, on some projects or other of

his own. He gets into disgrace in Edinburgh,—leaves it—and commits *suicide* in the city of London.

Here we might stop, but the harrowing tale only becomes of greater, or more surpassing interest. With a resolution befitting well-educated and virtuous ladies, they sold off their furniture in York Street, and left that house for a much more humble one in Warwick Street, Laurieston, rented at some ten or twelve pounds per annum. With the proceeds of the sale of their furniture, and with their exertions at needlework, they were enabled to live, for a few years, pretty comfortably—bemoaning to themselves the lamented death, under the circumstances, described of their two brothers. They shunned the world—they shut themselves up in their own apartments, neither seeing nor desiring to see company of any kind. But their means were getting exhausted;—poverty, for the first time in their remembrance, began to stare them in the face. From Warwick Street they moved to a still humbler dwelling, and at a more reduced rent, in Coburg Lane. They there struggled, with their needlework, to earn the common necessities of life, but they found it utterly impossible to pay their rent; and their landlord sequestered their effects, and roused them out, heedless of their story, and without the least compassion towards them.

In that deplorable, wretched, and despairing state they sketched, with their own hands, a letter to THE KING, which we here give, from the original draft of it in our possession—

Unto the King's Most Excellent Majesty, the Petition of Misses Jean and Ann Anderson, sisters of the late Colonel James Inglis Hamilton of the 2nd Royal North British Dragoons, who was killed at the battle of Waterloo,—most humbly sheweth,

That your petitioners most humbly throw themselves at the feet of

your Most Gracious Majesty, imploring your Royal Aid in our behalf, or they will utterly perish by want ; That your petitioners beg to state for your Majesty's most gracious consideration, that they were born in the army during the time their father belonged to the 21st Regiment of Foot, and Colonel Hamilton, their brother, was adopted by the late General James Inglis Hamilton—who commanded the 15th and 21st Regiments successively—in order to inherit his estates ; but having perished on the field, in the service of his country, and having no issue, the estates were claimed by another family, according to the entail. This and other circumstances, occasioned by the Colonel's principal trustee becoming a defaulting bankrupt, left your unfortunate petitioners completely reduced in circumstances, as their whole dependence rested on the Colonel for support ; That after these calamities, their only brother, Lieutenant John Anderson of the 38th Regiment of Foot, died in consequence of severe wounds, at the battle of Salamanca, which latter event has left them without one friend on earth to help them in the smallest ; That your petitioners further beg to state, for your Majesty's favourable consideration, that they are at present without house or home, as the whole of their effects have been seized, and sold for rent. May it, therefore, please your Majesty to take the long and faithful services of your petitioners' family into consideration, together with the sad and reduced circumstances in life they now labour under ; And that your Majesty will feel gracious and merciful in their behalf, and grant them relief from the Royal Bounty, in consideration of their two brothers having perished in the service of their country, and the forlorn circumstances in which they are placed, from no misconduct of their own in any degree, but from sad and unhappy circumstances, over which they had no control,—And your Majesty's petitioners will ever pray.

JEAN ANDERSON.

ANN ANDERSON.

7 Warwick Street, Gorbals, Glasgow.

With that touching document, simply addressed "To the King" (which powerfully tells its own tale), they went with it during the silent watches of the night—as they afterwards told us, that none might see them—and dropped it into the Post-Office, praying to the Almighty that it might safely reach His Majesty's own hands. Let

none sneer at this. We give it solemnly as we heard it from the ladies themselves. Almost in direct course of post, to their astonishment, and great relief, there came to them in their humble dwelling place in Coburg Lane of Glasgow, the following ROYAL, and most blessed communication—

Treasury Chambers, 22nd Dec., 1829.

Mr Spearman presents his compliments to Miss Jane Anderson and Miss Ann Anderson, and having this morning been commanded to pay to them the sum of Two Hundred Pounds, from His Majesty's Royal Bounty, he has the honour to enclose a receipt for that sum for their signature, together with the first halves of two Bank of England notes for one hundred pounds each. If they will be good enough, both of them, to sign the receipt, and return it to Mr. Spearman by the post, he will transmit to them the other halves of the notes.

Then there is next the following—

Treasury Chambers, 28th Dec., 1829.

Mr. Spearman presents his compliments to the Misses Anderson, and encloses the remaining halves of the Two Hundred Pound Bank of England notes, having this morning received their letter transmitting the receipt, duly signed.

We have the originals of these letters, holograph of Mr. Spearman—afterwards Sir Alexander Spearman, Secretary of His Majesty's Treasury, in our possession. We have no direct evidence of the fact, but we have every reason to believe—and future circumstances will go to show—that the King directly communicated with the Duke of Wellington on the subject of the above petition; and it was on the recommendation of his Grace that the £200 was instantly remitted to Glasgow. Be that as it may, it afforded, as we have said, and again repeat, the most blessed relief at the time to these poor unfortunate ladies. They purchased a few second-hand

articles of furniture, which, however, they were afterwards obliged reluctantly to surrender for payment of their further miserable rent. The heartless vagabond of an auctioneer—and there are some such still in Glasgow, we are sorry to say—from whom they had so purchased that furniture, learning, from their own artless statement, that they had unexpectedly received the above £200 from the King's bounty, contrived to get them to put £130 of it into his own hands, on the assurance that he would give them a much larger amount of *interest* upon it than they could get upon a deposit receipt from the bank (where they intended to place it),—that he would, positively, give them ten per cent. for it, which would be to them *thirteen* pounds per annum. No sooner had they done this, than he became bankrupt, and paid them and others some eightpence in the pound.

Their situation, therefore, was worse than ever, for in their reduced and delicate frames they had to brood over these *repeated* misfortunes, enough to deject the stoutest of men.

When love proves false, and friends betray us,
 All nature seems a dismal chaos
 Of wretchedness and woe;
 We stamp mankind a base ingrate—
 Half loathing life, we challenge fate
 To strike the final blow.

Then settled grief, with wild despair,
 Starts from their blood-shot eyes,
 Though oft they tried to hide their care,
 And check their bursting sighs.

Prior, we should say, to the above event, they wrote to the Secretary of the Waterloo Fund in London, imploring assistance. This was his answer—

*Patriotic Fund, Lloyd's,
London, 22nd November, 1822.*

MADAM,—I am directed to acknowledge the receipt of the memorial signed by yourself and your sister, stating the death of your two brothers, Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton of the Scots Greys, and Lieut. Anderson of the 38th Regiment of Foot. In reply, I am instructed to observe, as relates to Lieut.-Colonel Hamilton, killed at the battle of Waterloo, that he left a widow, who, as the nearest and most dependent relative, receives a pension from the Waterloo subscription, by which all other relatives, excepting children, are excluded the benefit of that Institution. In respect to the Patriotic Fund, it is also necessary to state that the benefit arising from it is confined to the relatives of those only who were killed in the late war, *in action with the enemy*. This circumstance excludes all claim on account of Lieutenant Anderson, who, it appears, died at Glasgow in 1816.

I have the honour to be, Madam, your most obedient servant,

J. P. WELSFORD, Secy.

To Miss Anderson.

Poor creatures! what a cold, official answer. They subsequently renewed their application, accompanying it with a strong recommendation from old Provost Hamilton of Northpark, and also from the Rev. Dr. John Lockhart, then of the Blackfriars', Glasgow, in whose church they had often sat with their father and mother, brothers and sisters; and the following is the next official answer they received—

*Waterloo Subscription Office,
London, 14th Oct., 1826.*

LADIES,—I am directed to acquaint you that the Waterloo Subscription Committee having taken into consideration your renewed application, of date 29th August., accompanied with a recommendation from the Rev. Dr. Lockhart and the Provost Hamilton, are concerned to find themselves, upon the principle already adverted to in my communication, precluded from extending to you the aid of the fund.

I have the honour to be, ladies, your most obedient servant,

JOHN CLARKE, Secy.

To the Misses Jean and Ann Anderson.

Notwithstanding these rebuffs,—and with no aid from the Waterloo Fund, they addressed a memorial stating their misfortunes, to His Royal Highness the Duke of York, General Commanding-in-Chief, and they enclosed it in a letter to His Grace the Duke of Wellington, who was then Master-General of the Ordnance, beseeching His Grace to give it his powerful recommendation. The Duke lost no time in laying it before the Duke of York, by whom it was remitted to Lord Palmerston, who was then *Secretary-at-War* (what varied, numerous, and mighty positions he has filled in this empire, though his spirit, but not his memory, has now fled — his *memory*, indeed, can never die in the annals of this country!) and the Duke speedily wrote to the ladies as follows—

London, 2nd Jan., 1822.

The Duke of Wellington begs to enclose to the Misses Anderson the answer he has received from Lord Palmerston, on the subject of their memorial.

The following is the official reply of Lord Palmerston to the Duke, from the original document (in fine gilt paper) actually in our possession at this moment—

War Office, 29th Dec., 1821.

MY LORD DUKE,—The memorial from the Misses Anderson of Glasgow, dated the 23rd ult., and addressed to the Commander-in-Chief, praying for some allowance from the public funds, in consideration of their having lost two brothers in His Majesty's service, having been referred to this department, I have the honour to acquaint your Grace that the *sisters* of officers are not eligible for grants of the Royal Bounty.

I have the honour to be, my Lord Duke, your Grace's most obedient and very humble servant,

PALMERSTON.

To Field-Marshal

His Grace the Duke of Wellington, K.G., &c., &c.

They, after the lapse of several years, when the Duke of Wellington himself came to be Prime Minister of Great Britain, addressed the Duke, and the following graphic letter (which, we may remark, we also retain) came in due course of post, from his Grace. The Duke himself had been displaced from power by great and good Earl Grey, who was called "The Father of Reform"—

London, July 16th, 1831.

The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to the Misses Anderson, and has to acknowledge the receipt of their Memorial.

The Duke being out of office, has nothing to say now to the disposal of His Majesty's Bounty, or to the dispensing of the favours of the Crown; and he has no means or opportunity of approaching His Majesty.

The Duke, however, must add, that even if he were in office, he should not now have it in his power to renew the grant to the Misses Anderson from the Royal Bounty.

The Duke's heart, however, afterwards relented in favour of those ladies, as we shall show. They next thought of writing to the King's son, Captain Fitzclarence, created Earl of Munster, for their brother, the Lieutenant, had often told them that they had succoured each other, from their mutual flasks of wine and water, at and after the bloody battle of Salamanca. The following correspondence ensued—

St. James' Palace, 25th Jan., 1832.

Lord Munster presents his compliments to the Misses Anderson, and has to apologise to them for not answering their letter at an earlier date; but on account of its being over-weight, his porter declined receiving it. He forwarded to the King, at Brighton, their former letters, and he recommends them to address themselves to Sir H. Taylor respecting its fate.

To Misses Anderson,
10 Coburg Lane, Laurieston, Glasgow.

Lord Munster has been lately moving from one place to another,

and fears many of his letters have miscarried. He again presents his compliments to the Misses Anderson, and again recommends them—as he has no intention of going to London for some time—to forward their petition to Sir H. Taylor.

Acting on the above advice of the King's son, the Earl of Munster, they addressed Sir Herbert Taylor, the King's Private Secretary. The following was the Royal answer—

Brighton, 9th Feb., 1832.

Sir Herbert Taylor begs to acknowledge the receipt of the letter of Misses Jean and Ann Anderson, and to acquaint them that their case has, by command of the King, been referred to the Treasury, with a request that it might be answered from thence.

Not receiving any letter from the Treasury, they, at the distance of six months, again memorialised the King, and this was His Majesty's answer—

St. James' Palace, 5th May, 1832.

The Misses Anderson's memorial having been submitted to the King, Sir Herbert Taylor has it in command to acquaint them that the Royal Bounty is under the control of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, to whom they should address themselves.

Still no answer from the Treasury—(the Whig Lords seem to have been engulfed at that time with the Reform Bill)—and in Dec., 1832, they again addressed Sir Herbert Taylor, the King's Secretary, and the following is his final reply—

Brighton, 20th December, 1832.

Sir Herbert Taylor begs to acknowledge the receipt of the Misses Anderson's memorial of the 15th inst., which he has submitted to the King, and has it in command to acquaint them that their former applications have been referred to the Treasury, as will the present one also, by His Majesty's order; and to that department, therefore, they should address themselves.

Strange to say, no aid came from the Treasury. They did not receive so much as a civil reply from thence, although their memorial had been "referred to the Treasury by His Majesty's orders," as the above letters show (but *red tape*, in some quarters, has ever been proverbial); and it was under these distressing circumstances that the sergeant's wife discovered these poor helpless ladies in Glasgow, and that the blessed aid came to them, through our own hands, from the generous officers of the 6th Carbiniers then in Glasgow. The money thence obtained was nearly exhausted, and we were beginning to feel rather uneasy about the future destiny of those unfortunate ladies, when a most remarkable incident occurred which we may be excused for now shortly relating.

Reading over, one evening, at our own comfortable fire-side, some of the London newspapers of the day—and particularly the London *Globe* (the files of which may still be referred to)—our eyes accidentally alighted on a small paragraph, which bore that the Trustees of Messrs. Ross & Ogilvie, the once great army agents in London, were prepared to pay an equalizing dividend of *one penny* in the pound of their enormous debts. We called to mind how the old General had been entangled by these agents to a great extent—as we have previously remarked: yet the gallant veteran had been dead now for more than thirty years—while Messrs. Ross & Ogilvie had been bankrupt for a much longer time—but we remembered distinctly that the old General had been duly ranked on their estate for, at least, £30,000 sterling; and as the paragraph mentioned that this dividend would be paid to the original creditors of the old army firm, or to their *heirs* or representatives, so we cogitated, and began

to think that the lamented Colonel, in right of the good old General whom he succeeded, and Misses Anderson, the surviving sisters of the Colonel (and, consequently, his lawful heirs or heiresses), might establish their right to that dividend, which, though small, was yet important in the view we imbibed. We, therefore, went to London, and, through the Messrs. Wadeson, the highly respectable Proctors of Doctors Commons, we had the great satisfaction of making good the ladies' claim for £125, of the *penny* dividend, free of all expense! This was literally dead, but unexpected "found money" for them, of which they had absolutely known nothing. We might here say, in no irreverential mood, that it was a perfect God-send to them in their extremities; and we could scarcely get them to believe it when we returned, and soon visited them again in Glasgow.

We now made it a condition with them, in regard to the distribution of that money, that they would remove from their wretched hovel in Buchan Street, and go to a more comfortable place, which we had looked out for them in Commerce Street, at a rent of £7 10s. per annum—that they would go out and take exercise, and enjoy the pure air of heaven in broad day-light—and walk to our dwelling-house, if the weather permitted, on Saturday afternoon, when we would give them one guinea per week so long as the dividend lasted. They gladly agreed to do so. In fact, the elder sister, Jean, now broke out into loud fits of joyous laughter, and then into the most piteous screams, convincing us that reason had almost fled from her once handsome and comely person.

We soon began again to be very much dejected about them, because these apparently last resources, which we had secured for them in London, were coming rapidly to

a close—in truth, the money was nearly exhausted ; and what next could we really do for those interesting helpless and unfortunate ladies ?

Providence, however, is ever kind—even in some, apparently, of the most desperate cases. The thought flashed across our diversified imaginations at that period, that we might apply to our early friend, Mr. David Dreghorn, collector of the poor-rates of the parish of Govan—now Lieut.-Colonel David Dreghorn ; and as the residence of the ladies was within his parish of Govan, that probably he, in his official capacity, would recommend them to something from “*the Poor’s-rates*.” We represented to him the extraordinary history of the ladies,—and, at the same time, disclosed to him their destitute and deplorable condition. He could scarcely believe it ; but we soon convinced him of its absolute truth—as we had previously done with Captain Hay of the 6th Carbiniers—by going with him direct to the abode of the ladies and seeing and judging for himself. He, from what he saw, soon got them placed on “the Poor’s roll of Govan,” for the most miserable, but highest pittance then allowed—a circumstance which, we shall say, though creditable to the benevolent intentions of those engaged upon it at the time, would have fired with perfect indignation the heart of the good old gallant General, and made the blood boil in the veins of the Colonel himself, could he have supposed for an instant that his confidential friend, agent, and executor, Mr. James Swan, would have placed those ladies, his sisters, in such a deplorable condition—swindling them absolutely out of their handsome legacies of £20,000 and upwards, and now leaving them as “Paupers on the parish.”

We suggested to Mr. Dreghorn that he, in his official

capacity, should write to His Grace the Duke of Wellington—the hero of Waterloo, representing to his Grace the sad condition of the ladies, whose gallant brothers had fought and bled under the Duke himself. Mr. Dreghorn promptly agreed to do so, and the following is a correct copy of his original letter to the Duke, which we take the liberty of publishing in this place, without consulting him on the subject; but it can bring, we should think, no unpleasant sensation upon him at this remote period, any more than it does to our own breast—

*Govan Parish Poor-Rate Office,
Glasgow, Nov. 19, 1836.*

MY LORD DUKE,—I take the liberty of bringing before your Grace's notice the following most heart-rending case, trusting that it will excite your well-known sympathies in behalf of the miserable ladies who are the subject of it. These ladies are the sisters of the late Lieut.-Colonel Hamilton of the Scots Greys, who was killed at Waterloo. Your Grace is already aware that Colonel Hamilton left ample property to keep his sisters in the same affluent circumstances in which they were previous to his death, and which property he entrusted to the late Col. Gillan and a Mr. James Swan, Writer to the Signet. The latter named person took the management of the estate, and after the death of Colonel Gillan, had the sole control of the funds, which he embezzled. He afterwards became bankrupt, and the ladies were, in consequence, left in a state of the utmost destitution. Upon the case being made known to your Grace many years ago, you manifested a warm interest in the sisters, and generously procured a sum from the Royal Bounty, which enabled them to support themselves for a considerable time; but notwithstanding the utmost economy, the sum was exhausted many years ago. Every application has been made to the Government in their behalf, but as it appears that they have now no claim whatever to receive assistance from any fund, I have to crave most earnestly the attention of your Grace to their circumstances of misery. They have applied to be admitted upon the poor's fund of the parish of Govan, and if they are at all found to be entitled by law to parochial relief, so far as the distribution can go, aid will be given; but when I tell your Grace that the utmost they can receive is 2s. 6d.

per month, your Grace will see that, without assistance from charitable individuals, they must starve; indeed, how they have supported existence for the last few years is to me inexplicable. Till lately, they were living in a miserable hovel, and little was known of them, as they only emerged from it under cloud of night to procure common necessities, being ashamed to be seen during the day. A humane individual, of limited means, (namely,) Mr. Peter Mackenzie of this city, describes to me a visit he made to their dwelling, on entering which a most distressing scene presented itself; they were without fire—without food; with only a slight covering over them, and nearly at the point of starvation;—how long they had been in this state he could not say, but from their emaciated appearance, it must have been a long time. Your Grace may say that they might have procured work, but they cannot work; and to beg they are ashamed—indeed, one of them is now, I fear, a maniac. I intend applying to charitable individuals in behalf of the ladies, for the purpose of raising a little money to enable them to drag out their miserable existence a little longer; and I have presumed to trouble your Grace with the foregoing details, trusting that your Grace may add your mite to the subscription, which may be remitted to me, and I will take care that it is properly expended. Colonel Hamilton was a noble and brave officer, as was also his brother, who was a Lieutenant of the 38th Regiment of Foot, and who died in 1816; and I am persuaded that, if their case be properly known, these aged sisters will not be allowed to starve, to whom the Colonel thus writes on the eve of the memorable battle which terminated his earthly career (and from whose letter, now before me, I quote). After enclosing a sum of money, he thus concludes—“Nor have I time to say more than send you my most affectionate and earnest good wishes for your health. Farewell, my dear sisters, and believe me, ever affectionately, yours.” Trusting your Grace will excuse this freedom, I have the honour to be, my Lord Duke, your Grace’s most obedient humble servant.

D. DREGHORN.

To Field-Marshal

His Grace the Duke of Wellington, K.C.B.

In direct course of post, Mr. Dreghorn had the honour to receive the following letter from the Duke, which he highly prized at the time, and we daresay the genuine

recital of it now by us, in this place, will not occasion him the smallest uneasiness. It is eminently characteristic of the illustrious Duke—it redounds, we shall say, to his lasting honour—

November 22, 1836.

SIR,—I have this morning had the honour of receiving your letter of the 19th inst., regarding the sisters of the late Colonel Hamilton of the Scots Greys. If I had this single case to deal with, or a hundred, or even hundreds, I should be under no difficulty; but as soon as the war was over, nothing would avail the officers of the army, their relatives, and relicts, but exorbitant profits and interest. Instead of placing their money in security, and being satisfied with small but secure interest for the same, they entrusted it to gamblers and speculators—whether in the profession of the law or otherwise—in order to acquire more than could fairly be made by money; and the tale of distress which you relate of the Misses Hamilton is that, not of hundreds, but, to my certain knowledge, of thousands. All these naturally come to me, from all parts of the world. I have at this moment applications before me from Canada, and the East Indies, as well as from different parts of Europe; and I need scarcely add that the relicts of officers of the army are not the only sufferers. The Government will do nothing; and I must confess that I cannot see on what ground a grant of money can be justified, founded on losses of fortune occasioned by imprudent and unreasonable speculations. No private funds can provide for such demands. I make this statement in answer to your letter, as I wish to show you that the case is not singular; at the same time, I send you the enclosed, requesting you to add it to any subscriptions which may have been made for the service of these unfortunate ladies.

I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient humble servant,
WELLINGTON.

To David Dreghorn, Esq.,
Govan Parish Poor-Rate Office, Glasgow.

Mr. Dreghorn, we know, was much pleased at the time with that letter from the illustrious Duke, and had it published. It conduced much to his elevation in public life in this city; and although we had a pretty powerful

weapon at that time in our own hands, in connexion with the public press, we were sensible that we had not the ear of the monied, or the upper classes of society then in the city—our politics, indeed, were deemed, by some of them, to be odious and violent in the extreme, yet we have lived to see them actually adopted ; and in language far more pungent than we ever published or employed, by no less than Earl Derby and Mr. Disraeli—the great leaders of the Conservative party, and by most of Her Majesty's present Ministers! and, therefore, it was, that we suggested to Mr. Dreghorn that he should try and get the *Glasgow Courier*—the unflinching leader of the rich Conservative party in Glasgow, whether it has been rewarded by that party or not—to take up the case of these poor ladies, thus spoken to by the Duke of Wellington, whose words carried weight with them over Europe. The *Courier*, we are glad to say (for even we can yet respect a once proud and bitter opponent) did the agreeable on the occasion. The *Courier*, under date the 26th November, 1836, inserted the following choice leader, which the old respected readers of the *Courier* will not regret, we are persuaded, to have dished up afresh to them again, by the old hand which pens these latent effusions—

A most distressing case of misery has just been communicated to us, and as the best mode of detailing it, we copy the following (above) correspondence between Mr. Dreghorn and his Grace the Duke of Wellington. We do so the more readily, as it at once shows the attention and munificence of his Grace, than whom a more patriotic nobleman does not exist; and were but the tithe of the charitable acts performed by his Grace made known, we are sure it would make his most bitter opponent blush. This business-like, and sensible letter, which is holograph of him, was accompanied by a Five Pound Bank of England note. We trust his example may be followed by those

who have it in their power to do so. The objects are every way worthy; their noble brother died in defence of his country, while leading on the gallant Greys to the final charge at Waterloo; and we cannot think that his sisters will be allowed to starve at our very doors. Any subscriptions will be thankfully received by Mr. Dreghorn, 11 Miller Street, Glasgow.

Within a very short period after that publication appeared, Mr. Dreghorn had the satisfaction of receiving from lords, ladies, and gentlemen of the highest repute, upwards of £300 sterling; and amongst them was a donation from the Hon. Captain Kerr of the Scots Greys, in the following letter, which we beg to quote—

Clarkerdo, 22nd Nov., 1836.

SIR,—I learn with much regret the unfortunate circumstances of Colonel Hamilton's sisters, and beg leave to hand you the enclosed (five pounds) for their behoof.

I had the pleasure of being a brother officer in the Greys for fifteen years with the Colonel, than whom there could not be a more zealous officer, nor a more thorough gentleman.

I have the honour to be, sir, your very obedient servant,

JAMES KERR,

Late Captain of Scots Greys.

To D. Dreghorn, Esq.,
No. 11 Miller Street, Glasgow.

For several years afterwards, through the agency of Mr. Dreghorn, we had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing the ladies comfortably attended to—in fact, they visited us every week, sometimes oftener; and, latterly, they made our house—to which they were ever welcome, their only house or place of call. They were extremely timid, modest, and retiring. It was difficult to get a laugh out of them, but when we raised it they did enjoy it. All our endeavours were to keep up their spirits, and not let them sink in melancholy, and for a time we did

succeed. They were extremely well versed in history, and thoroughly understood and appreciated every Christian duty ;—they always spoke mildly and gently in the extreme, and when they curtsied, in token of any recognition made to them, it was the very emblem of pure, dignified life.

We were anticipating the pleasing hope that poor Miss Jean, the youngest of the two sisters, would soon be restored to her wonted reason, but a sudden message came to us one day, by their servant girl (for they had now a servant attending them—they had many such in former times), conveying their compliments, and entreating that we should pay them an immediate visit, if convenient. We obeyed the call, and were shocked to see such a strange and sudden alteration in Jean's placid countenance. She gave one convulsive sob, and then gently closed her eyes in death, ere we were many minutes in the sick-room. On the 30th July, 1848, we laid her head in the silent grave, beside her brother, the Lieutenant, in the Ram's Horn Church-yard of this city.

Poor *Ann*, the survivor, mourned sadly. She was now the last of the race of this extraordinary family. But before we end the story with her death, soon afterwards, we have to narrate a most remarkable fact, which should, probably, have been done at an earlier period of this chapter.

Colonel Hamilton lost all his valuable luggage on the field of Waterloo. Two days after that bloody battle his body was discovered, and recognised, amongst the slain. His pockets had been rifled, for it is a well-known fact that stragglers from Brussels, and other places, had gone out to pillage the field, and empty the pockets of every dead officer they could find. His rings and valuable gold

watch were gone. His trusty sword was also gone—it had probably done execution enough—but the scabbard remained, with the SILKEN SASH, upon his body; and that Red Silken Sash was carefully transmitted to Mr. Swan, as agent of the deceased, in Edinburgh, by whom it was transmitted to the only one who was best entitled to it, viz., Lieut. John Anderson, the Colonel's lawful and only surviving brother, who was dying of his own wounds in the city of Glasgow. That Red Silken Sash, belonging to, and found upon the body of Lieut.-Colonel Hamilton, commanding the Scots Greys at Waterloo, is actually in our possession at the present moment! It is not the first time, these many long years, that we have saluted it with reverential esteem; nor may it be out of place for us to tell, in a few words, the affecting circumstances which brought it into our possession, and entitles us to hold it, as no mean part, but rather one of the most honourable parts of our slender but cherished inheritance.

The sole surviving sister, Ann, was now evidently fast hastening to her grave, with grief for her departed sister. She earnestly requested to be permitted to come to our house, and spend an hour or two, on one particular afternoon—it was the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo; and that we would be good enough to have all the young members of our family assembled, that she might again have the pleasure of seeing them, probably, she said, for the last time. She was always welcomed by every one of our then happy household. On this occasion she was particularly calm and dignified. She soon rose from her seat, and carefully unrolling a white linen handkerchief, which, obviously, contained something of importance in her eyes—for there was more than one handkerchief around it—and her hands shook as if she were afraid to in-

jure it; the tears, moreover, were streaming down her pale cheeks, and she asked pardon for the seeming intrusion. At last she took out and exhibited the rich Red Silken Military Sash of her lamented brother, the Colonel; and, gazing vacantly on it for a moment or two, she breathed a silent prayer, and then addressed us in nearly the following words, which have ever since been vividly impressed on our memory—"Dear Mr. Mackenzie, this, you see, was my brother's SASH, and I have come to give it to you and your family, as the last remains we have of him. I have already given you all the papers we had preserved. We have been robbed and plundered, and stripped of everything in this world, but our good name. You, dear sir,—you, a total stranger to us—saved my sister, and you have also saved myself, from the depths of misery and woe. We had shut ourselves up to die, when you found us out on that Saturday afternoon long ago. Through your great kindness, with that of Mr. Dreghorn and other friends, we have, under God, been saved. In the silent watches of the night, we have often spoken about you—I need not say how—and often wondered how you came to take such an interest in us. This, you see, was my darling brother's Sash—he wore it on the last day of battle [here she sobbed aloud]; it is the only reward I can confer on you,—please to take it, dear sir [and she impressed it into our hands with great agitation];—I give it to you with a sore, sore heart, but with a willing and a grateful one; and, after I am away, I beg and pray of you to do the same duty for me which you did for my sister Jean, by laying me beside her;—you are the only one I know or can ask to do this; and perhaps your children, and others, will learn the sad story of my brothers, which you so well know!"

After this most affecting scene, the like of which, we venture to think, has never been surpassed in all its strange varieties in this generation in the city of Glasgow, she went away and got the following Deed prepared, which stands recorded in the Sheriff-Court books of Glasgow—

I, ANN ANDERSON, presently residing in Gorbals, sister of the late Lieutenant-Colonel James Inglis Hamilton, do hereby assign, dispo, convey, and make over, from and after my death, to Mr. Peter Mackenzie, Editor of the *Glasgow Gazette*, and to Mr. David Dreghorn, one of the Magistrates of Glasgow, and to their heirs or assignees, all my means and estate of whatever kind; and, in particular, the lairs of burying-ground now belonging to me, in right of my family, in the Ram's Horn (or St. David's) Parish of Glasgow, and that in consideration of Mr. Mackenzie's great kindness to me, and the sums of money they have advanced for me and my late sister, during the last ten years; and I hereby constitute and appoint the said Peter Mackenzie and David Dreghorn, to be my sole executors, with all the powers competent to them therein. In witness whereof I have subscribed this disposition and deed of settlement, written by Robt. Brown, teacher, No. 28 Eglinton Street, without fee or reward, at Glasgow, this 28th day of June, 1849, before these witnesses, Patrick Millar, clerk in Glasgow, and the said Robert Brown.

(Signed)

ANN ANDERSON.

PATRICK MILLAR, Witness.

ROBERT BROWN, Witness.

Within a very few weeks thereafter, she calmly died, and in obedience to her solemn request—though not in the most distant degree related to her family at all, but only acting throughout from a becoming sense of public and private duty—we quietly laid her head in the silent grave, beside the hallowed remains of her father and mother, her brothers and sisters, in the Ram's Horn Church-yard of Glasgow. The mourners were, indeed,

few, but select. After the sable hearse, containing the body, there was only one mourning coach, containing Mr. Dreghorn, Mr. William Gilmour, one of the Magistrates of the city, Mr. Brown, the missionary of the parish, and the humble writer of these reminiscences, who feels that he has already detained his readers too long with this chapter; nor is he without fear that some sour, waspish, or ill-natured people may blame him for introducing so much into it about himself. His real fear, however, only is, that he has really not been able to write it in the polished language which some of its incidents deserved; but he boldly challenges any human being to controvert the truth of the facts he has stated; and he is somewhat hopeful that many of the virtuous fathers and mothers of Glasgow—the happy young ladies, and the promising youths of the city—will read the story here given of Colonel Hamilton and his sisters, with some interest, and no dread.

The following lines, in Miss Anderson's album, we in conclusion, take leave to transcribe—

Shadow lieth over all,
Sorrow holdeth festival,
Dimmed are our eyes by tears that fall
On dreary paths below:
Wearily through earth we roam,
Trouble-toss'd, like tempest foam;
Longing for the rest of home,
Where we so lingering go.

Hopes, of youth and vigour born,
Lit and cheered our way at morn;
Ere noontide vanish'd, all forlorn
We pilgrimage below:

Streaming far on Faith's keen eye,
Beacon-lights burn brilliantly,
Kindled on heaven's turrets high,
To guide us where to go.

Friendships counted fast and true,
When our trusting hearts were new,
Transient pass, as sun-dyed dew,
Betray our trust below;
Friendship blooms, aye fair and green,
Dwells a brother yet unseen,
On whose love's strong arm may lean
A whole world—where we go.

Haste our dearest-loved away;
Youth's bright comrade—manhood's stay--
The hope of age, but little way
Attend us here below.
There's no loss in each remove;
'Tis but one more hand of love
Stretched to welcome us above
When in our turn we go!

Seekings trouble all the soul,
Tendings to an unknown pole,
Strainings unto an unreached goal,
Resultless here below;
Here we know not what we feel;
God our closed sight will unseal—
God his secret will reveal,
Where we with yearning go.

Sorrow's tears, temptation's fights,
Cheated trust that chills and blights,
Turmoiling days and wakeful nights,
Embitter life below:
Calm, unbroken, perfect peace,
Tireless toil, unresting ease,
Joy that ne'er can know decrease,
Reign ever where we go.

So—with steadfast purpose braced—
May the storms of life be faced,
The path by love and wisdom traced,
Be followed here below,
That we—when we cease to roam—
Gathered in God's radiant dome,
May bless the woes that chased us home
Whence no more out we go!

CHAPTER XI.

MR. MESSENGER M'CRONE — THE INNOCENT CALDER FARMER, AND HIS "HECKLING WIFE," IN GLASGOW.

REFERENCE has already been made by us, in previous pages, to the celebrated Mr. James M'Crone, Messenger-at-Arms, in Glasgow, who was patronised by the Dukes of Athol, and rose to great eminence in the Isle of Man. His first practice, however, in Glasgow, was rather of a *rough* description, and we have a real *tit-bit* of a story to tell about him and a simple farmer, who came into Glasgow one day, from the neighbouring parish of Calder, to do some business in the city.

In order to prevent misconception, however, we may remark that, fifty or sixty years ago, a good deal of LINT, or Flax, was grown by the smaller farmers in the neighbourhood of Glasgow; and they brought it into the city, where it was split up—or *heckled*, as it was called—for the wife's spinning-wheel; and the manufacturer doing this was designated "*the Heckler*." Every farmer's wife, indeed, of any thrift or consequence—and not a few of the chief ladies in Glasgow—had *spinning* wheels, from

which was made their best linen sheets, or napery of various kinds—hence the racy old song of "*There was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow.*" But that old, domestic, pretty little wooden spinning-wheel is rarely to be seen in any dwelling now. The iron jaws of the picking and scutching machines, the whirring spinning-jennies, and the rattling power-looms of the huge flax and cotton mills, have now superseded these tiny wheels, just as the Railways have superseded the old stage coaches.

Now for our story. There was, at the period referred to, a douce, decent, canny body of a farmer, in the afore-said parish of Calder, who occasionally made deposits in the old Ship Bank of Glasgow, where he had a tolerably good account for one of his condition, and he was well-known to the Bank people for his compound of natural sagacity and simplicity. His wife, however—"the old grey mare," as the saying was, "appeared to be the better horse."

He was coming in one market-day to the city to lodge his money snugly in the Bank, but before starting on his Rosinante in the morning, his thrifty wife laid upon him the injunction, that when he got to the Bank, and did his business carefully there, "he would be sure and *speir* (inquire) at auld *Robin* (viz., Robert Carrick, the chief partner in the Bank), or at *Michael* (viz., Mr. Michael Rowand, its manager), or at *Lang John* (viz., Mr. John Marshall, its accountant), wha (who) in a' Glaska' they could safely recommend tae her as the best '*heckler*' for her Lint in the city. She had been 'unco fashed' and disappointed by some of her former '*hecklers*'—the Bredies and M'Ilwham's in Bell Street—but she would have a real active, good one now; and the Bank folks would be able to give to him (her husband) the best and most

reliable information and advice upon that (to her) most important business."

Some of the few young *bucks* of clerks in the Bank—there were precious few of them at that period—were mightily tickled and amused with John the farmer's simple request to be supplied with the best "*heckler*" for his wife. He replied to some of their waggish interrogations, "that Jean, the wife, was really getting very particular, indeed, about her 'heckling' business; — she wanted," he repeated, "to employ the very best man in Glasgow for that purpose, and she would not grudge to pay him something extra, if he pleased her well, and did the job to perfection. Their dochter, Jenny," he added—with all the rising emotion of rustic pride and good feeling—"was soon to be married to one of the nephews of the laird of Robroyston, in the neighbourhood; and they wanted 'to set her off' with their best made linen sheets, as clean as the snaw on Tintock tap." All the Bank people, from the gravest to the gayest, grouped together, and were mightily pleased with the farmer's discourse about the 'heckling' for his wife, so new to them in the midst of their banking avocations. One of them, the youngest and the merriest, and perhaps the best of the lot, viz., Mr. George Loudon, whom we knew in after life, took speech in hand, and, winking to the others, gravely enough—but with perfect even-down honesty—recommended to our friend, the farmer, "that if he would just step up the length of the High Street, to Mr. Alexander Leith's stable-yard in that place, and ask for Sandy himself (well-known as 'Sandy Leith, the famous horse-couper in Glasgow') that he, Sandy, who was the best informed man in that line in Glasgow, would be able to give him the requisite information about some of the best 'hecklers' in his immediate

neighbourhood!" The honest farmer, pleased with this direction, hastened towards Sandy, found him out, and soon told him his errand,

Now, Sandy was a bit of a wag in his own way. We formerly introduced him to our readers as an important witness in the famous Bank Robbery Case. The tip of his nose had been bitten off by one of his own horses, which gave his voice a most peculiar twang; but he was, withal, a great favourite with many in Glasgow; and, certainly, he was the most skilled and extensive horse-couper by far of any at that time in the city. He saw at once how the land lay with the honest farmer,—so he determined to have a *joke* with him, or out of him, seeing that he had obviously come *indorsed* with one from the Bank, in favour of the best "heckler" in the city. "Feggs," said Sandy—scratching his head—to the blunt Calder farmer, "feggs, my friend, I know a famous '*heckler*,' not very far from the stable here—he's just up the street a little bit,—see yonder close on the left hand side;" and the farmer got his eyes upon it at once. "His name," said Sandy, "is *Maister James M'Crone*. He does a good stroke of business in the law besides; but I can certify, from my own experience of him—as many others that have come across him can do—that he is the best '*heckler*,' by far, of any in the city. Just go up and tell him that you have been recommended to him in that capacity, and that you wish to engage him to '*heckle*' for you and the wife as well as he can. Faith he'll '*heckle*' you," said Sandy, smiling now in his own sleeve; he'll '*heckle*' you, if he gets you, to your heart's content; he'll put you, in the first instance, through his fanners with his hornings, and then he finishes the '*heckling*' process with his nippers and his captions. No *lint* or *tow* from Calder,

or any other place, can slip from his grasp, when once he gets it; he'll ding the very stour out of your bonnet, when he sets his grinders in operation; and he generally contrives to finish his *job* with fine clean paper—never charging less than sax-and-eightpence for *one turn* of his grinding machinery."

The simple farmer was mightily pleased with this unique and rare description. He said "that Mr. M'Crone just answered the very description of the kind of 'heckler' he wanted to get for his wife." "Very well," said Sandy, "be unco canny, and take care with him at first, for he's an *awful swearer*, and the least thing offends him if it crosses his path in the way of business. He's the very *deevil* incarnate, when he takes his fits of cursing and swearing, but in other ways he's a real decent gentleman, though I dinna envy him and his multifarious business at all. But see and introduce yourself civilly, without letting him know that I sent you. Just tell him quite frankly that you have been recommended to him as the very best 'heckler' in all Glasgow, and that you have come to employ him to do your wife's job, and that she may give him something extra if he does it to her satisfaction! But don't call him Mr. M'Crone—call him the '*Heckler*,' and stick to him by that name, and no other—till you see whether he undertakes to perform the job."

Away the farmer goes, in his perfect simplicity, to Mr. M'Crone's Chambers, never imagining that the latter was a keen messenger-at-arms, or a redoubtable limb of the law, who had as little to do with *lint*, in the 'heckling' line, as he had to do with skinning rabbits in the Tron steeple!

The farmer, on entering, and respectfully taking off his bonnet, inquired if "Mr. M'Crone, the '*heckler*,' was then

at hand?" Mr. M'Crone himself was then sitting on his three-legged stool, busy at his desk, conning over some of his hornings and captions in reality. "I want," said the farmer, "to see the '*heckler*,' and employ him on the wife's business." "The *what*?" said Mr. M'Crone, now looking like an aroused lion in his den. "The "*Heckler*!" again bawled the farmer. "The '*heckler*,' sir," replied Mr. M'Crone, biting his lips. "O yes! I've been recommended to you as the best '*heckler*' in a^{ll} Glasgow." "What is *that* you say, sir?" said the enraged messenger. "Haud your temper," said the docile farmer, "for, you see, I've just come to employ you to do the '*heckling*' this year for my soney wife; she used to employ some feckless bodies hereabouts, but I see, from your activity, that you are the very man to do her job;—will you step out and take a gill with me, or drink a bottle of porter, on the head of the business, and we'll settle the terms for the '*heckling*.'" "Go to ——!" said the enraged messenger. "Is that the way," said the farmer, "you treat your '*heckling*' customers coming to you with a decent job?" As Mr. M'Crone grew wroth, the farmer became serious. "I've been made sensible, '*Mr. Heckler*,' before coming here to see you, that ye are an awful curser and swearer when you take it into your head, but I insist that you'll undertake to '*heckle*' for my wife; we will pay you decently down on the nail, if you do it to her liking." "Get out, you old *lascivious* rascal," said the enraged Mr. M'Crone. "What do you call me?" said the now astonished farmer. He only got another tremendous round of cursing and swearing. "Hoots, toots," said the decent farmer, "will you really not do the wife's job? The other '*hecklers*' she employed bungled the tow, and spoilt her lint a'th'gither last year; and that's the reason why I have been recom-

mended to you as the best 'heckler' in the city, and I tell this to your face, you enraged man, on reliable authority. Peaceably undertake to do the job, and the wife will come in herself from Calder, and see you next Wednesday, at any hour you like to fix yourself."

The fire and fury of the messenger-at-arms knew no bounds, and could no longer be restrained. It only increased with aggravated effect, when the farmer bawled out, "O fie! 'Mr. Heckler,' Oh fie, flyting and cursing at that rate—you're an awful '*heckler*,' surely. I never heard the like of this in all my born days. Whisht, whisht, 'Mr. Heckler,'" continued the farmer, "you'll frighten the wife a'th'gither if she comes in to you with her lint; but I'll warrant ye'll 'heckle' it weel, if ye but ding half the pith into it ye have manifested to me. For gudesake, shake hands peaceably, and I'll probably recommend you to some of my neighbours in the 'heckling' line."

"Get out of my office, this moment," said the enraged messenger, now snatching one of the rollers from his desk in his hand. "Get out, you old lecherous scoundrel, coming to me in that way, and attempting to deceive and bring me into scrapes with your wife, whom I never saw, nor never desire to see between the eyes. Get out, I say." The farmer's knees began to rattle on his shanks. "I'se no get out, 'Mr. Heckler,' till you tell me whether you will do the wife's decent job or no." On that the infuriated messenger aimed a blow at the farmer's head, and actually drew blood and kicked him down stairs. The alarmed, assaulted, and astonished farmer instantly returned to Mr. Leith's stables, to report to him what manner of man he had introduced him to as the very *best* 'heckler' in Glasgow. The simple-minded farmer, not

calculating on his own expressions, and not supposing for a moment that they could give the slightest offence to any human being, proceeded to tell Mr. Leith, and to *exhibit* to him the way he had been treated. Sandy, who was rubbing down one of his own horses in the stable, heard the unsophisticated narrative of the farmer with a mixture of gravity and hilarity in double proportion. "Gude guide us," said Sandy, "is that the way the infernal 'heckler' has used you, a decent country farmer, from the parish of Calder?" The farmer wiped his bleeding face, and exhibited the sleeves of his torn coat. "It's blood and battery," said Sandy; "even down blood and battery." "It's mair than that," said the farmer, "it's *defamation* of character, for he called me a lecherous vagabond, in the presence of three young men sitting in his office." "Come away down with me," said Sandy, "to Messrs. Bogle & Gilfillan's office, in St. Andrew's Lane, and I'll soon get him, my own clever agent, Mr. Michael Gilfillan (well known in all the Courts of Glasgow), to *souce* Mr. James M'Crone, according to law and justice." The farmer, smarting under the rude treatment he had experienced, was not slow to follow that advice,—so together they went to that great legal establishment.

It was just the very case which Michael Gilfillan, with his legal weapons, liked to pursue. He happened to have a particular grudge at Mr. M'Crone, and Mr. M'Crone had no great liking for him, so an action of assythment, defamation, blood, and battery was expeditiously raised against Mr. M'Crone *alias* the "*Heckler*," before the Commissary of the Commissariat of Glasgow—a great Court in its day for cases of slander, assault, and battery, but little else. The Commissary-in-Chief was Mr. Erskine, advocate, afterwards Lord Kinneder,—his Depute in

Glasgow was Mr. Thomas Falconer, writer; and the Clerk of Court was Mr. Benjamin Barton, who often caroused with Robert Burns, the poet, in Glasgow.

Now Mr. M'Crone—with all his great talents as a messenger-at-arms, and all his well-known dexterity in apprehending thieves and robbers in the city [he built a pretty little cottage, called *Gallows-knowe* (ominous name), near Mr. Dixon's iron works]—soon began to open his eyes, and to comprehend the real honest simplicity of the farmer, and that he had come to Glasgow for the *bona fide* purpose of engaging a 'heckler,' in the High Street, to do his wife's lint, and, therefore, he perceived clearly enough that, in his hot haste, and without enjoying the joke, he had really transgressed the boundaries of the civil law, and that the Commissary, on the admitted facts of the case, would decern against him for some damages. He, therefore, made a tender of *Five Guineas* to the farmer, besides the payment of the expenses of Messrs. Bogle & Gilfillan; and, in the course of three or four weeks afterwards, the farmer came to town and got the money, and had a jollification, with Sandy Leith and others, on the head of it. So the 'Heckler' was himself *heckled* in his own way.

Soon afterwards, when the farmer next went to the Ship Bank, he thanked them kindly "for sending him in Mr. Leith's way, for he was a droll man, he remarked, but had been the means of getting him *five guinea notes*, out of which he had purchased a braw new gown for the wife, another for his daughter, and a pair of hose for himself, besides some tobacco and snuff; and he hoped that the next harvest would bring *rowths* of lint, and bannocks of barley meal; and that the 'heckling' trade in the city would continue to abide and prosper in honest hands."

The Bank people were much amused with the farmer's blunt orations to them on these to him most important and unprecedented themes; and he flourished to become a laird himself in his native parish.

As we have thus incidentally noticed Mr. Michael Gilfillan, we may add that he had, at one time, the largest share of legal processes of one kind or another, before the Sheriff and Borough Courts, of any other practitioner in Glasgow. Mr. John Burnett, the present respected Secretary of the Glasgow Water Works, was one of his favourite clerks, and a clever one he was. It may be amusing to remark—but our friend Mr. Burnett, we dare say, remembers the story perfectly—as showing, that if the blunt country farmer was confused and perplexed about the 'heckler,' a much more skilled and infinitely a more learned person, about the same time in the city, viz., Richard Henderson, Esq., the second Town-Clerk of the city, who had a wooden leg, and was called *Dick* Henderson, was one day fairly *bamboozled* himself by an orderly officer hastening from the Barracks with a message to the Magistrates that the Arch-Duke Michael was coming to visit them. "The Arch-Duke Michael," said the Town-Clerk, "who the deuce is the Arch-Duke Michael? I know nothing about him!" "The only *Arch-Duke* Michael," said the Town-Clerk, "that I know, is Michael Gilfillan, the writer in St. Andrew's Lane!" Yet truly the real Arch-Duke Michael, from Austria, soon arrived, and was received by the Magistrates in their banqueting hall at the Cross of Glasgow.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CANARY, OR THE BIRD CASE, AND THE SINGULAR REVOLUTION IT EFFECTED IN THE SHERIFFS' CHAMBERS IN GLASGOW, AND IN THE DECISIONS OF THE LAW OF SCOTLAND.

SMALL events sometimes lead to great and important consequences. This may be illustrated by the following case.

There flew away out of its cage, in one of the handsome mansion-houses in St. Andrew's Square, Glasgow—which Square was the only grand, complete square in the city fifty years ago—a pretty little *Canary Bird*, the favourite of the inmates, who were a proud, rich family, of the name of Shanks, recently arrived from the West Indies.

This Canary bird alighted, in the first instance, on the steps of St. Andrew's Church, in which church the celebrated *Organ*, lately spoken about so much in this city, played, at least, on one memorable Sunday, with the most prodigious effect. We have the history of that wonderful organ, and all about it, in our possession, and perhaps we may present our readers with a correct and interesting chapter about it at another time, which may

dispel some of the absurd theories recently propagated about it. But we have to deal at present with *the real Canary Bird*, which tickled the fancy of many of the citizens at the time, more than the pealing notes of the organ itself.

This pretty, fluttering, innocent Canary bird, was soon seen and chased and caught on the steps of St. Andrew's Church, by a poor little beggar boy, soliciting alms in the neighbourhood, who treated it most kindly; he pressed it into the bosom of his tattered shirt, and he was seen doing so by a gentleman of the name of George Pinkerton, one of the most eminent wine and spirit merchants then in the city; and who, we think, was also a leading member of the old English Episcopal Church, under the Rev. Wm. Rutledge, near St. Andrew's Square—and he loved music exceedingly well. Mr. Pinkerton had his own comfortable house on the opposite side of the Square. Being struck with the appearance of the pretty little bird, and more with the obvious kind-hearted conduct of the beggar boy, Mr. Pinkerton stepped forward and offered to purchase it from him, and to give him one shilling and sixpence if he brought the Canary safely with him to his house in the Square. The boy readily enough assented to this, and, doubtless, considered himself that day to be a lucky little fellow, while Mr. Pinkerton conceived that he had thus become the purchaser and owner of the pretty Canary. His family were delighted with the bird. He had a nice cage, with all the *et ceteras*, soon provided for it; and *Dicky*—the pretty yellow Canary—in that cage in Mr. Pinkerton's house, poured forth some of its delicious notes.

On the other hand, the real owners of the Canary, viz., the Shanks family, were much grieved and distressed at

the absence, or flight, of their beloved Canary. They wondered much what became of it,—they offered a reward by hand-bill, published in the square, of *Five shillings*, for its safe recovery.

Mr. Pinkerton, seeing this, went and told the Shanks family how he had found the Canary, in the artless way above described, and he offered to restore it to them if they paid him back his *one shilling and sixpence*, given to the beggar boy. Nothing, certainly, could be fairer than his offer, at this point of the case; but the West Indian blood—which could bring negroes into subjection by the lash, at that time—was aroused, and instead of paying him the *one shilling and sixpence*, which would have brought the favourite Canary once more into their own possession, they *threatened* him, “that if he did not beg their pardon, and immediately restore the bird to them, they would punish him with the action of the *Law*.”

Now, Mr. Pinkerton did not like this treatment very well,—it rather provoked, or irritated him; and when the best of people lose their temper, it sometimes leads to serious results. Mr. Pinkerton snapped his fingers at the haughty Messrs. Shanks, and defied them to *prove* their property ere they would get the bird. This only enraged them the more. They slapped the door in his face, and he left them, resolved to stand on the *defensive* with the Canary, which every day, by its charming notes, was creating fresh interest to his family. And here a *thumping law plea* began, which ultimately cost some hundreds of pounds—but which might have been settled at the outset for *one shilling and sixpence*—on the head of the poor Canary; and yet that *Canary* deserves to be *immortalised*, for the wonderful results it produced in all

the Courts of this kingdom of Scotland, as we shall soon show, to the gratification and amazement, perhaps, of our numerous and increasing readers.

The proud head of the Shanks family soon went and employed the famous Mr. Michael Gilfillan, writer in St. Andrew's Lane (already noticed in these pages), to take vengeance—by every means and operation of the law—against Mr. Pinkerton, who had *stolen*, or fraudulently obtained possession of their bird. This was their specific accusation against him. Mr. Michael Gilfillan snatched at the employment, for the Shanks people were pretty rich people—very excellent clients indeed, no matter what should be the fate of the bird itself, on such employment—so a rattling, ill-natured process, as we have said, commenced, in the first instance, in the shape of a petition and complaint to the Sheriff-Depute, and his Substitute in Glasgow, prepared by Mr. Michael Gilfillan, extending to some ten or twelve folio pages—the longer the better for the scribe—*inter alia*, giving a history of the bird, and its flight, or abstraction, from the complainer's house, and landing on the steps of St. Andrew's Church, and its seizure by the defender himself, or by others, for whom he was answerable, and so forth, and “craving the Sheriff to decern and ordain the said George Pinkerton instantly to restore and produce the said male Canary to the petitioner, under pain of imprisonment in the Tolbooth of Glasgow, for such time and space as your Lordship may direct; and also to find him liable in exemplary damages, besides expenses of process, and dues of extract, as accords of law,” &c., &c.

Now, this petition or complaint, instead of pacifying Mr. Pinkerton, or getting him to succumb to it, only increased his irritation at the proud Shanks family,

because the very circumstance of three beagles, viz., an officer and two witnesses, coming to his house in broad day-light, and serving him with such a complaint, was an indignity which neither he nor his family could very well brook; and, therefore, he went and employed Mr. Alex. Ure, writer in King Street, to defend him with vigour and resolution in the action. Mr. Ure, we may remark, was the father of Mr. Ure, C.E., who was, not very long ago, the Chief Engineer under the River Trustees of the Clyde.

Mr. Ure, we may remark, had a great deal of process business, and was a match in every way for Mr. Michael Gilfillan, the legal lion on the opposite side. They had, from one cause or another, a most tremendous antipathy to each other; in fact, they nearly ruined each other, by personal lawsuits, in the Court of Session, ending, with enormous costs, in the House of Lords; and, strange to say, this innocent bird case, which never should have been a case of the kind at all, only exasperated the one agent against the other; but their clients, of course, dearly paid the piper for so doing. "He's no case on the *merits*," said an eminent lawyer at one time in England; "only *blackguard* his attorney," was the response. "He's no case on the *merits* either," said the opposite attorney, "only blackguard *his* attorney as much as ever you can;" and so Messrs. Gilfillan and Ure fell foul of each other ere the Canary process had advanced many steps before the Sheriff. If the petition and complaint prepared by Mr. Michael Gilfillan was long, the defence, or answer to it, prepared by Mr. Ure, was not much, if anything, shorter in size and averments. Replies and duplies of much greater dimensions followed. The petitioners described the very wings and plumage of the bird; and that it was

“most scandalous for the defender to intercept an article which was not his lawful property—that he was neither more nor less than a *thief* for doing so;” and then long-winded disquisitions were given by Michael as to the law; one of which was, “that stolen property could be recovered whithersoever it went (not always true)—that this bird might be likened to abstracted multures from any mill, and that the miller could vindicate his rights for the recovery of his multures before the competent Court of Judicatory”—in proof of which Morrison’s Dictionary of Decisions, going back for hundreds of years, were quoted to his lordship, the learned Sheriff.

On the other hand, the defender scorned and repudiated the charge of theft or abstraction, and alleged that “the case of abstraction so mendaciously relied on by the prosecution had no more to do with the case than Mr. Gilfillan’s own coat had to do with Mrs. Moorhouse’s petticoats.” This was a sly dig at Michael himself, and he felt it as such, and retaliated. But with regard to the bird in question, the defender contended that “as he became the *bona fide* purchaser of it, in broad daylight, on the public streets of Glasgow, he was entitled to retain it against all vain cox-comb pretenders,” and he bristled up by reminding the Sheriff “that it was an undisputed maxim in the law of Scotland, from the days of Dalrymple down to those of Stair and Erskine, ‘that possession of moveables presumed property;’ and, therefore, that he was entitled to retain the bird, and would keep it in defiance of the pursuers, until, at least, they paid him his one shilling and sixpence, and also apologised to him for *dragging* him into Court with such a spiteful and reprehensible action.” On the pleadings went, *pro* and *con*, more virulently than ever; in fact,

there was scarcely any latitude to the pleadings in those days, whether the cases were of great or trivial importance. The epithets banded by these two agents against each other became so strong that a *motion* was made by one of them to his lordship, the Sheriff, requesting him “to maintain *the dignity of the Court*,” by ordering certain passages to be expunged. But the Sheriff found that the said agent had nothing to do with the dignity of the Court,—“that the Court could maintain its own dignity, and fined and amerced him in the sum of seven shillings and sixpence, to be paid *instantly* by him to the Sheriff-Clerk, subject to the future disposal of the Court; or failing payment of the said sum, that none of his other pleadings would be admitted into the process.” The fine was, of course, paid, but the Court itself fell deplorably in its own dignity, with this same Canary case, as we shall show presently.

After the pleadings on these preliminary stages of the case were exhausted—after the case itself had grown greatly in size beyond any canary or parrot’s cage (and the price of, at least, *one hundred canaries* was frittered away by those agent’s jargon)—the Sheriff-Substitute (Mr. D. Hamilton), was pleased, “before further answer, to allow the parties a proof of their respective averments concerning the said Canary.” A most voluminous proof was then taken, every sheet of it, and every sheet in the process, being actually written on a *half-crown stamp*, and never less than *one shilling and fourpence stamp*—that being the legal stamp-duty exigible for such things in all manner of processes in those days; and, therefore, our readers will see what a *dear* Canary this indeed was becoming to the litigants themselves. No matter. The proof in writing, duly stamped, was at last closed on both

sides. Memorials, and counter-memorials, on the nature and import of the proof, were ordered by the learned Sheriff-Substitute, Mr. Hamilton, to be prepared and lodged on both sides ; and, finally, his Lordship took the case with him to *avizandum*. It lay on his table for many months. No exact order or regularity was observed in regard to the *advising* of cases in those days. They might be taken up at *hap-hazard*, in a month, six months, or in twelve months, for the Sheriff could just take up any case—trivial or important—as it suited his own humour or inclination at the time ; and, therefore, it was literally a *lottery* for any client, whether he could have an early or a late judgment ; or sometimes no judgment at all, till the process—in legal phraseology—“fell asleep,” and was awakened, after the lapse of a year-and-a-day, by a new “Process of *Wakening* ;” and in some cases that was frequently done, after some of the parties themselves, at first actively engaged in it, could no longer be awakened in this world ; but their heirs, or representatives, having interest, came forward to the legal *awakening* of the process,—a fact which many old scribes in this city, as elsewhere, can attest, we dare say.

At last, back came the Canary process, from the Sheriff's own house, to the Sheriff-Clerk's Chambers, which, we may remark (and it will probably astonish some of the youths of the present day to learn), consisted of “a butt and a ben” (two very small rooms), up one pair of stairs, in Antigua Place, Nelson Street, where three clerks performed all the duty. Behold what a contrast now, in the County Buildings!—but we are not to enlarge upon it in this place. The judgment of the Sheriff-Substitute, Mr. Hamilton, who was a most easy, but amiable man, was to this effect—“Finds the property

of the bird in question sufficiently instructed, ordains the defender to restore the same to the pursuer, within forty-eight hours of the intimation hereof to him, with certification, in terms of the prayer of the petition—reserving the claim of damages: Finds the defender liable in expenses, and remits the account, when lodged, to Mr. Hugh Kerr, auditor, to tax and report.”

This was a great (supposed) victory to Michael and his clients—the Shanks, over Ure and his client—Pinkerton; for the process had occasioned great *eclat* in the Court; and the whole inhabitants of St. Andrew’s Square, and other parts of the city besides, were much interested about it, in consequence of the elevated position of the parties themselves struggling so fiercely and furiously at law for the Canary.

Meanwhile, a sad and unhappy disaster had happened to the pretty little innocent bird itself. Some villanous *cat* or other, had smuggled itself into Mr. Pinkerton’s house, and killed and worried poor Dicky without compunction.

A long *Reclaiming Petition* was lodged for Mr. Pinkerton, the defender, contesting the judgment of the Sheriff on the merits, but urging at any rate the fact that it was impossible for him to comply with his Lordship’s injunction to restore the bird to the pursuer, because it had been positively killed and devoured in the way stated, greatly to the regret of the defender himself and his family, much as they had been insulted and reviled by the Shanks family. This reclaiming letter was ordered to be *answered* by the victorious party. In their answers, those parties, almost in lachrymose tears, lamented the fate of their once favourite bird; but hoped his Lordship would now award the most exemplary *damages* against the tyranni-

cal defender, who had so wickedly and pertinaciously bereaved them of their charming bird, which, from all the accounts they could learn, instead of being *murdered* by any cat, had died of a broken heart, in the defender's dark wire receptacle, hanging up in his ill-ventilated bedroom, &c., &c.

The *youngsters* about the Court, and even old Mr. Alexander Calder, the weather-beaten Sheriffs'-officer, albeit not often addicted to the melting mood, heaved his grunt, or his sigh, at the unexpected death of the said Canary; but Michael Gilfillan was in ecstasy while the process came back from the Sheriff-Substitute, with this decisive interlocutor—"Refuses the reclaiming petition, and *adheres* to the interlocutor reclaimed against!" This astonishing interlocutor now bristled up the venom of Mr. Ure in a ten-fold degree, and even against the Sheriff himself, for levying on him the fine of seven shillings and sixpence; so he prepared and lodged *another* reclaiming petition; it was quite a common thing—such was the glorious uncertainty of the law in those days—to lodge first one and then a second or a third reclaiming petition. But Mr. Ure, recapitulating the fact that the *bird had been slain*, and the *cat itself hanged* for the foul deed, concluded his peroration by stating in writing, "Your Lordship, therefore, instead of *adhering*, may as well ordain your reclaiming petitioner to produce the dead body of *Moses*, in this process, as the bird in question!"

This bold statement, one would naturally have thought, would have opened the eyes of his lordship, the Sheriff, or attracted some part of his attention, and led to some alteration, at least, of his previous judgment; but, we opine, his Lordship had previously made up his mind

on the import of the proof; and, probably, without reading one word of the reclaiming petition, or the answer thereto, he tossed it aside, first writing on the back of it, in his own hand, these words, "*Refuses* the prayer of this petition, and *adheres* to the interlocutor reclaimed against."

This made Michael even gaze with some astonishment himself. "My sang," said his petrified, but now delighted opponent, "that judgment must and shall be *altered*." So he lodged another petition of appeal to the Sheriff-Depute in Edinburgh. After the lapse of some months, it came back to Glasgow, with another lot of processes, "ADHERING!"

We must here stop for a moment, to explain the singular practice of the Sheriff-Court in those days. When any litigant felt aggrieved by the decision of the Sheriff-Substitute in Glasgow, and wished to appeal to the Sheriff-Depute in Edinburgh, he behoved to pay to the Sheriff-Clerk in Glasgow a fee of two shillings and sixpence, to cover, as was said, the carriage of the process to Edinburgh and back again. In that way, the Sheriff-Clerk sometimes waited till he could make up a bag containing twenty or thirty processes, more or less. It so happened that, at that particular period, a brace or two of prime *grouse*, from the upper ward of Lanarkshire, were brought to Glasgow, addressed to the Sheriff in Edinburgh, and to go in the Sheriff's next parcel of processes, or legal *game*, if we may call it. The processes thus appealed, were all duly assorted at the bottom of the Sheriff's box—the grouse snugly deposited on the top of them—the box itself carefully nailed down, and duly addressed to Modern Athens. After the lapse of some months, as we have said, the identical box came back, consigned to the

Sheriff-Clerk, almost exactly as it went away, with this difference, that the feathers of the grouse only represented the decayed bodies of them, while the legal processes themselves were all quietly at rest, as if they had never once been stirred up for revision, or review, at headquarters at all. The imperious mandate from the Depute was slipped underneath the address to the Sheriff-Clerk, "ADHERE in all these cases." This extraordinary discovery, with other circumstances, led the practitioners of the law then in Glasgow to murmur and complain that justice was not done—that papers were never read—that many of them were slurred over without due attention, and that appeals, in many instances, were nothing but a "mockery, a delusion, and a snare."

The Canary case helped mightily to fan that flame. For though the bird itself was *dead* beyond all question, it was now rising jubilant on its notes throughout the length and breadth of the city. It was ringing sometimes in laughter—sometimes in indignation, amongst the circle of the juvenile scribes, and even amongst their "most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors."

"What could, or should be done with such a decision? Could the Sheriff, by his adhering judgment, bring the Canary alive? Would Michael Gilfillan dare to extract such a judgment? or should he attempt to put it in force, by imprisoning Mr. Alex. Ure's client in the Tolbooth of Glasgow, for not doing a thing which it was *impossible* for him in the world to do—would there not be other actions out of this, unprecedented in the law? Yes, bills of advocacy—processes of reduction—suspensions and liberations, and other things of that sort, were in preparation to the Lords of Council and Session!" Ure swore at

Michael, and Michael swore at Ure. The latter got the words printed, and sent to Michael—

“ Lay on Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries ‘Hold, enough!’ ”

But in spite of those belligerents—so brimful of wrath towards each other—the memorable bird, even by its death, effected a most righteous and blessed *revolution*, not merely in the Sheriff-Court of Glasgow, but in all the other Courts of the Kingdom; because the Lords of Council and Session, in an act of adjournal or the Legislature itself, made it imperative that the Sheriffs and Sheriff-Substitutes should assign their *ratio decidendi*—give special reasons for the grounds of their decision in all their cases, and point their pens to the particular pages of the proof on which they relied; and that the procurators, when subscribing their names to their pleadings should state by whom they were written or drawn, in order that the proper responsibility might be laid upon them; and Sir Robert Peel, who was then the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and Sir William Rae, we think, Lord-Advocate, insisted that, thereafter, the Sheriff-Depute for Lanarkshire should *reside* permanently in Glasgow. Hence the first appointment of Wm. Rose Robinson, Esq., in that capacity, many years ago, succeeded by Archibald Alison, Esq., now Sir Archibald Alison, Baronet; and, from being one mass of confusion, as it was fifty years ago—and with very little business, comparatively speaking (for the Borough Court of Mr. Reddie eclipsed it fairly)—the Sheriff-Court of the present day is towering with business, conducted with regularity and despatch; and, generally speaking, with sound law and excellent sense, displaying, at the same time, a suavity

and dignity of manner most creditable to all connected with it ; while the "Small Debt Court," as it is called, has superseded, or swallowed up the legions of foolscap that were formerly written or employed on the most trifling of cases, at an enormous expense to the losing, as well as the gaining party ; and no canary bird, or black-bird either, or mongrel or whelp, can set decent parties by the ear, or consume valuable time to no purpose. Many have been the reforms of the law in our day, and many still, we think, are to take place. The world, we hope, is improving in all directions. But although the present story which we have furnished may to many seem trifling and ludicrous, there can be no doubt at all of the fact that this Canary bird, whether it originally belonged to Tom, Dick, or Harry, achieved by its demise, or the fame of its name before the Sheriff in Glasgow, a vast deal of good in the jurisprudence of Scotland ; and, therefore, that is the reason why we have bestowed upon it this notice.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANONYMOUS LETTERS—AN EXTRAORDINARY GLASGOW DRAMA—THE GREAT CASE OF KINGAN V. WATSON, *ET E CONTRA*.

CHAPTER I.

THREE esteemed and most respectable gentlemen—none more so—lived in this city of Glasgow fifty years ago, and for many years before and since, namely, Jas. Oswald, Esq. of Shieldhall, who was, alongst with James Ewing, Esq. of Strathleven, our first popular representatives to Parliament on the passing of the Reform Bill; but Mr. Ewing had nothing personally to do with the case which follows. The *second* gentleman included in the above group was John Kingan, Esq., and the *third* was Robert Watson of Linthouse, banker in Glasgow. The two first, viz., Messrs. Oswald and Kingan were batchelors; the third, viz., Mr. Watson, was a married gentleman with an attached and devoted family, living with him in a state of the greatest cordiality and happiness at Linthouse, a little below the village of Govan, on the southern bank of the Clyde. It is necessary we should describe those three gentlemen a little more particularly, in order that

our readers may the better understand the extraordinary *drama* we are about to present to them. Mr. Oswald had a good deal of quiet mother wit about him, but with a never failing fund of strong common sense. He was esteemed to be a man of the greatest probity and finest sense of honour. His very name was a passport to first-rate society in Glasgow, or out of it, or indeed wherever he went. He subsequently succeeded to the large estates of Auchincruive, worth £20,000 per annum ; but he died in Glasgow, and was buried within the precincts of the ancient Cathedral, several years ago. Mr John Kingan was a highly educated, polished, and accomplished man—most ready at a joke—famous for his anecdotes, and sure mimicry—diverting, yet courteous, in social circles. He was in partnership with the deceased Mr. Wm. Kippen of Busby—with Mr. Macfarlane of Connyhill, near Bridge of Allan (who still survives), and latterly with Edward Walkinshaw, Esq., since deceased ; but Mr. Kingan himself had retired at this time from active business as a merchant, with a competency sufficient, and greatly more than sufficient, for all his wants. His dining room was the largest at the time in Glasgow, and his table was ever spread out with princely liberality. He enjoyed good living, and he was a favourite with many in Glasgow. He died at Cheltenham, in England, a few years ago, leaving the bulk of his fortune to his esteemed relation, Dr. J. B. Cowan, the lately appointed Professor of *Materia Medica* in the University of Glasgow. Mr. Watson was a sedate, grave man—not morose by any means ; he was regarded as an upright Magistrate of the city, as was also his brother, Mr. Gilbert Watson ; and these two brothers, under the firm of James & Robert Watson, conducted, at that time, a most flourishing busi-

ness as bankers, in the Old Post Office Close, Trongate. They were the agents of the Greenock Bank, the Ayrshire Bank, the Perth Bank, Sir William Forbes & Co.'s Bank, Edinburgh, and others.

The three gentlemen we have thus distinctly named, viz., James Oswald, John Kingan, and Robert Watson, moved in the very best society of Glasgow and the neighbourhood. They were the friends of the Douglasses, the Dennistouns, the Dalglishs, the Stirlings, the Donalds, the Hamiltons, the Tennants, the Campbells, the Monteiths—in short, with every leading family at that time in Glasgow. Oswald and Kingan were most intimate personal friends, always happy in each other's company. They had no reason, up to this period, to be otherwise.

It is proper we should also here state, for the elucidation of what follows, that Mr. Oswald had his Glasgow residence in the upper flat of a tenement in Ropework Lane, underneath which was the counting-house of old Mr. John Pearson, his factor. Mr. Oswald's venerable mother, and her two sprightly daughters, occupied the old family mansion-house of Shieldhall, near Govan; and, as might naturally be expected, Mr. Oswald visited them pretty frequently, especially in the summer months. Mr. Kingan resided in an elegant mansion in St. Vincent Street, which he had built for himself. It is now occupied by Messrs. Merry & Cunninghame, and stands No. 127 of that street. Mr. Watson, as we have said, resided at Linthouse, which was afterwards purchased by Mr. Michael Rowand, banker, and wherein the latter died (Mr. Watson had predeceased him.) It is nearly opposite to Shieldhall, and thus these two families—the Oswalds and the Watsons—from being near neighbours, became very intimate, and, for a time, were exceedingly friendly

indeed. There were, also, some other fine old mansion-houses in the same locality, occupied by most respectable families connected with Glasgow. We shall here only refer to one of them, namely, the mansion-house of George Rowand, Esq. of Holmfauldhead — a most upright, venerable old gentleman, who died at a great age a few years ago. He was a widower at the time our story commences; and his house was kept for him by his sister-in-law, Miss Hutton, once a beautiful young lady much courted, but now an elderly lady, of some fortune and good family, and on terms of intimacy with the Oswald and the Watson families, as well as others in the neighbourhood.

In the course of the years 1822-24, and 1825, a great number of *anonymous letters* were written, and addressed to, and received by the families alluded to, and by others in Glasgow, containing insinuations and accusations of the most gross and abominable nature. In particular, Mr. Oswald's family were much annoyed by several of these letters; and some people in the city began to *titter tatter*, and at length to allege that Mr. Gilbert Watson, the brother of Robert, was the author of them! It was a cruel allegation against that most esteemed gentleman; but an act of Providence—which was, at the same time, a severe calamity to himself—soon dispelled the abominable accusation. He had gone to Stirlingshire to shoot, in company with his friend Dr. King, of the eminent firm then in Glasgow, of King & Cowan, physicians and surgeons. His gun had either burst, or gone accidentally off, severely lacerating him in the leg and arm, and in that state Mr. Gilbert Watson was carried back into Glasgow. But still the anonymous letters were written, or continued to be sent, when, of course, no human being

could longer, by any possibility, believe that Mr. Gilbert Watson was, or could be, the author of them. Strange to say, the innocence of Mr. Gilbert Watson, though thus made perfectly manifest, did not shield his own respected brother. Mr. Robert Watson was now surmised to be, and actually accused as the author ! And some trivial circumstances, then deemed to be strong as Holy Writ, were fastened down upon him as conclusive evidence of his guilt. For example, he was dining at the Manse of Govan, on Monday after the Govan Sacrament. Miss Oswald was of the company. Mr. Watson makes some observations about her dress, and twits her as having on a cotton, in place of a silken gown, and insinuates that she need not pay court any longer to the young, respected minister, as he is now engaged to be married to another lady. All this might have been innocently enough, and truly enough said or spoken at the time by Mr. Robert Watson ; but then comes another anonymous letter to Miss Oswald, or her sister, at Shieldhall, going over the same ground. There came, also, very conveniently, written, we may remark, about the same period, an anonymous letter to Miss Hutton—another to Miss Oswald herself, at which she takes fire—and there are scores of them to other persons, about the same period. All Govan is in alarm. The whole parish of Govan is in a blaze of excitement. In Glasgow, Mr Oswald communicates to his friend and confidant, Mr. Kingan, his own suspicions, with the suspicions of his family at Shieldhall, against Mr. Robert Watson. But Mr. Kingan, to his great honour be it stated, at this early stage of the proceedings, scouted the idea of the guilt of Mr. Robert Watson, and declared it impossible that a gentleman like him, moving in the best of society, could stoop for a moment to write the insulting,

polluted, and degrading trash narrated in these anonymous letters. Still Mr. Oswald clung to the opinion of his mother and sisters, that Mr. Robert Watson, and none but he, was, or could be, the author of them. Miss Hutton thoroughly concurred with them in that opinion. The letters she received were, apparently, of exactly the same description. At last there came another letter by post, from Glasgow to Shieldhall, worse, by far, than any of its fore-runners. It was signed "VINEGAR;" and from that date Mr. Watson, the supposed and believed author, had the name of "Vinegar" affixed to him by the Shieldhall family, and others.

Mr. Oswald was now boiling over with indignation—not so much on his own account as on account of his amiable and virtuous sisters. On Saturday afternoon, the 19th of June, 1824, and it being a fine summer day, Mr. Kingan walked down to Govan, and proceeds onward to Shieldhall, to pay his respects to the venerable old lady, Mrs. Oswald, and her daughters. The anonymous letters are then freely spoken about. They stagger Mr. Kingan by the circumstantial proof of guilt now telling against Mr. Watson; and the ladies denounce him to Mr. Kingan as "Mr. Vinegar."

On his return home to Glasgow, by the river side, that afternoon, Mr. Kingan accidentally met Mr. Watson, with whom he also was well acquainted, walking arm in arm towards Linthouse, with a respected old citizen and Magistrate at that period—viz., Mr. Archibald Lawson. They stopped and saluted each other by the river side. Mr. Watson kindly invites Mr. Kingan to go back and dine with them at Linthouse. He excuses himself, and remarks that Mr. Watson has a bad cold, and seems to be hoarse with it. "Yes," says Watson, "I have really got

a bad cold, some way," whereupon the witty Mr. Kingan, with the intuitive instinct then upon him, replies, "you should use '*Vinegar*.'"

"Vinegar!" starting back, says Mr. Watson, and he repeated the word twice or thrice. "Yes," says Mr. Kingan, following up, as he thought, the clenching recipe appended to the last anonymous letter, "Vinegar, I assure you, sir, is good for the mouth and the throat, and it is excellent, when it agrees with you, for the constitution."

Off Mr. Robt. Watson went, muttering the word "Vinegar, vinegar!" Mr. Kingan walks quietly into Glasgow, having the famous word deeply impressed on his mind—so much so, that on the following morning he addressed the following note to Miss Oswald, which was deemed to be a most important note sometime afterwards, as our narrative will show—

Glasgow, 20th June, 1824.

You must know, Miss Margaret, that I met my friend yesterday, on my way home, and we had a short

DIALOGUE.

K. (Kingan)—"Servant, sir."

Vinegar (Watson)—"I think all symptoms of the gout are gone."

K.—"Yes, pretty well."

Vin.—"Will you return and dine with us at Linthouse?"

K.—"Cannot. You seem to be hoarse."

Vin.—"I have got a bad cold, some way."

K.—"You should use vinegar."

Vin.—"Vinegar!!!"

K.—"Yes, for the mouth and throat; it is excellent when it agrees with the constitution."

I'll have a printed garment done in time for the festivity.—Yours,
K.

This dialogue, occurring so naturally—yet when coupled with the subscription "*Vinegar*," to the recent anonymous letter above alluded to—inflamed the hostility of

Mr. James Oswald towards Mr. Robert Watson. It was deemed strong, pregnant proof of the latter's guilt—whether rationally or not, we shall afterwards see; but it was regarded for many a long day as the “Vinegar Dialogue.”

At last, not suspicion, but *action* commenced. The great Western Club of Glasgow was then in the dawn of its early existence. Oswald and Kingan were amongst its first originators and members. It was considered then, and it is considered still, to be a high Glasgow privilege and honour to rank amongst the members of the Western Club. Mr Robert Watson applied to be admitted a member. His position in society justly entitled him to do so. Mr. Oswald, however, to the astonishment of many, boldly came forward and objected to his admission. He unequivocally denounced Mr. Robert Watson as the author of the anonymous letters! He *black-balled* him in the club, and openly avowed that he had done so! Mr. Watson was rejected! This proceeding speedily got wind, and created a tremendous sensation in the city. It was spoken of almost in every mansion, counting-house, and habitation of the city. Commercial travellers and clerks, laymen and ecclesiastics, ladies and gentlemen of every degree, commented on it;—all were amazed. Looking back upon it, at this distance of time, one would have thought there were grounds for a *DUEL* here (since *duels* were then frequently resorted to in the highest quarters), or that Watson would instantly have challenged Oswald to mortal combat. He was perhaps better advised on this point, though at a subsequent stage of the proceedings, as we shall show, he was deplorably ill-advised in other directions. Or if a *DUEL* was not to be fought, the belief became almost irresistible, that Mr. Watson

would surely assert and vindicate his character and wounded honour by raising an action of damages against Mr. Oswald. Had Mr. Watson taken that course at the time—had he raised such an action—the marvellous and disastrous proceedings (which we are coming to speak about and disclose to our readers), at his instance, against Mr. Kingan, would, in all human probability, never have occurred. It would then have been the case of Watson *versus* Oswald—never Kingan *versus* Watson, or Watson *versus* Kingan. Nor can we have the smallest hesitation in here remarking that if Mr Watson had directly proceeded with such an action against Mr Oswald, he must, from the very nature of the circumstances, and the subsequent turn of events, have been completely successful in it. He would have triumphed against Mr. Oswald beyond all doubt.

It is almost superfluous for us to state—and our readers will easily perceive at this stage of the story—that the *black-balling* of Mr. Watson at the club, and on such a flagrant imputation—made on the authority of Mr. Oswald, and avowed by him—deeply grieved and distressed Mr. Robert Watson, and the wide circle of his numerous and respectable friends in this city. Mr. Watson, however, for a length of time, was sustained by the consciousness of his own innocence and integrity, but it was plainly impossible that he could tamely submit to such a disagreeable imputation, cast upon him in the way we have stated. In these circumstances, some of the mutual confidential friends of both parties interposed. These, amongst others, were represented by the late Mr. Robert Aitken, then manager of the Bank of Scotland in Glasgow—one of the most decided and warmest partizans of Mr. Watson—Dr. Richard Miller, Professor of *Materia*

Medica in the University; Mr. Wm. Stirling of Cordale; Mr. Samuel Hunter, Editor of the *Glasgow Herald* [whose lithographed portrait is presented with this part]; and Eneas Morrison, Esq., grandfather of the present Mr. Archd. Robertson of the Royal Bank of Scotland in Glasgow, in whose chambers we were trained in early life, and, therefore, there can be little or no dispute about the facts, since they fell within our own knowledge. In truth, we have the most vivid recollection of every one of them. Those mutual and highly esteemed friends, after serious consultation, proposed that Mr. Oswald on the one hand, and Mr. Watson on the other, should subscribe and enter into a solemn *Reference*, to *two* upright and most honourable merchants, of the highest grade in the city, to decide between them in this unparalleled and most delicate affair.

This was done for the laudable purpose of avoiding all disagreeable and painful proceedings at law, but it had no such effect. It calmed the agitated and troubled waters at the moment. It gave relief to many friends on both sides, but, strange to say, it plunged others, as well as the more immediate parties themselves—namely, Watson and Oswald, or Oswald and Watson—into an abyss of Law, or into a real and damaging romance of it, as we shall soon show, unparalleled in the history of Glasgow.



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